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THE NEW YORKER

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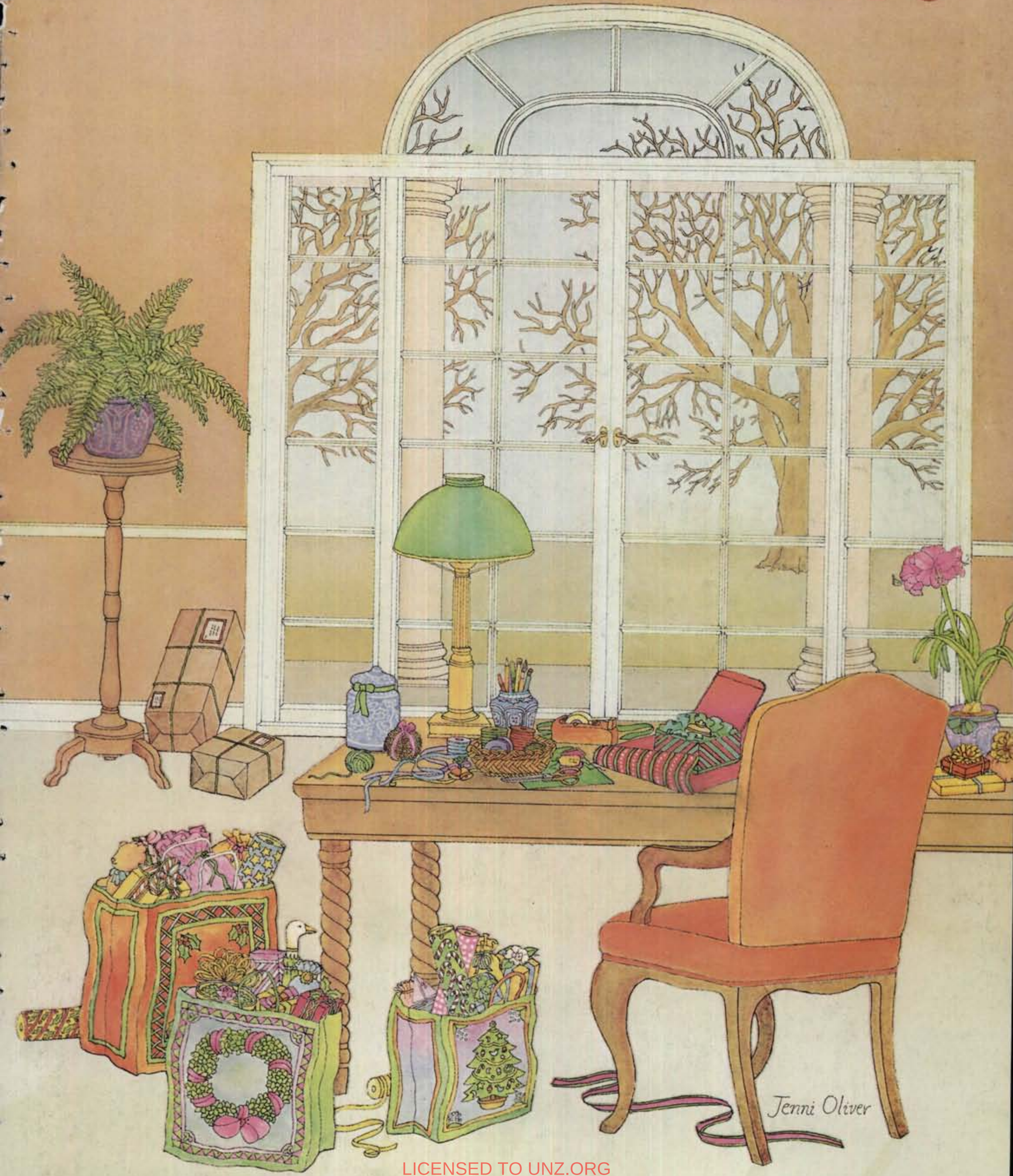
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Christmas. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are delightfully acted by Keith Gordon, Jenny Wright, Kevin Bacon, and Jan Leslie Harding, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/13/80.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Amadeus—A new play by Peter Shaffer, with Ian McKellen, Tim Curry, and Jane Seymour. First produced in London. The director is Peter Hall (who directed the London production as well). Opens on Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 6:15. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Barnum—A little musical in which Jim Dale gamely risks almost every circus feat except being shot out of the mouth of a cannon. Not much Barnum, though. (5/12/80) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

Brigadoon—The songs by Lerner and Loewe ravish the ear, but the book's old-fashioned whimsy is hard to accept. Martin Vidnovic and Meg Bussert are the stars. (10/27/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

The Chekhov Sketchbook—An adaptation by Joseph Buloff and Luba Kadison of three Chekhov short stories, "The Vagabond," "The Witch," and "In a Music Shop." With Frank Bara, Julie Garfield, Jeffrey De Munn, Stephen D. Newman, Jack O'Connell, and Mr. Buloff. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)

Children of a Lesser God—An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject, and Phyllis Frelich and David Ackroyd play the leading roles. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

A Christmas Carol—Charles Ludlam stars in his version of the Dickens classic, presented by his Ridiculous Theatrical Company. Fine for children. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 18-19; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 22-23; and Friday, Dec. 26, at 8, as well as Saturdays at 7 and 10, and Sundays at 5 and 8. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

Circle Repertory Company—Two plays in repertory. Gerhart Hauptmann's play **THE BEAVER COAT,** translated by Michael Feingold, with Michael Ayr and Tanya Berezin at the head of the cast; directed by John Bishop: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 17-18, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2 (previews); Sunday, Dec. 21, at 7 (opening); Friday, Dec. 26, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 8. . . .

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¶ Shakespeare's **TWELFTH NIGHT,** with Lindsay Crouse, Trish Hawkins, W. H. Macy, and Marshall W. Mason; directed by David Mamet: Friday and Saturday, Dec. 19-20, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 21, at 3; Monday, Dec. 22, at 2; and Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 8. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

Coming Attractions—A facetious lampoon, by Ted Tally, about a killer who becomes a show-business celebrity. It is nimbly performed by a lively company, under André Ernotte's direction. (12/15/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Louise Lasser and Jobeth Williams in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—The wise thing is to drop in after the intermission and catch a parody of the Marx Brothers playing a parody of Chekhov. What a gorgeous scramble it makes! (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Christmas at 3.)

Don Juan In Hell—A revival of Shaw's comedy, with Philip Bosco, Arlene Francis, Paul Sparer, and Ronald Drake. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Edward Chodorov's 1935 thriller **KIND LADY** (based on a short story by Hugh Walpole) is the third in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec.

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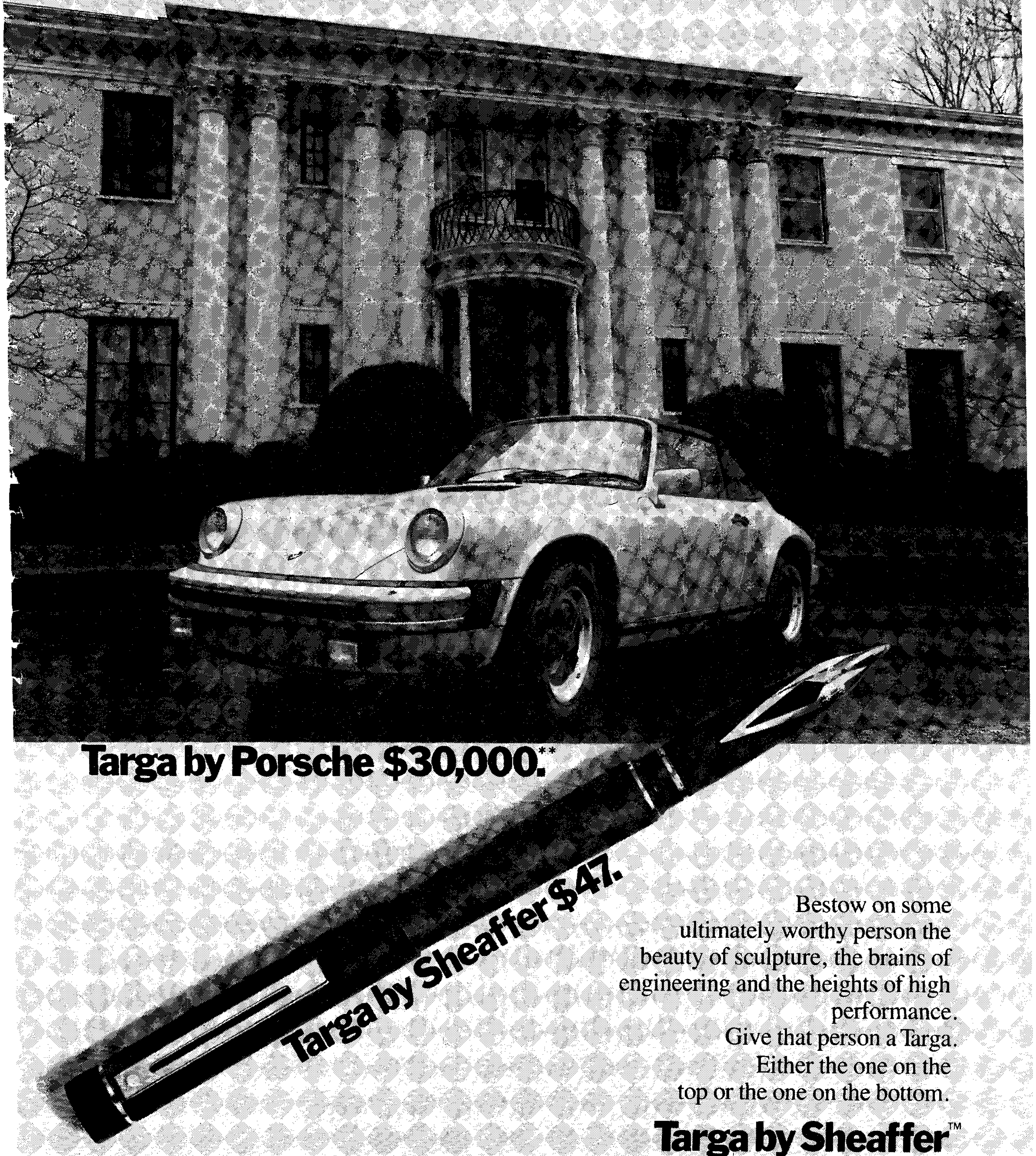

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

21. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fifth of July—We are back on the old Talley place, which we encountered last year in "Talley's Folly." Lanford Wilson writes with authority and with exceptional comic verve about the inhabitants of a corner of southern Missouri that may yet become as famous as the not far distant Yoknapatawpha County. Christopher Reeve and Swoosie Kurtz dominate the proceedings. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

42nd Street—A musical based on an old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it, with Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert usurping the roles of Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, and Ruby Keeler. Directed and choreographed by Gower Champion. (9/8/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hijinks!—A musical adaptation by Robert Kalfin, Steve Brown, and John McKinney, based on Clyde Fitch's turn-of-the-century comedy "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." Songs by some twenty composers (Verdi to Stephen C. Foster) will be used in the production. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 6:45. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 18. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Home—A play by Samm-Art Williams that says it is a very good thing indeed to be alive. A joyful, Whitmanesque song, well acted by Charles Brown, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

How I Got That Story—Daniel Stern plays an American reporter in Vietnam, and Bob Gunton plays everybody the reporter runs into in Amlin Gray's bitter and cleverly written comedy. Both actors are excellent. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Second Stage, 23 W. 73rd St., sixteenth floor. 787-8302. Final performances Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 17-20, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 21, at 1.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—A sentimental comedy by Neil Simon, about a Hollywood writer down on his literary luck and a daughter who visits him and brightens his prospect. With Dick Latessa, Valerie Landsburg, and Bernice Massi. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

John Gabriel Borkman—A revival of Ibsen's play, with Irene Worth, E. G. Marshall, and Rosemary Murphy. Austin Pendleton is the director. Previews Wednesday, Dec. 17. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 18, and will run through Sunday, March 8. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Lesson from Aloes—The scene of Athol Fugard's new play is his native South Africa, and the time is the sixties. A white political activist, his wife, and a black friend of theirs are all victims of a government bent upon practicing evil in the name of good. The cast consists of Harris Yulin, Maria Tucci, and James Earl Jones, all of whom give sensationally effective performances. (12/1/80) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 489-9237. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

A Life—Hugh Leonard is an Irish playwright, and his subject matter is the difficulty of establishing close relations inside and outside the family circle. "Only connect!" E. M. Forster said, from the far side of the Irish Sea; it appears to be an admonition hard to obey on Irish soil. Dark as his topic often is, Mr. Leonard's characters are almost always highly humorous; "A Life" is an admirable comedy, acted with skill by a delightful cast. Roy Dotrice plays the hero. (11/10/80) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

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Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **babes in toyland.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4; special matinée Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 2. Through Sunday, Jan. 4.)

Lunch Hour—Jean Kerr has written some funny lines for two not very plausible couples to recite in the course of working out a conclusion to a totally implausible affair. With Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2.)

Morning's at Seven—A charming new production of a forty-year-old play by Paul Osborn. Family life in the Middle West has its merry ups and downs, and a marvellous cast makes the most of its opportunities. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The second in this season's series of four productions is **zooman and the sign,** a strong accomplished play, by Charles Fuller, about the murder of a little girl by a vicious street kid and the effect of the killing on her shattered, courageous family. The production has been masterfully directed by Douglas Turner Ward, and the cast does him proud. With Giancarlo Esposito as the frightening Zooman; Mary Alice as the girl's mother; Ray Aranha as her brave father; and Alvin Alexis and Frances Foster, among others. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Philadelphia Story—The brilliant comedy, now forty years old, in which Philip Barry found much to admire in a Main Line family and much to make fun of as well. Blythe Danner plays Tracy Lord, "the virgin goddess," with an appropriate mingling of ice and fire. (11/24/80) (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

Really Rosie—A dud. Scenery and words by Maurice Sendak, music by Carole King. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3226. Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 2 and 7; Thursday, Dec. 18, at 7; Friday, Dec. 19, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 21, at 2 and 5; Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 2 and 8; Friday, Dec. 26, at 3 and 8; and Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 8.)

The Slab Boys—John Byrne's very funny (very sad) comedy about young workers in a carpet factory in Glasgow. The performance, under Peter Maloney's direction, is impeccable. With Daniel Gerroll in the leading role. (12/15/80) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 21.)

Tintypes—American dreams coming true around the turn of the century. A cast of five attractive young people sing old songs and make us believe that once upon a time the streets of New York were paved with gold. (11/3/80) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

Trixie True, Teen Detective—A campy disaster. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

We Won't Pay! We Won't Pay!—A comedy by Italian playwright Dario Fo. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Winslow Boy—A respectable, summer-stock kind of production of Terence Rattigan's play based on the actual case of a thirteen-year-old boy who is falsely accused of stealing a five-shilling note. With Remak Ramsay as the barrister who defends him. (11/10/80) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Wish Me Mazel-Tov—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with an English narration. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30; special performance Christmas at 5:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 11.)

Long Runs—**ain't misbehavin':** A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.) . . . **annie:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **the best little whorehouse in texas:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.) . . . **dancin':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **deathtrap:** A stunning cast, headed by Robert Reed, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. David Bowie is now the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Patti LuPone, James Stein, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss LuPone at the matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,584 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A nightclub singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, except Christmas Eve, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance Christmas at 8.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PETER PAN:** A cheerful revival of a twenty-six-year-old musical version of a play that is as sturdy and (at bottom) as gloomy as "Hamlet." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Wednesdays, except Christmas Eve, through Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Friday, Dec. 26, at 10:30, and Saturday, Dec. 27, at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A Neil Simon musical different from a Simon play only in that the triphammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Tony Roberts and Anita Gillette. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

TRUMAN CAPOTE AT LINCOLN CENTER—Mr. Capote presenting a holiday program of readings from his own short stories. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Wednesday, Dec. 17, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 19-20, at 7:30; Sunday, Dec. 21, at 2:30; Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Sunday, Dec. 28, at 2:30.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—This year's Christmas show incorporates a hundred performers, a spectacle called the "Living Nativity," the singing of Chanukkah songs—and, of course, the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 17-18, at 2:30; Friday, Dec. 19, at 2:30 and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 20, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; Sunday, Dec. 21, at 2 and 6:30; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 22-23, at 11 and 2:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 25-26, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 27, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 4.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting the first two of ten performances of "The Mikado." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, Dec. 26, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 8. For tickets, call 724-9159.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 4. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 17-18, at 6; Friday, Dec. 19, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 21, at 1 and 5; Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 6; Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 1 and 5; Friday, Dec. 26, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8: "Flowers," "Phases," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8: "Night Creature," "Love Songs," "Masekela Langage," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 19, at 8: "Tilt," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2: "Butterfly," "Love Songs," "Les Noces," and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8: "Later That Day," "Inside," "The Still Point," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 21, at 2: "Tilt," "Fire Sermon," and "District Storyville." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 21, at 7:30: "Phases," "Rainbow Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

LOTTE GOSLAR'S PANTOMIME CIRCUS—A comedic-dramatic-operatic-acrobatic-dance troupe headed by Lotte Goslar, who arrived here from Germany in 1934 with the cabaret troupe directed by Erika Mann and called The Peppermill. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Dec. 22, at 8; Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 1, 3, and 8; and Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 11, 1, and 3. The daytime shows are primarily for children.)

MARY ANTHONY DANCE THEATRE—"Gloria," "A Ceremony of Carols," and "Bells of Christmas." (Washington Square Methodist Church, 133 W. 4th St. Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 22-23, at 7:30, and Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 7:30 and 10. Tickets at the door on the nights of the performances.)

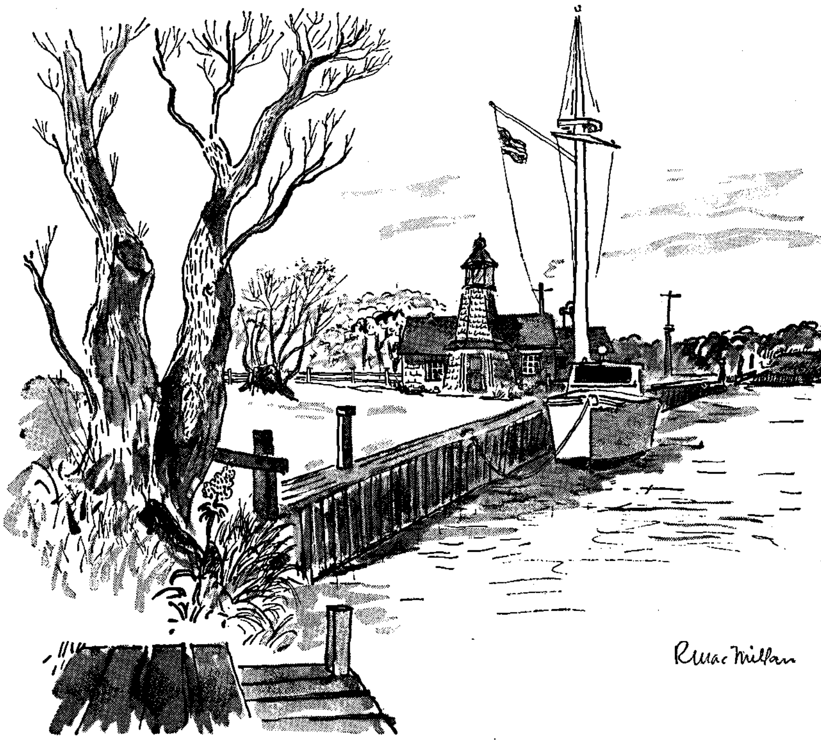
HARTFORD BALLET—In the first three of seven performances of "The Nutcracker." (Concert Hall, Lehman College, the Bronx. 960-8833. Friday, Dec. 26, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2:30 and 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant and a Chelsea fixture for years. Musicians pass through on weekends: pianist **KENNY BARRON,** drummer **BEN RILEY,** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**—one of the world's greatest rhythm sections—will perform on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 19-20; on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, the Adele Foster trio will be on hand. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BECHET'S, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A relaxed upper East Side bar and restaurant with jazz musicians working on a bandstand in the very back of the place. Soprano saxophonist **KENNY DAVERN'S** trio winds up its visit on Saturday, Dec. 20; Monday through Friday, Dec. 22-26, a quintet excerpt from the Widespread Depression Orchestra—it's called the **WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION QUINTET**—will play swing music; and on Saturday, Dec. 27, trumpeter **WARREN VACHÉ,** pianist **JOHN BUNCH,** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** will move in. Singer Anne Marie Moss and her trio are



present every Sunday. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Friday and Saturday, Dec. 19-20, **RICHIE HAVENS;** Sunday, Dec. 21, Spirit; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 22-23, the Jim Carroll band; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, Joan Jett & the Blackhearts. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous (if you know something about jazz) pianists, bassists, and guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded New York bar and restaurant. Pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist **RED MITCHELL** work through Saturday, Dec. 20; on Sunday, Dec. 21, **MR. MITCHELL** will take up with pianist **MIKE ABENE;** and on Monday, Dec. 22, pianist and composer **TOMMY FLANAGAN** will join **RED MITCHELL** for two weeks. Music from nine-forty-five.

Cachaca, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** has moved in to play hot chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar and guide his trio. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** does enthusiastic interpretations of the kinds of songs they just don't write anymore. He is assisted by his bassist, **BEVERLY PEER,** and his drummer, **ROBERT SCOTT,** in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** who sings a bit to her own piano accompaniment, can be found in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays and Christmas. Her hours run from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A mostly dark-brown bar and restaurant. The star here is the elegant, retiring piano soloist **ELLIS LARKINS,** who plays nightly, except Sundays, from eight. (Patrons are requested to whisper during his sets.)

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This place still hasn't had the impact on the neighborhood that it's had on the current trends in rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 17, Paulette Ray & the Reactions, Del-phobics, and the Extremes; Thursday, Dec. 18, Disturbed Furniture and the Del-Byzanteens; Friday, Dec. 19, Neighbors & Allies and Donny Fury; and Saturday, Dec. 20, Nitecaps and the Sirens. Monday is showcase night. Music after nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—For people who live in Brooklyn, Queens, or Chelsea but *love* Texas. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—The tables along the bank of picture windows afford a front-row seat if you enjoy watching taxis hightail up Central Park West or simply dig gazing at the Park trees. Farther inside the room, **RONNY WHYTE** is at the piano, singing and playing obscure and well-known popular songs Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues lyric for the uninitiated Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. The center-of-the-room microphone belongs to singer **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** on Sundays at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Mondays and Christmas.

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Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, Dec. 21, soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER'S** quintet will play from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. **AHMAD JAMAL,** a very popular, if controversial, pianist—some people think of him as gushy and rhapsodic, and Miles Davis once called him a genius—performs with a quartet nightly. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Christmas.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (362-6155)—A large square room that has been bringing in the kind of entertainment that one usually finds in concert halls. Fiery Argentine tenor saxophonist **GATO BARBIERI** will lead his group Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 18-20. Shows at nine Sundays through Thursdays and Sundays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 23-25.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. Is it pretentious? Well, the mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 17-18, pianist **STEVE KUHN,** singer **SHEILA JORDAN,** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ;** Friday through Sunday, Dec. 19-21, Brazilian musicians **CLAUDIO RODITI** and **ANGELA SUAREZ** and their sextet; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 23-24, the Manhattan Rhythm Kings; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, **MAXINE BROWN,** a polished and uplifting soul singer. On Monday, Dec. 22, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** collaborates with bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and saxophonist **BYARD LANCASTER,** the guest player. Music from eleven. Dining. Closed Christmas.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten; Mondays, guitarist **AL GAFA,** pianist **ANDY LA VERNE,** and bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** team up from ten; Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** begins at ten; and Saturdays from seven to ten and Sundays from five to ten stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** is on hand.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. The pianists who play here are not just diversionary dining-room players: **DILL JONES** works through Saturday, Dec. 20, and **DICK WELLSTOOD** will take over on Tuesday, Dec. 23. Sets run Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. **JILL MC MANUS,** a Wynton Kelly-inspired pianist, plays on Sundays and Mondays from seven to eleven. Closed Christmas Eve.

XMAS
PLANT SALE
W GOLDSTEIN

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. **MARTY NAPOLEON** guides a trio that plays for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with them after nine.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—There are twelve video monitors hanging from the rafters around the room here, so that when the D.J.s spin a side by Defunkt or the Pop Group, one can watch them as well as hear them and dance to them. The bands: DNA on Thursday, Dec. 18; **BUZZ & THE FLYERS** and Tex Rubinowitz on Saturday, Dec. 20; and Gary Valentine and the Know on Tuesday, Dec. 23. Recorded rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from elevenish. Video shows on Mondays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Comfortable, relaxed surroundings with pillow furniture that one can fall into after making the long three-flight climb. The guest musicians will be the **CHET BAKER** quartet on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 19-20, and the **LEE KONITZ** quartet on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27. Music from nine, and if you hang around until two in the morning you'll hear even more jazz, played by saxophonist **MIKE MORGENSTERN** and trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** and their combo. On Sundays from nine to one, composer, arranger, singer, and guitarist **THIAGO DE MELLO** appears with his Brazilian-jazz band, Amazon, which features trumpet solos by **MR. RODITI.**

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two. Closed Christmas.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. Two good reasons are pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and his bassist, **MARTY RIVERA,** who work Tuesdays through Saturdays. Two more are pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and his bassist, **BOB BODLEY,** who turn up on Sundays and Mondays. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Crowded, but authentic in its Texasness. The rock, country, rockabilly, blues, and jazz schedule includes the Shaboo All-Stars, which features Chicago-blues guitarist **MATT MURPHY,** on Wednesday, Dec. 17; **ELVIN BISHOP** on Sunday and Monday, Dec. 21-22; the Fabulous Rhinestones and Buddy Miller on Tuesday, Dec. 23; and Kinky Friedman and Buddy Miller on Thursday, Dec. 25. Music from eight-thirty. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—**JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL**—Jackie & Roy to their enthusiastic admirers—perhaps the most highly lauded vocal duo in jazz, perform through Saturday, Dec. 20. On Monday, Dec. 22, **ARTHUR PRYSOCK** will begin singing here. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A vintage rock club that attracts young people in T-shirts, in button-down-collar shirts, and in motorcycle jack-

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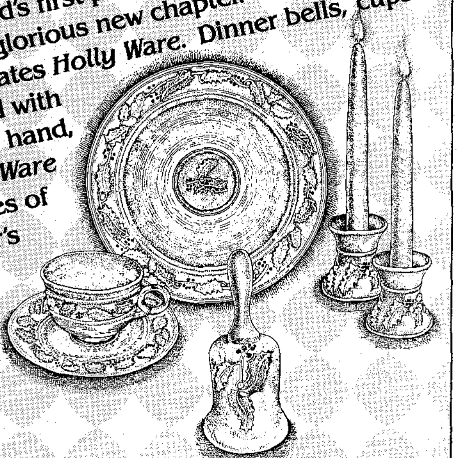

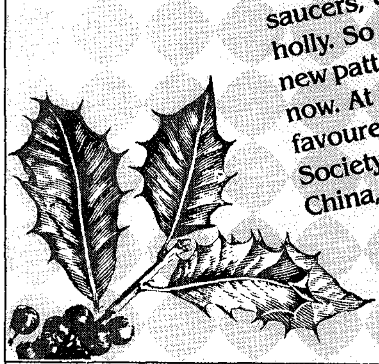

UNIQUE Belleek®

CHINA AS IRISH AS IRELAND

ets. The lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 17, Lost Patrol, Needle Dik, and Kitsch; Thursday, Dec. 18, the Zantees and Rubber Rodeo; Friday, Dec. 19, Ronnie & the Jitters and the Colors; Saturday, Dec. 20, the Billies and Ozone; Sunday, Dec. 21, BMT, Decades, and Rivitones; Monday, Dec. 22, Rough Boys, Narrows, and Neckron 99; and Tuesday, Dec. 23, Easy Action, Major Chill, and Re-Mod. Music from well after eleven.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **Dick Hyman,** cornettist **Pee Wee Erwin,** clarinettist **Phil Bodner,** bassist **Milt Hinton** and drummer **Bobby Rosengarden** are all paying tribute to Irving Berlin. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On most Mondays, Woody Allen plays celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet from nine-thirty to midnight; in color. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Flutist Sherry Winston and her band are present on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 17-18; and on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 19-20, drummer **Art Blakey** and the latest crop of his **Jazz Messengers** will occupy the bandstand. Music from about ten until two.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-oyster bar. **Al Haig,** one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. Roomful of Blues plays blues and rock on Thursday, Dec. 18; Friday through Sunday, Dec. 19-21, the folk duo, the Aztec Two-Step, will alternate with folkie Christine Lavin; and on Friday, Dec. 26, the **Persuasions,** the sublime a-cappella street-corner-soul quintet, will arrive. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase. Snacks.

Palsson's, 158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590)—The latest jazz club to be decorated in dark-brown tones and smoked-glass mirrors is this extremely relaxed, long and narrow second-story room. The absolutely topnotch jazz: pianist **Roland Hanna** and bassist **Major Holley** on Wednesday, Dec. 17; pianist **Joanne Brackeen** and bassist **Eddie Gomez** Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 18-20; pianist **Art Resnick's** quartet Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 22-23; and guitarist **Tony Purrone's** trio Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 25-27. Jazz from about ten. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**Jimmy Lyon** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! What dance music, what a bounce septet! The **Sy Oliver** organization plays Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 17-18, **Joe (King) Carrasco,** Dirty Looks, Any Trouble, the Equators, and Tenpole Tutor; Friday, Dec. 19, the Vapors; Saturday, Dec. 20, Carlene Carter and Sylvain Sylvain & the Teardrops; Sunday, Dec. 21, the Inmates and the

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Pop; and Tuesday, Dec. 23, **Ray Barretto.** Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, "Rhapsody in Gershwin," an uninspired tribute, is underway, with Annie Jo Edwards, Maureen Brennen, Ed Evanko, and Chip Garnett comprising the singing and hoofing cast. Mondays through Thursdays shows begin at nine-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays they begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. No performances Christmas Eve and Christmas.

Salt Peanuts, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach St. (431-6044)—Named for a bebop tune by Dizzy Gillespie and located in the far western reaches of Tribeca, where many of the lofts are still used by business and industry. The Tex Allen quintet is present through Saturday, Dec. 20; starting Monday, Dec. 22, the **Junior Cook-Bill Hardman** quintet will provide some lively hard bop. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays.

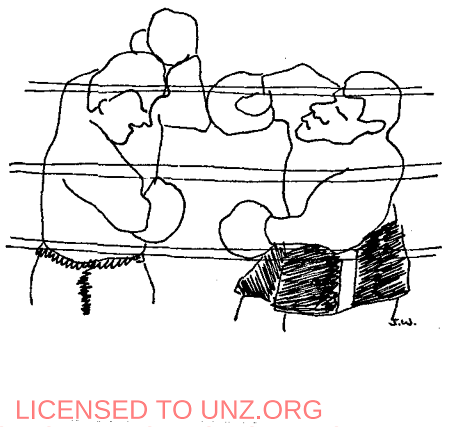
Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. Argentine pianist Jorge Dalto leads his quartet through Thursday, Dec. 18; Friday through Sunday, Dec. 19-21, will belong to drummer **Billy Cobham's** group. Music from ten to two. Closed Mondays and Christmas.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in bentwood chairs, and mostly piano-bass duos. The current piano-bass roster: **Cedar Walton** and **Ron Carter** Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 17-20; and **Norman Simmons** and **Major Holley** beginning Tuesday, Dec. 23. Mondays are showcase nights. Music from nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Christmas.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Alto saxophonist **John Handy** leads his trio opposite flugelhornist **Art Farmer** and his quartet through Saturday, Dec. 20; Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 23-27, will be claimed by saxophonist **James Moody,** who also dabbles in singing and telling one-liners. Sundays here are allocated to singer **Chris Connor,** Mondays to guitarist **Tiny Grimes.** Music from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—A long, high-ceilinged jazz room that is modern and comfortable but spare; the elegance and the acoustics are reminiscent, in spite of all the comfort, of the old Five Spot. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 18-20, drummer **Edgar Bateman** heads up a quartet that features saxophonist **James Spaulding;** on Monday, Dec. 22, drummer **Steve McCall** will come in with a quartet. Sunday nights are given over to drummer **Louis Hayes,** bassist **Clint Houston,** and pianist **Harold Mabern.** Music Sundays from eight, and weeknights from nine-thirty.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A first-rate schedule of moving blues and soul includes ex-Memphis D.J. and soul singer (his big hit was "Walking the Dog") **Rufus Thomas,** who'll be backed by the **Realtones,** Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 17-20; Duke Robillard on Sunday, Dec. 21; and singer and songwriter **Don Covay** on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27. Shows most nights at nine and midnight. Dining and dancing. Closed Christmas.



Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. The lineup includes Joey Balin & the Mirrors and Little Liars on Wednesday, Dec. 17; the Others and Neon Leon on Thursday, Dec. 18; the Necessaries on Friday, Dec. 19; Will Rambeau and Amy Kanter on Saturday, Dec. 20; and **Nona Hendryx** & Zero Cool on Tuesday, Dec. 23. Music every night but Sunday after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the enormous downstairs room, drummer **Panama Francis & the Savoy Sultans** play invigorating and absolutely irresistible dance music from the thirties and forties on Fridays from ten. Mondays are given over to salsa bands, which begin playing at nine. Jazz harpist **Daphne Hellman** and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club that is presenting alto saxophonist **Phil Woods** and his quartet through Sunday, Dec. 21. On Tuesday, Dec. 23, trumpeter **Benny Bailey** will bring in a quintet that will feature **Charlie Rouse** on tenor saxophone. Mondays are **Mel Lewis** big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Hank Johnson plays piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Tony Regasus has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. **Big Nick Nicholas,** a tenor player with a Satchmo singing style and stage presence, leads a quartet through Saturday, Dec. 20; **Jazz à Cordes,** a convincing hot-jazz quintet, will work on Sunday, Dec. 21; saxophonist Percy France's group will perform Monday through Thursday, Dec. 22-25; and trumpeter Franc Williams will bring in his Swing Four on Friday, Dec. 26. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 18-19, at 8.

The Roches—With David Roche & the Beeline. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8 and 11:30.)

Ted Curson Sextet—Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. 924-5026. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8 and 10.

Paul Winter and the Winter Consort—With Susan Osborn. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.)

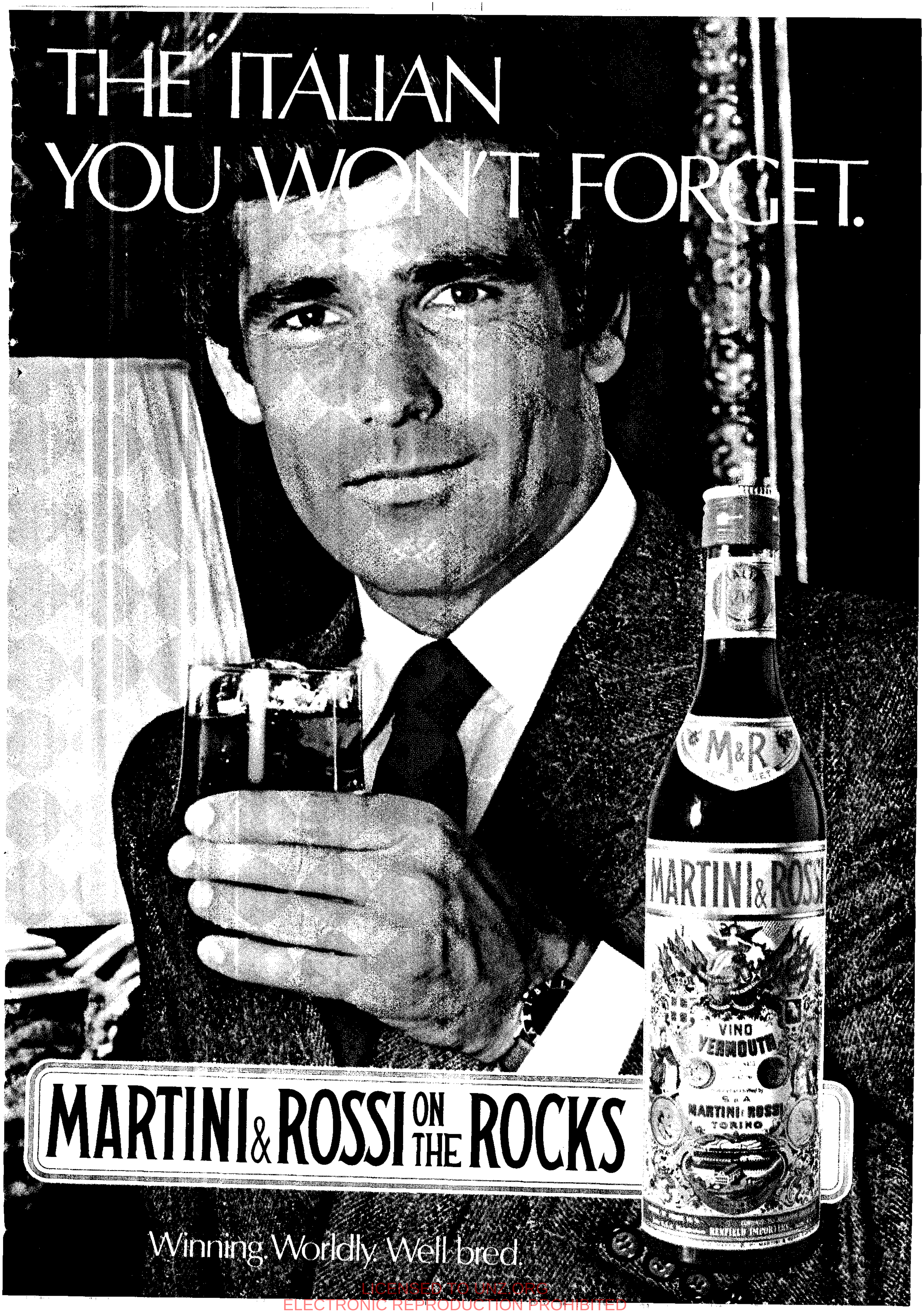
Melba Liston & Company—Jazz Gallery. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8 and 10.

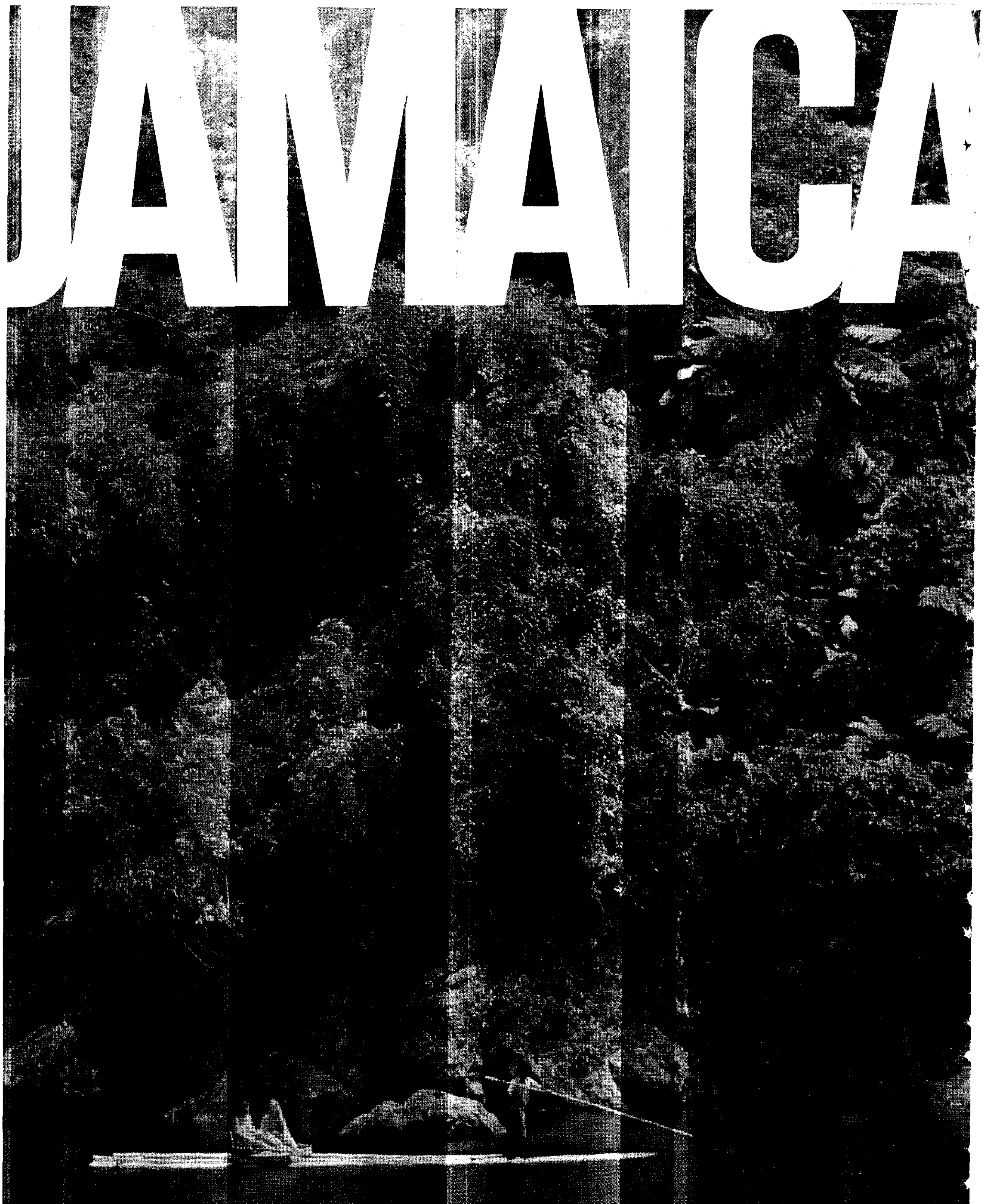
Roland Hanna and the New York Jazz Quartet—With the Copasetics. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

Freddy Quinn—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 8.

Steve Forbert—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Dec. 26, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 9: Sonny Sharrock. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8:30. Rashied Bakr and Friends. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 19, at 9: the Mandingo Griot Society. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8:30: John Tchicai. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 9:30: Sun Ra Arkestra. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 26, at 8:30:


THE ITALIAN
YOU WON'T FORGET.
M&R
MARTINI & ROSSI
VINO
VERMOUTH
MARTINI e ROSSI
TORINO
MARTINI & ROSSI ON THE ROCKS
Winning. Worldly. Well-bred.



Jamaica is a River of Memories. There's an Ugly River that's really quite pretty. A Dry River that's really quite wet. And a Rio Grande that's really quite grand for floating lazily down on a bamboo raft—into a whole new world. A world surrounded by lush tropical flowers growing wild and exotic tropical birds bursting with color. A world wrapped in a stillness so deep you can hear your every thought. Come to Jamaica for more to remember than any place else in the Caribbean. **Because we're more than a beach. We're a country.**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Logos. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 27, at 8:30: Ronald Shannon Jackson and Billy Bang Duo. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

Benefit Concert—Tito Puente and the Dave Valentin group will give a concert, the proceeds of which will inaugurate the Tito Puente Scholarship Fund at the Juilliard School of Music. (Concert Hall, Lehman College, the Bronx. 960-8833. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas, and some are likely to close early on Wednesday, Dec. 24.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Vincenzo Agnetti—An installation (four sculptures, four photographs) by an Italian Conceptualist. Through Dec. 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Benny Andrews—Paper collages that were studies for the artist's ninety-six-foot mural at the Atlanta airport. Through Wednesday, Dec. 24. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Franco Assetto—Small, painstaking studies of storefronts in Italy, California, and New York, done in oil on wooden panels. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.) . . . ¶ The front room of the gallery is showing works by Mary Faulconer, Jeanne Owens, and Richard de Menocal. Through Saturday, Dec. 20.

Varujan Boghosian—Collages. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

François Boucher (1703-70)—A benefit loan show of more than sixty paintings, drawings, and tapestries. Through Friday, Dec. 19. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Alexander Calder (1898-1976)—A performing seal painted red, white, and blue and balancing a circusy trinket on his nose is typical of the cheerful standing mobiles in this exhibit, many of them never shown in public before. Through Jan. 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Anthony Caro—The principal elements of these Constructivist sculptures were cast in bronze or brass by the artist and then welded together. Through Dec. 31. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

Clarence H. Carter / Julio Larraz—Paintings and drawings from the twenties through the forties by a realist. Two of the tipoff titles are "Good Crop" and "War Bride." / Still-lifes, but not in the strictest sense. "The Spy Ship," for instance, depicts a large basket of produce, a kerosene lantern, and a nearly hidden camera. Through Jan. 3. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

Bruno Civitico—A nude bathed in bright sunshine, and a view of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, from the artist's studio are among the recent works on view. Through Tuesday, Dec. 23. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Colo—Thirty abstract works: black oil stick on unstretched canvas and pencil drawings. Through Jan. 31. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

John Dobbs—Recent works by a social-realist artist whose style and subject matter reflect his tutelage under Jack Levine and Ben Shahn. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Léon Hartl (1889-1973)—Landscapes, still-lifes, and figurative works of a gentle, shimmery nature. Through Wednesday, Dec. 24. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Robert M. Kulicke—In addition to his familiar small paintings of pears and flowers, the subjects this year include black cherries, peaches, and peach seeds, and sometimes the pears are in triptychs. Also jewelry made in collaboration with Bessie Jamieson. Through Dec. 30. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Yuri Kuper—Large watercolor and tempera renditions of time-worn surfaces—doors, for the most part—which the artist says have a hypnotic appeal for him. Through Jan. 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 24-27.)

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Edward Larson—George Washington, Daniel Boone, and John Dillinger are three of the heroes celebrated on quilts designed by the artist and stitched up by rural Midwestern quilters. There are also twenty hand-carved whirligigs and weathervanes. Through Jan. 7. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 24.)

Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—Forty-eight works ranging from bordello vignettes to a large pastoral landscape of Hamman Lif, a Tunisian spa, painted on black paper in 1924. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

George Rickey—Twenty-one pieces dating from the fifties to the present by an innovator of kinetic sculpture. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

Edwina Sandys—Sculptures. Through Dec. 31. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays; closed Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 24-26.)

Geoffrey Swindell—Small, delicate pottery with fragile patterns, handmade by a Welsh master of the art. Through Jan. 9. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

Tod Wizon—Small acrylic paintings of what appear to be violent volcanic eruptions, done by an artist whose professed aim is to express emotions with color alone. Through Wednesday, Dec. 24. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Piet Zwart (1885-1977)—Calendars, catalogues, advertisements, and photographs by the Dutch designer and typographer. Through Jan. 9. (Ex Libris, 160A E. 70th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **castelli**, 4 E. 77th St.: Prints and photographs, for the most part, by contemporary artists Ralph Gibson, Frank Stella, Sandy Skoglund, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. . . . **forum**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Monotypes by Raphael Soyer (the only ones he has ever done), Joyce Treiman, and Susan Smyly. Through Dec. 31. . . . **fourcade**, 36 E. 75th St.: Eleven artists showing a single new work each; an oil on canvas by de Kooning and a Formica sculpture by Heizer are two. Through Dec. 31. (Closed Friday, Dec. 26.) . . . **kraushaar**, 1055 Madison Ave., with entrance on 80th St.: Monotypes by Kenneth Callahan, Joe Lasker, Andree Ruellan, and Linda Sokolowski. Through Jan. 10. . . . **saidenberg**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works on paper and a few oils (by Balthus, Masson, Tanguy, and others); some Matisse drawings that came directly from his family, and one oil and two works on paper by Picasso are on exhibit in this country for the first time. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **tunick**, 12 E. 81st St.: More than three hundred eighteenth-century Italian prints, including views of Rome by Piranesi and Panini, and views of Venice by Carlevaris and Canaletto. Also: Tiepolo, Bellotto, and others. Through Dec. 31. (Closed Friday, Dec. 26.)

Sculpture—Thirty-two works by as many artists. Harmony Hammond has one of her cloth-wrapped ladders; Boaz Vaadia has a five-foot freestanding work in wood, fur, and stone; and Helene Brandt's "Scarab" is a large welded-steel movable sculpture. Through Jan. 3. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 24-26.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Mordecai Ardon—Thirty paintings executed between 1967 and 1980 by an Israeli artist. Through Jan. 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ernest Briggs—Recent Abstract Expressionist paintings, done with bold, broad swipes of color. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Patrick Henry Bruce (1881-1936)—Still-lifes and landscapes done between 1910-12 which reflect the influence of his friend Matisse but give little hint of the lyrical Synchromist abstractions that he was to be doing a few years later. Through Dec. 31. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

James Childs—Pencil drawings and two silverpoints by an artist who leans toward allegorical figures. One work, consisting of four panels, is an earnest tribute to the state of Minnesota, Star of the North. Through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

R. J. Christensen—New semi-abstract landscapes depicting scenes in New Zealand, upstate New York, and the Everglades by an artist who favors billowing forms and roseate hues. Through Dec. 31. (Fedelé, 42 E. 57th St.)

Salvador Dali—Watercolors and drawings from the seventies; graphics from the fifties and sixties. Through Jan. 20. (Felicie, 141 E. 56th St. Open Mondays; closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

Janet Fish—Outsize paintings of glittering glassware and table silver. Through Dec. 31. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Richard Fleischner / Ezra Stoller—Drawings and photographs, both related to a sculpture the artist recently completed in Woodlawn, Maryland. / Photographs of architecture, 1939-80. Through Jan. 10. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 26.)

Melanie Greene—Large floral watercolors evocative of both Art Nouveau designs and Japanese scrolls. First solo show in New York. Through Jan. 3. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Nancy Grossman—Hand-carved life-size wooden heads sewn up in a leather skin with openings for the nose, eyes, and, occasionally, mouth. Through Jan. 3. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

Elga Heinzen—A three-dimensional quality is achieved in these charcoal drawings of draperies done on raw, shaped canvases. There is also a collection of small painted ceramic pillows. Through Dec. 31. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Paintings from the last decade of his career, together with works dating from the thirties. Through Jan. 13. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jess—Large montages composed of clippings from a wide variety of sources—saccharine figures in advertisements, Winslow Homer reproductions, antique steel engravings, Bruegel prints, anatomical charts. Through Jan. 16. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Gustav Klimt (1862-1918) **and Egon Schiele** (1890-1918)—Paintings and drawings by the Austrian Expressionists, including Schiele's famous portrait of his father-in-law and Klimt's two portraits of Mäda Primavesi. Nearly all the works were handled by the dealer Otto Kallir, in whose memory the loan exhibit was organized. Through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

William Kortlander—Sunlit cumulus clouds rising above the Ohio woodlands are a favorite subject for this artist, a fifth-generation landscape painter. Through Jan. 3. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 24.)

George Mayocole / Louise Fishman—Eighty-six abstractions made of found objects, assembled in a thirty-foot wall sculpture. / Small abstract paintings of interlocking forms done at the MacDowell Colony this past summer. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Oscarsson Hood, a recently opened gallery at 41 W. 57th St.)

Michael Mazur—Monotypes. Through Jan. 3. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Zero Mostel (1915-77)—Paintings and drawings, including a good many self-portraits (far from self-indulgent) and some wild abstractions. Through Wednesday, Dec. 24. (Spectrum, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Judith Murray—Sharp-edge abstract paintings and drawings, predominantly in red, black, and ochre. Through Jan. 2. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Archie Rand / Stanley Boxer—This artist, known for his synagogue murals, is now painting small, as a discipline, and filling his work with art-history references. For instance, a de Chirico horse shares a canvas with a Chardin settee; a Hudson River-school murk provides the background for a bottle of gin. Through Dec. 30. / Marble sculptures (beige shell and Belgium black) that are alternately roughly chiselled and smoothly polished. Through Jan. 8. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 24.)

Richard Shaw—Stick-man figures, three feet tall, with paint cans for the head and body and broomsticks for arms and legs—except that the cans and the sticks and everything else are made of porcelain. There are also stacks of books and letters and playing cards, also exactly reproduced. Through Jan. 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

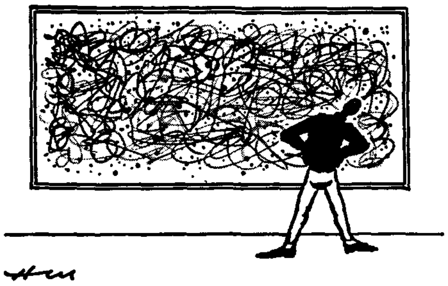
Harriet Shorr—Still-lifes in watercolor and oil. Through Jan. 14. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 24.)

William Thon—Oil paintings of fishing boats and winter scenes around Port Clyde, Maine. Through Jan. 3. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Carl Nicholas Titolo—Very small (three by four inches) paintings, drawings, and prints—all in the surrealist tradition. Through Jan. 10. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

Mimi Weisbord—Large floral designs, partly painted on paper and hung on the wall and partly sketched on the wall itself. There are also projected floral paintings for the exterior walls of buildings. Through Friday, Dec. 26. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **BLUM HELMAN**, 20 W. 57th St.: Three paintings each by Richard Diebenkorn, Ellsworth Kelly, Roy Lichtenstein, and Frank Stella. Through Jan. 31. (Closed Friday, Dec. 26.) . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Travel sketches by Louis Kahn and collages by Richard Meier are among the works in "Art by Architects." Through Jan. 3. . . . **GOODMAN**, 38 E. 57th St.: A showing of furniture designed by fine artists includes both practical and, well, conceptual pieces. Among the twenty-three artists represented are Richard Artschwager, Sol LeWitt, Roy Lichtenstein, and Robert Wilson. Through Dec. 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **HEIDENBERG**, 50 W. 57th St.: A black-and-white show that contains some impressive nuggets—drawings by Matisse, Adolph Gottlieb, Larry Rivers, and Tom Wesselmann, for instance, and sculptures by Bolotowsky and Louise Nevelson. Through Jan. 10. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: A rousing exhibition of American painting which ranges from 1750 to the present but concentrates on recent realists—Burchfield, Levine, O'Keeffe, Marsh, Marin, Demuth, and so on. Through Jan. 9. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **PEARL**, 29 W. 57th St.: A Christmas show entitled "All That Glisters" includes tall Grecian columns topped with miniature Parthenons by Eliot Lable; a gilded torso by Lynda Benglis; and a sort of homage to the Cimabue crucifix by Barbara Siegel, which includes photographic portraits of her and her husband as Mary Magdalene and Saint John. Through Dec. 31. . . . **SUMMIT**, 101 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by Ethel Edwards, Xavier Gonzalez, Lucia Salemme, and Hank Virgona. Through Jan. 10. (Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.) . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Abstract works by East Hampton artists done during the vintage years 1946-56, including pieces by Pollock, Motherwell, de Kooning, Ossorio, and thirteen others. This show was originally organized for an exhibition at the American Cultural Center in Paris last year. Through Jan. 3. (Open Mondays.)



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GALLERIES—SoHo

Daniel Buren—By way of announcing the Weber Gallery's move to Greene Street next month, the artist has blocked off (with striped linen fabric) everything in the present location except for a corridor leading from the elevator entrance to the stairway exit. Through Tuesday, Dec. 23. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Sam Cady / Ned Smyth—A show of new works includes two paintings that balance the whiteness of white-painted bungalows against the whiteness of the snow around them. Also shaped canvases of a full-size scull (with a nod toward Eakins) and the prow of an oncoming powerboat. / Drawings in mixed mediums: Large nude male figures (and a couple of lions), each seen against a checkerboard background. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Arthur Cohen—A large, unfinished oil of an orchestra at rehearsal in Carnegie Hall (some of the figures are only pencilled in), and various views of the Provincetown waterfront. Through Dec. 31. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Agnes Denes—Greatly magnified color photographs dramatizing the germination of rice seeds. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Jack Goldstein / Cindy Sherman—Bombers, parachutists, and industrial smoke are the subjects of these large paintings, most of them with black backgrounds. / Color photographs of women's faces—character studies, mainly. Through Jan. 7. (Metro Pictures, 169 Mercer St.)

Stevan Jennis—Quirky sculptural pieces made of painted cardboard—a large octagonal urn, a piano, a full-size Queen Anne chair. Through Jan. 3. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Open Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 18-20, from 1 to 6.)

Naomi Nemtzow—Small paintings, mostly still-lifes and cityscapes, with special attention to the East River. Through Dec. 31. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Nathan Oliveira—Large, pale, misty abstract paintings, with deliberately ambiguous elements. Through Jan. 3. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Ray Parker—Large abstract acrylic paintings, including what looks like a vastly enlarged (six feet six inches by fourteen feet ten) landscape sketch from his notebook. Through Wednesday, Dec. 24. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Ed Paschke—Figure paintings that border on surrealism. Through Jan. 7. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Sharron Quasius / Don Celender—Quite the most entertaining works on view in SoHo right now are three enormous takeoffs of familiar subjects—the Raft of Medusa (Géricault), the Rape of the Sabines (Poussin), and Custer's Last Stand (a composite of several renditions), made of cotton duck stuffed with polyester in high relief. The largest is ten feet tall and fifteen feet long. / Mr. Celender's latest tongue-in-cheek survey (displayed in typewritten pages posted on the wall) asks parents of well-known artists what they think of their progeny's works and queries various notables on how they would like to be reincarnated. (Peggy Lee wants to come back as "a lovely rose without thorns.") Through Tuesday, Dec. 23. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Joel Shapiro—Minimalist sculptures—figures, houses—in cast bronze, wood, and iron. Through Wednesday, Dec. 24. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Jim Sullivan—Paintings, one depicting a white bird perched on a chair. Through Jan. 15. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Michael Tracy—Deliberately gruesome paintings and sculptures, involving acrylics, oil, knives and swords, blood, and human hair, by an artist who lives in Laredo, Texas. Through Jan. 8. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

James Turrell—A light installation that makes use of the gallery's skylight as well as track lights. Through Jan. 17. (Castelli, 142 Greene St. A larger Turrell exhibition is at the Whitney Museum. Castelli will close after Saturday, Dec. 20, for two weeks.)

John Walker—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway: The walls are jammed with a drawing apiece by some two hundred contemporary artists, many of them famous. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Works by eleven emerging artists chosen through the Center's screening process. Included are decorated papier-mâché schools of fish by Armand Conine; small, skillful pencil drawings with a wry humor by Mark Tansey; and outsize watercolors of some regal swans by William Garbe. Through Jan. 10. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8. Closed Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 24-26.) . . . **JACK**, 138 Prince St.: A holiday show of works by fourteen artists, among them Erté, Douglas Hofmann, Knox Martin, and Juan Sanchez. Through Jan. 4. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.) . . . **PRINCE STREET GALLERY**, 121 Wooster St.: Twenty-four gallery artists showing a work apiece, among them Gerald Marcus with a mountain landscape; Janet Schneider with a painting of a figure personifying greed (money in his hair and both fists); and Selina Trieff with a rather Gothic portrait of a woman with a pig sitting in her lap. Through Dec. 31. (Opens at noon.) . . . **SOHO 20**, 99 Spring St.: A new work each by twelve of the gallery members, among them Kate Resek (pastels on unprimed canvas), Rosalind Shaffer (a portrait construction), and Diane Kaiser (a wall sculpture). Also a formal portrait in acrylics by Shirley Gorelick. Through Wednesday, Dec. 24. (Opens at noon.) . . . **THORP**, 419 West Broadway: Twenty or so artists, among them Eric Fischl, John Lee, and David True, are represented in this show of contemporary drawings. Through Jan. 10. . . . **WASHBURN**, 113 Greene St.: An all-star show demonstrating the effect of Matisse on American abstract painting. Among the eight artists represented are Diebenkorn, Stella, and Motherwell. Through Dec. 31.

OTHER GALLERIES

Sonia Delaunay (1885-1979)—A retrospective of more than two hundred works (paintings, graphics, books, textiles, and costumes) by the School of Paris painter, who also collaborated on commercial endeavors with, among others, Tristan Tzara, Jacques Heim, Blaise Cendrars, and Diaghilev. Through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, from 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Louise Kruger—Roughly carved pine and cedar sculptures of figures and animals; nearly all of the pieces have moving parts. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Condeso-Lawler, 119 W. 25th St.)

Joe Neill—Sculptures and drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Michael Vessa—A large-scale architectural environment. Through Jan. 9. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eve Arnold—A show of color photographs of China taken in 1979 has been mounted by the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Michael Bishop / Nicholas Nixon—Color photographs that include views of small cities and rural areas. / 8x10 portraits. Through Jan. 3. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Henri Cartier-Bresson / Brassaï—A small group of vintage prints from the thirties and forties are compared with those same works printed in the seventies. / Nineteen photographs in the "Secret Paris of the Thirties" series. Through Jan. 10. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, Dec. 26, from 1 to 6.)

William Garnett—A series of aerial views by a photographer-pilot. Through Dec. 31. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

John Havinden—Prints dating from 1929 to 1939 by an avant-garde British photographer. First one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 24. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8. Closes after Tuesday, Dec. 23, for ten days.)

Duane Michals—Photographs on which oil still-lifes (or portraits or landscapes) are painted; photographs and ink drawings of identical subjects; and works with images in sequence. Through Jan. 6. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Gjon Mili / Robert Bourdeau—A retrospective of the works of a *Life* photojournalist responsible for introducing high-speed electronic flash units into the craft. / Contact prints of Utah mountains, the British Isles, and Canada. Through Jan. 18. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Lucas Samaras—Polaroids: large-scale and not-so-large, some of them manipulated, and all showing Samaras with nude models. Through Jan. 10. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Julie Thayer—Photographs of European shepherds and their sheep. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Philip Trager—Fifty black-and-white photographs of Manhattan architecture. Through March 1. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jerry N. Uelsmann / Charles Pratt—Montages, many stemming from a visit to Japan. / Wilderness photographs by an artist whose work has appeared in *Audubon* and *Natural History*. Through Jan. 24. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Nineteenth-Century French Photographs—Portraits by Nadar, landscapes by Gustave Le Gray, architectural studies by Edouard-Denis Baldus, and other daguerreotypes and photographs dated 1880 and earlier. A loan from the Bibliothèque Nationale, at the Metropolitan Museum; see below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. The costumes, worn by the ruling families and other aristocrats during the three-hundred year dynasty that ended in 1911, were designed according to strict rules and revealed at a glance the precise rank of the wearer—the five-clawed dragon, for instance, adorned the yellow robe of the emperor. . . . ¶ An exhibition of gold and silver jewelry, gilt-bronze objects, stone, wood, and ivory carvings, and other *cartes de visite* the Vikings left behind in Denmark, England, and elsewhere. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A showing of Hans Hofmann's "Renate" series; the nine paintings were completed shortly before his death, in 1966. . . . ¶ Among the eighty nineteenth-century French drawings from the Lehman Collection are those by Seurat, Redon, Renoir, and Daumier. Through March 1. . . . **photography:** Nineteenth-century French photographs. Starts Thursday, Dec. 18. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Joseph Cornell retrospective consisting of two hundred assemblages in boxes and seventy-five collages. Through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ An exhibit of nearly a hundred photographs by William Klein. Shown primarily by slide projection, the works are street scenes in New York, Rome, Moscow, and Tokyo. Through Jan. 1. (Open daily, except Wednesdays and Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday evening, Dec. 18, until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of German Expressionist paintings, drawings, and prints, centering on that movement's leading exponents—Nolde, Kirchner, Heckel, Marc, Kandinsky, Kokoschka, and Beckmann. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Edward Hopper, beginning with schoolboy drawings of locomotives and horse-drawn wagons; going on to his earnest art-student studies; and culminating in such masterpieces as "Early Sunday Morning," "Coast Guard Station," and "Lighthouse at Two Lights." The painstaking preliminary sketches for many of the renowned paintings are also shown. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Six installations by James Turrell, a California artist who uses natural and artificial light as both his medium and his subject. Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty paintings and collages by Ad Reinhardt, from the permanent collection. Through Feb. 8. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Dinner Party," Judy Chicago's sculptural tour de force of a table with place settings for thirty-nine celebrated women, real and fictional. Through Jan. 18. Admission to this exhibit by ticket only; first come, first served. . . . ¶ "American Drawing in Black and White: 1970-80," works by such artists as Johns, Dine, and Motherwell. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ A show of furniture, ceramics, and other objects of twentieth-century American design. Stickley, Noguchi, Eames, and others are represented. Through Feb. 8. . . . **photography:** Eve Arnold showing prints of China 1979. Through Jan. 11. (A note of caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. Closed Christmas.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Gardner D. Stout Hall of Asian Peoples, a permanent exhibition of the museum's vast collection of Asian ethnographic materials, as well as rare art objects. (Open daily except Christmas. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings, except Dec. 24, until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings by Alexander Brook, Philip Guston, and Clyfford Still. . . . ¶ The annual Childe Hassam Purchase Fund show: about forty paintings by contemporary artists, some of which will be bought by the Academy/Institute as gifts to museums. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.) Both shows through Sunday, Dec. 21.

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—The origins and various guises of the "wild man"—the mythical figure so popular in medieval art—are explored in this show of some sixty objects: a woodcut of a werewolf by Lucas Cranach the Elder, a pair of gilded-and-enamelled ewers (once belonging to the Order of Teutonic Knights), a Swiss tapestry entitled "Wild Folk Working the Land." Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A treatise on functional domestic wares, both historical (a fifteenth-century alcove bed, a prototype of Buckminster Fuller's 1937 "Dymaxion" bathroom) and ecumenical (chopsticks, a fifty-piece Tiffany place setting). Through Feb. 22. . . . ¶ A display of more than fifty plans for Central Park drawn up by the architectural firm headed by Frederick Law Olmstead and Calvert Vaux. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibit of paintings on scrolls, screens, and fans from the Rimpa school, which was originated in seventeenth-century Japan by a calligrapher and potter, Kōetsu, and a fan-shop owner, Sōtatsu, who themselves were greatly influenced by twelfth-century Heian-style painting, wherein a story, calligraphy, and decoration are unified in a single work. Through Jan. 4. (Open daily, except Christmas, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Travel photographs of the Near East taken nearly a hundred years ago by La Maison Bonfils, a firm operated in Beirut by a French family (Felix and Lydie Bonfils and their son, Adrien). . . . ¶ Andy Warhol has done a set of portraits of twentieth-century Jews: Bernhardt, Brandeis, Buber, Einstein, Freud, Gershwin, Kafka, the Marx Brothers, Meir, and Gertrude Stein. (Open daily, except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) Both shows through Jan. 4.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts and fifty single leaves. Through Feb. 8. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Small Folk," an exhibit of folk art made for children—stuffed animals, doll furniture, sleds, rocking horses, quilts. The earliest item is a 1771 checkerboard game. Through Feb. 1. A companion show is at the New-York Historical Society; see below. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8; with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Small Folk," a display of American art works and other data that relate to children of the seventeenth century through the nineteenth: paintings of children, samplers and other hand-designed records of their vital statistics, infant furniture, and devices used to instill religion and an education. Through Feb. 1. This exhibit dovetails with one at the Museum of American Folk Art; see above. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd

Judith Shahn

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St.—A comprehensive look (afforded by the Berg Collection) at W. H. Auden's work and, to a degree, his life. On view are a copy of his first printed work (published privately by Stephen Spender in a limited edition of twenty-five), a number of other compositions, both in typescript and manuscript, and selections from fourteen notebooks. Many photographs. (Open daily, except Thursdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Dec. 24, from 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of architectural sculptures by George Smith. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the abstract paintings of Edward Clark. Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, noon to 6.—Claire Fergusson (performance), Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8:30; an exhibit of copies of *View* magazine and other publications (1930-49) from the collection of Charles Henri Ford, through Jan. 31.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 1 to 6. Performances start at 8:30.—Susan Rethorst & Dancers, Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 18-21; William Hellermann (music), Monday, Dec. 22; Eliane Radigue (music), Tuesday, Dec. 23. . . . ¶ "Training for Leisure," an installation by Mike Glier, an artist who claims that "desire is collapsing" and makes his point via videotapes and slides, props (a double bed with black-light effects), and Muzak. Through Jan. 3.

P. S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, except Christmas, 1 to 6.—A group exhibition of watercolors as well as individual shows by such artists as Christo (sculpture), Catherine Porter-Scully (paintings), and Barbara Kruger (photographs). Through Jan. 25.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; and for Carnegie Hall 247-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing a performance of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," with Judith Nicosia, soprano; Victoria Grof, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Michael Burt, baritone; and John Challener, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Calliope: A Renaissance Band—A program of English, French, and German songs, with Lucy Shelton, soprano, and Frank Hoffmeister, tenor. (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. 838-3036. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music—A program entitled "Christesmas in Anglia," composed of vocal and instrumental music of the thirteenth century to the seventeenth. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

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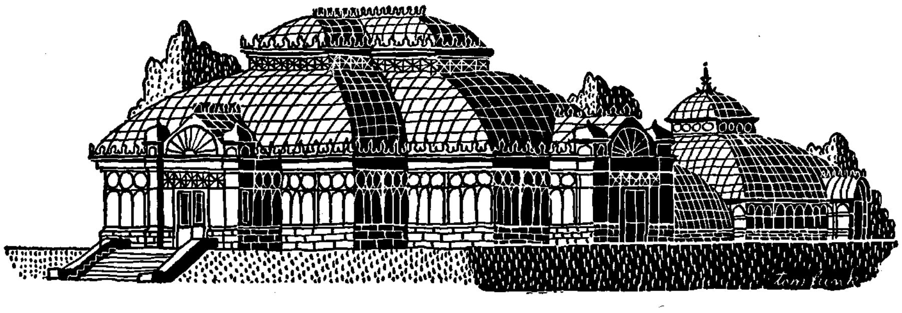
Waverly Consort—Presenting a fully staged production of "The Christmas Story," a biblical narrative based on medieval musical manuscripts. (Medieval Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Monday, Dec. 22, at 3.)

Handel's "Messiah"—Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra: David Randolph directing, with Judith Nicosia, soprano; Victoria Grof, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst and Michael Best, tenors; Michael Burt, bass; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Sundays, Dec. 21 and 28, at 2 and 6:30.) . . . **Musica Sacra:** Richard Westenburg directing, with Ashley Putnam, soprano; James Bowman, countertenor; Rockwell Blake, tenor; and Paul Plishka, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 7:30.) . . . **Oratorio Society of New York:** Lyndon Woodside directing, with Kathryn Bouleyn, soprano; Rose Taylor, mezzo-soprano; Jerold Siena, tenor; Jan Opalach, bass; and Edward Brewer, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8.) . . . **Sing-In at Avery Fisher Hall:** Directed (seriatim, fortunately) by twenty-one directors. Michael Handy, tenor, and John Ostendorf, bass, will appear as soloists, and the audience itself will serve as the chorus. With Kenneth Bowen, organ. (Friday, Dec. 19, at 8.) . . . **Canterbury Choral Society:** Charles Dodsley Walker directing an audience participation performance. With Jennifer Barron, soprano; Jean Kraft, mezzo-soprano; George Livings, tenor; and Ara Berberian, bass. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 21, at 4. For information about tickets, call 289-3402.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Dec. 17, and Monday, Dec. 22, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Bumbry, Isola Jones, Geraldine Decker, Carlo Bini, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Patricia Craig, Richard Cassilly, Cornell MacNeil, Brian Schexnayder, and Philip Creech. David Stivender conducting both. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8: "Dialogues des Carmélites," with Maria Ewing, Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Mignon Dunn, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and Jerome Hines; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 19, at 8: James Levine conducting the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and Chorus in a performance of Mahler's Second Symphony, with Kathleen Battle, soprano, and Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8: "Lulu," with Teresa Stratas, Evelyn Lear, Kenneth Riegel, Frank Little, Franz Mazura, Lenus Carlson, and Andrew Foldi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 8: "Dialogues des Carmélites," with Maria Ewing, Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Mignon Dunn, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and Jerome Hines; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 6: "Hansel and Gretel," in English, with Judith Blegen, Brenda Boozer, Geraldine Decker, Rosalind Elias, Allan Monk, Louise Wohlafka, and Loretta Di Franco; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 25, at 6: "Hansel and Gretel," with Gail Robinson, Ariel Bybee, Geraldine Decker, Lili Chookasian, Arthur Thompson, Louise Wohlafka, and Loretta Di Franco; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 26, at 8: "Lulu," with Teresa Stratas, Evelyn Lear, Kenneth Riegel, Frank Little, Franz Mazura, Lenus Carlson, and Andrew Foldi; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2: "Hansel and Gretel," with Judith Blegen, Brenda Boozer, Geraldine Decker, Rosalind Elias, Allan Monk, Louise Wohlafka, and Loretta Di Franco; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 27, at 8: "Dialogues des Carmélites," with Maria Ewing, Régine Crespin, Patricia Craig, Gwynn Cornell, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and Jerome Hines; Julius Rudel.



New York Lyric Opera Company—Two performances of Edouard Lalo's "Le Roi d'Ys," conducted by Benton Hess and staged by R. Sebastian Russ. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, Dec. 19, and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Daniel Barenboim conducting—Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8; Friday, Dec. 19, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8: Performances of Berlioz' dramatic symphony "Romeo and Juliet," with Zehava Gal, mezzo-soprano; John Aler, tenor; Roger Soyer, bass-baritone; and the Westminster Choir. After a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts on Tuesday, Dec. 30.

Y Chamber Symphony—At Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Gerard Schwarz conducting—Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 21, at 3: With Bella Davidovich, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 27, at 8: The first in a series of four concerts presenting Bach's Brandenburg Concertos. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Michael Feldman conducting, with Jan Opalach, bass, and the St. Thomas Choir of Men and Boys. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

New York String Orchestra—Alexander Schneider conducting a Vivaldi-Bach program, with Yefim Bronfman and Stephanie Brown, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 24, at midnight.)

Hunter College Choirs and Symphony—Clayton Westermann directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Lisë Karlsson, soprano; Shirley Close, mezzo-soprano; Fred Greene, tenor; and Kenneth Bell, bass. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 570-5736. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music at the Y—An all-Schubert program performed by, among others Lee Luvisi, piano; Jaime Laredo and Arnold Steinhardt, violin; Julius Levine, bass; Sharon Robinson and Leonard Rose, cello; and Michael Tree, viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Jerry Brainard—Harpsichord, performing Book II of Bach's "The Well-Tempered Keyboard." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Abbey Simon—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

Roger Goodman—Harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday Dec. 19, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Daniel Phillips, violin; Yo-yo Ma, cello; and Kenneth Cooper, fortepiano and harpsichord. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 19-20, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 21, at 2.)

For the Love of Music—The first in a series of five programs of chamber music, this one performed by Richard Sortomme and Carol Webb, violin/viola; Frederick Zlotkin, cello; David Oei, piano; Renée Siebert, flute; and Emily Mitchell, harp. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Sunday, Dec. 21, at 3.)

Régine Crespin—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

Michael Parloff—Flute, with assisting artists. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

Washington Square Music Festival—The Mendelssohn String Quartet and the Festival Chamber Players in an all-Mozart program. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, Dec. 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Denver, Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Thursday, Dec. 25, at 12:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Kansas City, Saturday, Dec. 27, at 1:05. . . . **rutgers university athletic center:** Nets vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Atlanta, Friday, Dec. 26, at 8:05. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 1-201 935-8888.)

Professional Football—Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Miami, Saturday, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Oakland Raiders, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, Sunday, Dec. 21, at 1.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Winnipeg Jets, Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Calgary Flames, Monday, Dec. 22, at 8:05. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Quebec Nordiques, Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Calgary Flames, Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays, except Christmas, at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 18. The Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 20. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 30. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays, except Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 23-25, at 12:30; through Wednesday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Nightly, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 17.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Arthur Gregor and Josephine Jacobsen reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Dec. 22, at 8.)

Exhibition of the People's Republic of China—Samples of modern and ancient arts and crafts, industrial exhibits, and demonstrations of paper cutting, brush painting, stone engraving, glassblowing, and jade carving. The continuous entertainment includes the martial arts, folk dancing, and cooking, the last provided by three chefs from Peking skilled in *haut-relief* cuisine. Through Sunday, Dec. 28. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Daily, except Christmas, noon to 9.)

Auctions—**sotheby parke bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Dec. 18, at 2: Dance, theatre, opera, and music-hall memorabilia, including twenty-five costume designs by Chagall for the ballet "Aleko." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2: Haitian and Latin-American paintings, from the San Francisco Museum of Art and from other sources. . . . **sotheby's york avenue galleries,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Dec. 18, at 10:15: Chinese snuff bottles. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 18, at 10:15 and 2: Art Deco, including watches, silver, glass, furniture, and decorative works of art; from the collection of Baroness Eugène de Rothschild and from other sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 18, at about 3:30: Art Deco furniture designed by T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings, from the estate of Conrad Hilton. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 18, at 2: Chinese paintings and Japanese paintings and screens, from the estate of C. D. Carter. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 19, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese paintings and Japanese paintings and screens. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 20, at 10:15: Japanese ceramics. . . . **phillips,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 10: American, English, and Continental silver, *objets de vertu,* and watches. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday, Dec. 17, from 10 to 5.)

Christmas and Healthful Outdoor Living—On Sunday, Dec. 21, from 10 to 3, Fifth Avenue between 34th and 57th Streets, in all its Christmas splendor, will be closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall.

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While our other premium red wines spend years in selected woods and in the bottle, Nouveau is released within weeks of the harvest. This unique and altogether delicious wine is dry, fresh and full of fruit – a wine to be enjoyed in its youth. Nouveau may be chilled slightly and served as an aperitif or luncheon wine.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Empire of Passion." (*No performances on Monday, Dec. 22.*)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
A two-a-day festival of British films (only titles are listed):
Dec. 17: "Hooded Terror" and "Lady Craved Excitement."
Dec. 18: "Crimes at the Dark House" and "Lady in Distress."
Dec. 19: "Murder in the Red Barn" and "Cat and Mouse."
Dec 20: "Demon Barber of Fleet Street" and "Time Without Pity."
Dec. 21: "Face at the Window" and "The Hostage."
Dec. 22: "Crimes of Stephen Hawke" and "Room to Let."
Dec. 23: "Never Too Late" and "Girl in the Picture."
From Dec. 24: "The Immortal Bachelor."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 18: "The Jerk" and "The Blues Brothers."
Dec. 19-24: "Gloria" and "Wholly Moses!"
From Dec. 25: "Private Benjamin" and another feature, to be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Stir Crazy."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Popeye."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Dec. 24: "It's My Turn."
From Dec. 25: "First Family."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Dec. 18: "The Elephant Man."
From Dec. 19: "Inside Moves."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Flash Gordon."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through the afternoon of Dec. 18: "Raging Bull."
From Dec. 19: "9 to 5."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Dec. 18: "Private Benjamin."
From Dec. 19: "The Formula."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Dec. 17: "The Elephant Man."
From Dec. 18: "The Mirror Crack'd."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Dec. 18: "Tess."
From Dec. 19: "Inside Moves."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Tribute."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Any Which Way You Can."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Through Dec. 21: "Apocalypse Now."
From Dec. 22: "Breaker Morant."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Stir Crazy."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Dec. 18: "Flash Gordon."
From Dec. 19: "A Change of Seasons."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Dec. 24 (tentative): "Resurrection."
From Dec. 25: "Altered States."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Dec. 18: "Melvin and Howard."
From Dec. 19: "Raging Bull."

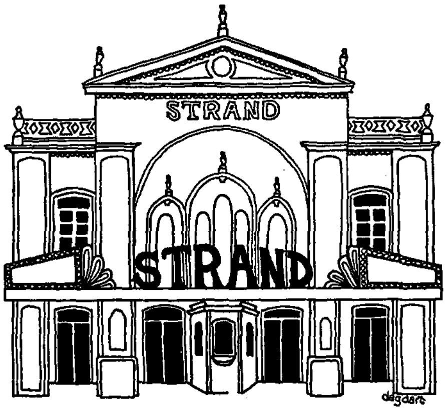
Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through Dec. 18: "It's My Turn."
From Dec. 19: "Seems Like Old Times."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through Dec. 24: "Ordinary People."
From Dec. 25: "First Family."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Tell Me a Riddle."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Competition."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Dec. 18: "The Tin Drum."
Dec. 19-24: "Gloria."
From Dec. 25: "Private Benjamin."



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 18. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Any Which Way You Can."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 18: "The Fifth Floor" and "Don't Go in the House."
From Dec. 19: "The Aristocats."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Popeye."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Stir Crazy."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 18: "The Idolmaker."
From Dec. 19: "The Formula."

R. K. O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Flash Gordon."
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 18: "Private Benjamin." From Dec. 19: "9 to 5."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Dec. 17: "America America."
From Dec. 18: "The Mirror Crack'd."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Any Which Way You Can."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 18: "Private Benjamin."
From Dec. 19: "Raging Bull."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 24: "Melvin and Howard." From Dec. 25: "The Elephant Man."
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 25: "La Cage aux Folles." From Dec. 26: "Ordinary People."
Theatre 3: "Flash Gordon."
Theatre 4: "Flash Gordon."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Dec. 18: "Space Movie."
From Dec. 19: "The Aristocats."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Dec. 18: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 19: "The Jazz Singer."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Dec. 17: "The Elephant Man."
From Dec. 18: "The Mirror Crack'd."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Dec. 18: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 19: "A Change of Seasons."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Dec. 18: "Stardust Memories."
From Dec. 19: "Inside Moves."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Mon Oncle d'Amérique."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Dec. 18: "The Great Santini."
From Dec. 19: "Stardust Memories."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Dec. 18: "Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession" and "Quadrophenia."
From Dec. 19: "Raging Bull."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Every Man for Himself."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Bye Bye Brazil."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through Dec. 25: "Airplane!"
From Dec. 26: "Ordinary People."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Any Which Way You Can."
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 18: "The Shining." From Dec. 19: "The Aristocats."
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 24: "Private Benjamin." From Dec. 25: "First Family."
Theatre 4: "Stir Crazy."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"La Cage aux Folles."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Dec. 17: "Hopscotch" and "A Man, a Woman, and a Bank."
From Dec. 18: "The Mirror Crack'd."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 18: "The Jerk" and "The Blues Brothers." From Dec. 19: "Stardust Memories."
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 18: Theatre closed. Dec. 19-24: "Airplane!" From Dec. 25: "Ordinary People."
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 18: Theatre closed. Dec. 19-24: "Fame." From Dec. 25: "Private Benjamin."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 18: Theatre closed. From Dec. 19: "9 to 5." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 24: "The Jerk" (†) and "The Blues Brothers." (†) From Dec. 25: "First Family." (†)
Theatre 3: "Private Benjamin." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 18: "The Awakening." From Dec. 19: "Raging Bull." (†)
Theatre 5: Through Dec. 18: "The Idolmaker." (†) From Dec. 19: "Raging Bull." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Ordinary People." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 18: "Gloria." (†) From Dec. 19: "The Elephant Man." (†)
Theatre 3: "Airplane!" (†)
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 18: "La Cage aux Folles." (†) From Dec. 19: "The Aristocats." (†)

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through Dec. 18: "The Warriors" and "American Gigolo."
From Dec. 19: "A Change of Seasons." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Dec. 24: "The Shining." (†) (No performances on Monday, Dec. 22.)
From Dec. 25: "Altered States." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Popeye." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Dec. 17: "It's My Turn." (†)
Dec. 18: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 19: "Seems Like Old Times." (†)

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Any Which Way You Can." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Stir Crazy." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Flash Gordon." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Dec. 17: "Raging Bull." (†)
From Dec. 18: "The Mirror Crack'd." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Dec. 18: "Shogun Assassin" and "Steel."
From Dec. 19: "The Formula." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Dec. 17: "The Tarnished Angels" (1958), di-

rected by Douglas Sirk, with Rock Hudson, Robert Stack, Dorothy Malone, and Jack Carson; and "Written on the Wind" (1957), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Rock Hudson, Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack, and Dorothy Malone.

Dec. 18: "The Nutty Professor" (1963), directed by Jerry Lewis, with Lewis, Stella Stevens, and Del Moore; and "Son of Paleface" (1952), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Bob Hope, Jane Russell, and Roy Rogers.

Dec. 19: "Which Way Is Up?" (1977), directed by Michael Schultz, with Richard Pryor; and "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini.

Dec. 20: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.

Dec. 21: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "The Fox." (†)

Dec. 22: "The Balcony" (†); and "The Maids" (1975), directed by Christopher Miles, with Glenda Jackson, Susannah York, and Vivien Merchant.

Dec. 23: "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.

Dec. 24: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "King Kong." (†)

Dec. 25: "Topper" (1937), directed by Norman Z. McLeod, with Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Roland Young, and Billie Burke; and "The Ghost Goes West." (†)

Dec. 26: "Life of Brian." (†); and "The Ruling Class" (1972), directed by Peter Medak, with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe.

Dec. 27: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Dec. 17: "The Woman in the Window" (1945), directed by Fritz Lang, with Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett, Dan Duryea, and Raymond Massey; and "The Reckless Moment" (1949), directed by Max Ophuls, with James Mason and Joan Bennett. Miss Bennett will be present at 7:30.

Dec. 18: "The Private Life of Henry VIII" (1933), directed by Alexander Korda, with Charles Laughton, Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Wendy Barrie, and Elsa Lanchester; and "The Lion in Winter" (1968), directed by Anthony Harvey, with Peter O'Toole and Katharine Hepburn.

Dec. 19: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde.

Dec. 20: "The Mouse That Roared" (1959), directed by Jack Arnold, with Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg, and David Kossoff; and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.

Dec. 21: "Funny Girl" (†) and "Funny Lady." (†)

Dec. 22: "High and Low" (†); and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

Dec. 23: "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" (†) and "The Green Room." (†)

Dec. 24: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961), directed by Blake Edwards, with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "To Catch a Thief" (1955), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.

Dec. 25: "Scrooge." (†)

Dec. 26: "Tom Jones" (†) and "Joseph Andrews." (†)

Dec. 27: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "The Fugitive Kind" (1960), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Dec. 18: "Children of Paradise" (1945), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Louis Salou, Marcel Herrand, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès.

Dec. 19-20: "Scum" (1980), directed by Alan Clarke, with Ray Winstone; and "Quadrophenia." (†)

Dec. 21-22: "My Little Chickadee" (1940), directed by Edward Cline, with Mae West and W. C. Fields; and "I'm No Angel" (1933), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Mae West and Cary Grant.

Dec. 23: "Head Over Heels" (†) and "A Small Circle of Friends." (†)

Dec. 24-25: "Life of Brian" (†); and "The First Nudie Musical" (1977), directed by Bruce Kimmel and Mark Haggard, with Kimmel, Stephen Nathan, and Cindy Williams.

Dec. 26-27: "Let It Be" (†); and "The Concert for Bangladesh" (1972), filmed at the concert at Madison Square Garden, August, 1971.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Dec. 18: "Reggae Sunsplash" (1980), a concert film, with Bob Marley, Third World Band, Peter Tosh, and Burning Spear.

From Dec. 19: "Black and Blue" (1980), a concert film, with Black Sabbath and Blue Oyster Cult.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)

Through Dec. 19: "Freaks" (1932), directed by Tod Browning, with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "The Undying Monster" (1942), directed by John Brahm, with James Ellison, Heather Angel, and John Howard.

Dec. 20-22: "Pride and Prejudice" (1940), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver; and "Blossoms in the Dust" (1941), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon.

Dec. 23-25: "The Women" (1939), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

From Dec. 26: "North by Northwest" (1959), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Dec. 20: "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1942), directed by William Keighley, with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley, Jimmy Durante, and Richard Travis; and "It Happened One Night" (1934), directed by Frank Capra, with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale.

Dec. 21-23: "Of Mice and Men" (†); and "The Roaring Twenties" (1939), directed by Raoul Walsh, with James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart.

Dec. 24-27: "King Solomon's Mines" (†); and "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (1938), directed by Michael Curtiz and William Keighley, with Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn, Alan Hale, Ian Hunter, Basil Rathbone, and Claude Rains.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Dec. 17: "The Conformist" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "Open City" (1945), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Anna Magnani, Aldo Fabrizi, and Maria Michi.

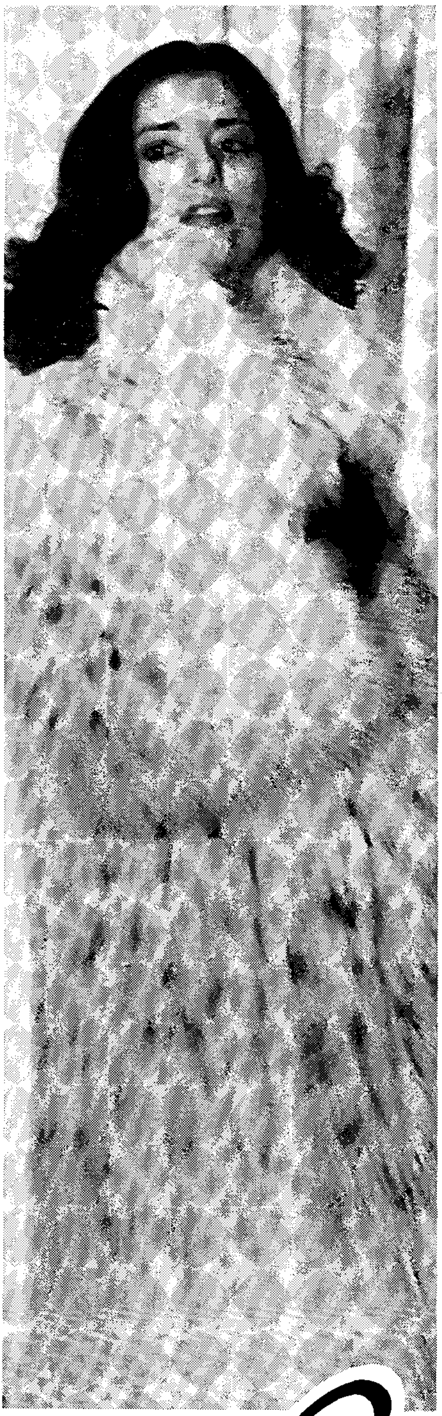
Dec. 18: "Wattstax" (1973), filmed at the Stax record company's concert for the people of Watts, held at the Los Angeles Coliseum in August, 1972; and "The Cool World" (1964), directed by Shirley Clarke, with Hampton Clanton, Carl Lee, Gloria Foster, and Clarence Williams III.

Dec. 19-20: "A Degree of Murder" (1969), in German, directed by Volker Schlöndorff, with Anita Pallenberg; and "The Killing Kind" (1974), directed by Curtis Harrington, with John Savage, Ann Sothern, Cindy Williams, and Ruth Roman.

Dec. 21: "The Sunshine Boys" (†) and "California Suite." (†)

Dec. 22: "The Fallen Idol" (1949), directed by Carol Reed, with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan; and "The Human Factor." (†)

Dec. 23: "Symphony of Six Million" (1935), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Irene



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Dunne and Ricardo Cortez; and "Big News" (1929), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Carole Lombard and Robert Armstrong.

Dec. 24: "Sandra" (†); and "Riviera" (1953), in Italian, directed by Alberto Lattuada, with Martine Carol and Raf Vallone.

Dec. 25: A day-long marathon of B-films: "Models Inc.," "Lucky Texan," "Headhunters of the Amazon," "Frankie and Johnnie," "Paradise Alley," "Great Guy," "Wrecking Crew," and "Private Buckaroo."

Dec. 26-27: "Picture Show Man" (1977), directed by John Powers, with Rod Taylor and John Meillion; and "Magicians of the Silver Screen" (1979), a Czech film, direct*ed by Jiri Menzel, with Menzel and Rudolf* Hrusinsky.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Dec. 24: Theatre closed.

Dec. 25: "The Lady Eve" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, and Charles Coburn; and "Palm Beach Story" (1942), directed by Preston Sturges, with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, and Rudy Vallée.

Dec. 26: "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back" (†); "Bulldog Drummond in Africa" (1938), directed by Louis King, with John Howard; and "Bulldog Drummond's Secret Police" (1938), directed by James Hogan, with John Howard.

From Dec. 27: "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of films directed by Michael Powell: Dec. 18 at 2:30: "The Elusive Pimpernel" (1950), co-directed by Emeric Pressburger, with David Niven, Margaret Leighton, Jack Hawkins, and Cyril Cusack. . . . Dec. 18 at 6: "The Small Back Room" (1949), co-directed by Emeric Pressburger, with David Farrar, Jack Hawkins, and Kathleen Byron. . . . Dec. 18 at 8:30 and Dec. 19 at 2:30: "The Lion Has Wings" (1939), co-directed by Brian Desmond Hurst and Adrian Brunel, with Merle Oberon, Ralph Richardson, and June Duprez; and "The Volunteer" (1943), co-directed by Emeric Pressburger, with Ralph Richardson. . . . Dec. 20 at 2:30: "The Small Back Room." . . . Dec. 20 at 5: "Peeping Tom" (1960), with Carl Boehm, Anna Massey, and Moira Shearer. . . . Dec. 21 at 2:30: "The Elusive Pimpernel." . . . Dec. 22 at 2:30: "Peeping Tom." . . . Dec. 22 at 6 and Dec. *26 at 2:30: "The Battle of the River Plate* (Pursuit of the Graf Spee)" (1956), co-directed by Emeric Pressburger, with Anthony Quayle, John Gregson, and Peter Finch. . . . Dec. 26 at 6: "Black Narcissus" (1947), co-directed by Emeric Pressburger, with Deborah Kerr, Sabu, David Farrar, Flora Robson, and Jean Simmons. . . . Dec. 27 at 2:30: "The Boy Who Turned Yellow" (1972), with Mark Dightam, and "Bluebeard's Castle" (1964), with Norma Foster and Anna Raquel Sartre. . . . Dec. 27 at 5: "The Queen's Guards" (1961), with Daniel and Raymond Massey. . . . ¶ Other, non-Powell, films scheduled during this period are: Dec. 18-19 at noon: Two different programs of films by Joseph Cornell. . . . Dec. 19 at 6 and Dec. 20-21 at noon: A program of animated films by John Halas and Joy Batchelor. . . . Dec. 21 at 5 and Dec. 23 at 2:30: "Monsieur Beaucaire" (1924), a silent film, directed by Sidney Olcott, with Rudolph Valentino and Bebe Daniels. . . . Dec. 23-24 at noon: "Lucifer Rising" (1980), directed by Kenneth Anger; and "Phenelzine Sulphate" (1979), directed by Christine Twomey. . . . Dec. 23 at 6: "Miracle on 34th Street" (1947), directed by George Seaton, with Maureen O'Hara, John Payne, Natalie Wood, and Edmund Gwenn. . . . Dec. 27 at noon: A program of films by Joseph Cornell. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Through Dec. 21: A program of five *films by Kenneth Anger, including* "Scorpio Rising" (1963) and "Lucifer Rising" (1980). Mr. Anger will be present on Dec. 18 following the 2 P.M. showing. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 23: "Chameleon" (1978), directed by Jon Jost, with Bob Glaudini. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays and Christmas.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Dec. 16 at 3: A program of video films by Frank Gillette. . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 8: "Carriage Trade" (1972), directed by Warren Sonbert. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 8: A program of films directed by George Landow. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 8: A program of video films by Stephen Beck, Don Hallock, William Roarty, and William Rosenquist. . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 8: A program of films by Mike and George Kuchar, Willard Maas, and Marie Menken. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 11 A.M.: A program of video films by Frank Gillette. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 8: "Diaries, Notes & Sketches" (1963-68), directed by Jonas Mekas. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 8: "Sunrise" (1927), directed by F. W. Murnau, with George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 8: "Neighbors" (1920), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton; and "The Great Blondino" (1967) and "Bleu Shut" (1970), both directed by Robert Nelson. . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 8: "Reminiscences of a Journey to Lithuania" (1971), directed by Jonas Mekas. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 8: "There Was a Father" (1942), a Japanese silent film, directed by Yasujiro Ozu. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 8: "I Was Born . . . But" (1932), a Japanese silent film, directed by Yasujiro Ozu.

Entermedia, 2nd Ave. at 12th St. (475-4191)—A series of samurai films, shown as double features, with a new combination every three *days. Through Jan. 2, starting at 2.* Showing this week are: "Samurai, Parts II and III," "Demon Spies," "Haunted Samurai," "Kuroneko," "Samurai Spy," "Zatoichi Rescue," and "Mashibuse." For schedule, call the theatre.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Airplane!—Cheerfully clunky gags. The movie is compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as *the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen,* Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (Reviewed in our issue of 9/1/80.) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; *through Dec.* 25. . . . ¶ Olympia; Dec. 19-24.)

Altered States—With William Hurt, directed by Ken Russell. (Gemini 2, and Loews Astor Plaza; starting Dec. 25.)

America America (1963)—Elia Kazan's account, drawn from his own family background, of the fierce struggle of a Greek boy to get to the fabled land of opportunity. Flawed by miscasting, and almost destroyed by the desperate ambitiousness of the project, this unconvincing, poorly scripted movie is intermittently interesting for some of the performers (Linda Marsh, particularly, and Paul Mann) and for some of the images caught by the cinematographer, Haskell Wexler. (Waverly; Dec. 17.)

Any Which Way You Can—With Clint Eastwood, Sondra Locke, Geoffrey Lewis, William Smith, Harry Guardino, and Ruth Gordon; directed by Buddy Van Horn. (D. W. Griffith, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich Playhouse 1, Loews 83rd Quad, and Movieland.)

Apocalypse Now (1979)—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches," which sees the heart of the Vietnam War's darkness as "that joke at the deepest part of the blackest kernel of fear." Francis Coppola, the director, does not just balance comedy and horror—he breeds a mutation, and displays it with the physical brilliance and amplitude of "2001." (The cinematographer is Vittorio Storaro, who has done four movies *for Bertolucci.) The characters, like the peo*ple in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the *movie progresses from deadly efficiency con*trolled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses, like "2001," in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil, but *Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall,* Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Cinema I; through Dec. 21.)

The Aristocats (1970)—A full-length animated film from the Disney studios about cats and a fortune and an evil butler. Mildly entertaining. (U. A. East, Guild, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy; starting Dec. 19.)

Bad Timing / A Sensual Obsession—With Art Garfunkel, Theresa Russell, Harvey Keitel, and Denholm Elliott; directed by Nicolas Roeg. (Paramount; through Dec. 18.)

The Balcony (1963)—Jean Genet's dark comedy, erratically directed by Joseph Strick from a screenplay by Ben Maddow. With Shelley Winters (miscast), Jeff Corey, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 22.)

The Blues Brothers—A musical slapstick farce, *set in Chicago and starring Dan Aykroyd* and John Belushi as deadpan hipster musicians—characters they first used in skits on the television show "Saturday Night Live." But their taciturn style doesn't allow them to reveal enough personality for this full-length movie. The director, John Landis, has a lot of comic invention and isn't afraid of silliness, but in terms of slapstick craft he's still an amateur. The film, however, brings Aretha *Franklin to the screen, and she transcends* the film's incompetence. With Carrie Fisher, Henry Gibson, Ray Charles, Cab Calloway, James Brown, and many other celebrated musicians. Written by Aykroyd and Landis. (7/7/80) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; *through Dec. 24.)*

Breaker Morant—An Australian film, with Edward Woodward, directed by Bruce Beresford. (Cinema I; starting Dec. 22.)

Bulldog Drummond Comes Back (1937)—John Barrymore, having a good time. His beautiful nose was so famous that when he put on a *false one, he was disguised enough to thwart* the villains. With Louise Campbell. Directed by Louis King. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 26.)

Bye Bye Brazil—A Brazilian film, with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker, directed by Carlos Diegues. In Portuguese. (Cinema Studio 2.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, *and her family wishes to make the acquain*tance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (5/28/79) (New Yorker 1. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Dec. 25.)

California Suite (1978)—Neil Simon's four battling-couples playlets set in the Beverly Hills Hotel have been intercut, and the director, Herbert Ross, has bleached the space around the pairs of combatants to get rid of it as tastefully as possible. This look of sunstruck swank is appropriate to the two mawkish, bittersweet Wasp playlets (Jane Fonda and Alan Alda, Maggie Smith and Michael Caine), in which gallant people use bitchy wisecracks to conceal their breaking hearts. The third playlet (low-comedy Jewish, with Walter Matthau as a husband caught with a hooker by his wife, Elaine May) is directed apathetically, and the fourth (slapstick black, with Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby as vacationing doctors from Chicago) is a disaster, and not only because it has no comic rhythm. When the black doctors stumble around a flooded hotel room, crash into each other, and step on broken glass, and Cosby bites Pryor's nose, the sequences have horrifying racist overtones. (Inadvertently, the movie seems to be saying that while these black men may be educated, they're still savages.) The audience doesn't get restless, because the pairs of actors keep whacking each other with insults; at the end, there's always the loneliness, the fear, and the reconciliation. Simon and Ross turn vaudeville into mush. (1/8/79) (Thalia; Dec. 21.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

A Change of Seasons—With Shirley MacLaine, Bo Derek, and Anthony Hopkins; directed by Richard Lang. (Gemini 1, 57th St. Playhouse, and Embassy 5; starting Dec. 19.)

The Competition—With Richard Dreyfuss, Amy Irving, and Lee Remick; directed by Joel Oliansky. (Loews Tower East.)

Don't Go in the House—With Dan Grimaldi, directed by Joseph Ellison. (U. A. East; through Dec. 18.)

The Elephant Man—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (Manhattan 2, and Festival; Dec. 17. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 25.)

Empire of Passion—Directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, Dec. 22.)

Every Man for Himself—This 1979 picture, which Jean-Luc Godard calls his "second first film," has been widely hailed as a return to his great, innovative work of the sixties. It's wonderful to feel the pull of Godard's images again, but the movie may also make you feel empty. The setting is a nameless Swiss city, where the lives of the three main characters are loosely intertwined—Jacques Dutronc is a video filmmaker, Nathalie Baye is the woman who is leaving him, and Isabelle Huppert is a practical-minded prostitute. It's about money and people selling themselves—their minds or their bodies. Godard's political extremism has been replaced by a broader extremism—total contempt, shaded by masochism. He's saying, "Everything is for sale." It's simplistic cynicism, like that of the barroom pundit who tells you that every man has his price. The look of the picture isn't inhuman, even though what it's saying is; that's its poignancy. Godard shows us the soft shadings of what might have been. He also tickles the audience with a variety of jokes about the joylessness of sex, but he's too despairing to be really funny. In French. (11/24/80) (Cinema Studio 1.)

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Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. Directed by Alan Parker; with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody. The music is set by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (Olympia; Dec. 19-24.)

The Fifth Floor—With Bo Hopkins and Dianne Hull, directed by Howard Avedis. (U. A. East; through Dec. 18.)

First Family—With Gilda Radner, Bob Newhart, and Madeline Kahn; directed by Buck Henry. (Murray Hill, Loews New York 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Center; starting Dec. 25.)

Flash Gordon—With Sam J. Jones in the title role, directed by Mike Hodges. (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., Quad Cinema, and Rivoli. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through Dec. 18.)

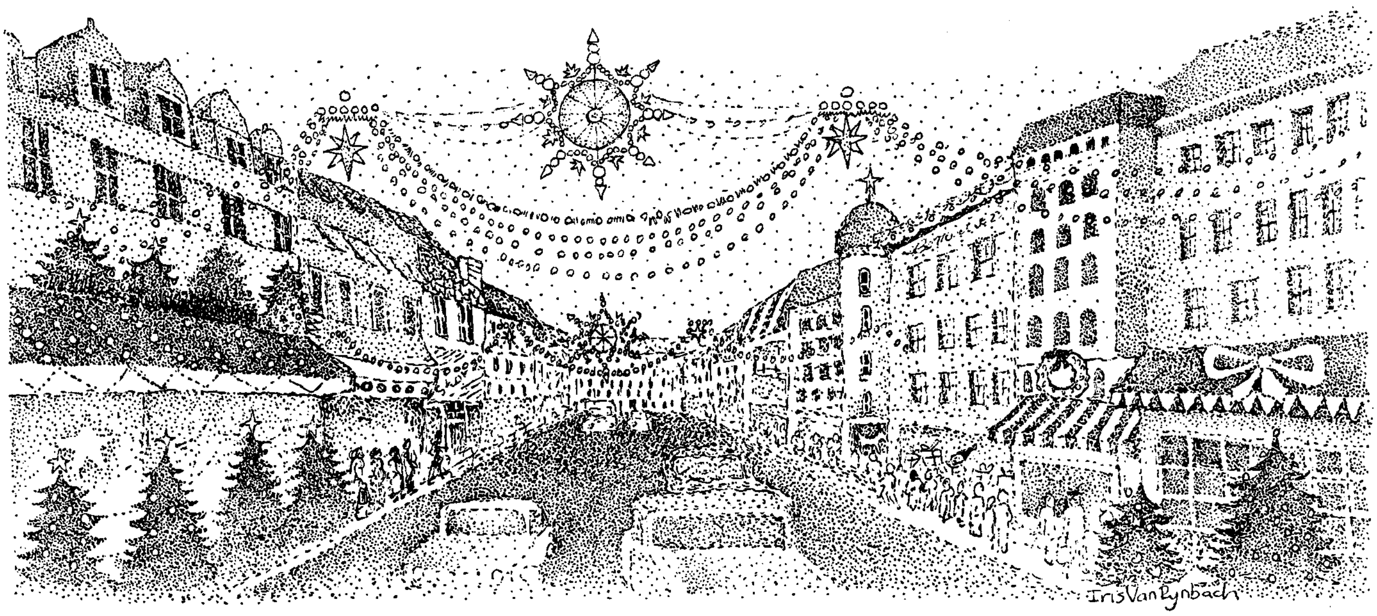
The Formula—With George C. Scott, Marlon Brando, and Marthe Keller; directed by John G. Avildsen. (Manhattan 1, 86th St. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Dec. 19.)

The Fox (1968)—This is D. H. Lawrence's 1923 novella stripped of its subtlety, Freudianized, and turned into something resembling Lillian Hellman's "The Children's Hour," but in a woodsy setting. It's now a story about two young women—sickly, chattering, ultra-feminine Jill (Sandy Dennis) and dark, quiet, strong March (Anne Heywood)—who are trying, rather hopelessly, to run a chicken farm in Canada. There is some symbolism about a fox that has been raiding the hen coop, and along comes a marauding male (Keir Dullea, lowering his voice to indicate masculine strength), who kills the fox, puts the farm in order, and proposes to March, thus awakening the lesbianism dormant in the women. In making the movie sexually explicit, the adapters, Lewis John Carlino and Howard Koch, and the director, Mark Rydell, have diminished the material—have made it tamely "sexy" and brightly colored and "healthy." You have to go back to Lawrence to see how much more powerful and frightening was the repressed sexuality that he was writing about. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 21.)

Funny Girl (1968)—A bravura performance by Barbra Streisand. As Fanny Brice, she has the wittiest comic inflections since the comediennes of the thirties; she makes written dialogue sound like inspired improvisation. As the shady gambler Nicky Arnstein, phlegmatic Omar Sharif appears to be some sort of visiting royalty, with a pained professional smile to put the common people at their ease. But Streisand's triumphant talent rides right over the film's weaknesses. William Wyler directed, with musical sequences staged by Herbert Ross. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 21.)

Funny Lady (1975)—The moviemakers weren't just going to make a sequel to "Funny Girl"—they were going to kill us. (And they wanted to outdo "Cabaret," besides.) Again as Fanny Brice, Barbra Streisand is no longer human; she's like a bitchy female impersonator imitating Barbra Streisand. She's in beautiful voice, but her singing is too terrific—strident overdramatization that turns a song into a big number. The picture is overproduced and badly edited, with a forties-movie-heartbreak plot. A great deal of talent has been badly used, though James Caan has some good scenes as scrubby, anxious Billy Rose, and Streisand is charming in the wittily staged "I Found a Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store." Ray Stark produced; Herbert Ross directed. The new songs are by Kander and Ebb. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 21.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—A rich American (Eugene Pallette) buys a castle in Scotland and brings it home to Florida, complete with Ghost (Robert Donat). This crude, painfully frolicsome satire on America was written by Robert E. Sherwood and directed by Rene Clair; intermittently, it's redeemed by Donat's elegance and his melancholy face and



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voice. With Elsa Lanchester and Jean Parker. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 25.)

Gloria—With Gena Rowlands, John Adames, and Buck Henry; directed by John Cassavetes. (Embassy; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; Dec. 19-24.)

The Great Santini (called "The Ace" on Home Box Office)—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall in the Bruce Dern role (the military-psychopath father) and Michael O'Keefe in the Richard Thomas role (the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son). Adapted from Pat Conroy's autobiographical novel "The Great Santini," the movie is set in 1962 in Beaufort, South Carolina, where Conroy grew up, but (as written for the screen and directed by Lewis John Carlino) it takes place in the TV land of predictability—the plain of dowdy realism where a boy finds his manhood by developing the courage to stick to his principles and stand up to his father. With Blythe Danner, who comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure, and also with Lisa Jane Persky as the family comic, Theresa Merritt as the housekeeper, David Keefe as a redneck, and Paul Mantee. (9/1/80) (Cinema 3; through Dec. 18.)

The Green Room (1979)—Truffaut essays Henry James, specifically "The Altar of the Dead" with a bit of "The Beast in the Jungle" thrown in. The film is adequate, barely, to the occasion—one wonders whether the director really wanted to make it or whether it was some kind of contractual obligation. In any case, it's drear and reverential, with enough flickering wax to put Georges de La Tour, the candlelight master, to shame. In French. (9/24/79) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 23.)

Head Over Heels (1979)—Based on a novel by Ann Beattie, about a young man (John Heard) who is obsessionally in love with another man's wife (Mary Beth Hurt). The young man seems too robust, the young woman too brittle and waifish—"childlike" in precisely the way that makes bad child actors especially alienating to watch. For some of its length, though, beginning with the appearance of Mark Metcalf as Miss Hurt's husband, the movie (directed by Joan Micklin Silver) picks up and almost works. (11/26/79) (Cinema Village; Dec. 23.)

High and Low (1963)—A first-rate detective thriller about a kidnapping. It happens to have been made in Japan, but it is very like the best Hitchcock. Directed by Akira Kurosawa and starring Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 22.)

Hopscotch—With Walter Matthau, Glenda Jackson, and Ned Beatty; directed by Ronald Neame. (New Yorker 2; Dec. 17.)

The Human Factor—Tom Stoppard wrote the screenplay for this adaptation of the 1978 Graham Greene novel about a worn-out minor functionary (and double agent) in British intelligence who loses his country and his small family to no purpose. The picture's disappointing second half and ultimate failure are attributable to the direction of Otto Preminger, whose literal style ignores the darker inflections of the book and thus transforms it into a humdrum spy story. A distinguished cast—including Richard Attenborough (in a telling, quiet performance as an unacute, friendless security officer), Robert Morley, Derek Jacobi, Ann Todd, and Nicol Williamson (as the stricken hero, Maurice Castle, who winds up in Moscow as a waste product of his desultory, convictionless trade)—holds our attention and hopes, but all its efforts are unavailing against Mr. Preminger's insistent verisimilitude. (2/11/80) (Thalia; Dec. 22.)

The Idolmaker—With Ray Sharkey, directed by Taylor Hackford. (Reviewed in this issue.) (86th St. East, and Criterion Center; through Dec. 18.)

The Immortal Bachelor—Giancarlo Giannini as an unshaven Roman layabout who slaps around his wife (Monica Vitti) when he isn't out cheating on her, but who keeps her happy with his inspired lovemaking. Miss Vitti is funny and sexy-looking, and Mr. Giannini croaks and rolls his eyes in his entertaining horny-frog style, but the comedy is slowed by its dopey, familiar message: only the poor have fun in bed in Italy. With Claudia Cardinale and Vittorio Gassman. In Italian. (2/25/80) (Art; starting Dec. 24.)

Inside Moves—With John Savage, directed by Richard Donner. (34th St. East, Baronet, and Little Carnegie; starting Dec. 19.)

It's My Turn—With Jill Clayburgh, Michael Douglas, and Charles Grodin; directed by Claudia Weill. (Loews State 2; Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Loews New York 1; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Dec. 24.)

The Jazz Singer—With Neil Diamond and Laurence Olivier, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Ziegfeld; starting Dec. 19.)

The Jerk—A dreary farce about a backcountry boob at large in a cruel, Mel Brooksian world. Steve Martin, the television comedian, is the star (and a co-author), and he has filled this disastrous "Candide" with street language and smutty jokes. With Bernadette Peters, and directed by Carl Reiner, of all people. (12/17/79) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through Dec. 24.)

Joseph Andrews (1978)—Tony Richardson, who made a fine and lively film of Fielding's "Tom Jones," directed an equally spirited version of Fielding's "Joseph Andrews" fifteen years later. It is spring in England; this is a very English film—lyric and debonair and cheeky and wild. Ann-Margret plays Lady Booby, a luscious upstart whose dress and manner are copied by her splendidly slipshod maid, Mrs. Slipslop (Beryl Reid). John Gielgud plays a doctor who makes no distinction between the well and the dead in his search for a patient. Michael Hordern, in a wig that makes him look like a King Charles spaniel that has just come out of the wet, plays a parson. Everything is blithe, exact, and eager, floating along without weight, as in Fielding's novel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 26.)

Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese (Plaza.)

King Kong (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig, and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 24.)

King Solomon's Mines (1950)—A smashing kitsch entertainment: H. Rider Haggard's 1886 pulp adventure novel about a search for legendary African diamond mines, given the full M-G-M Technicolor treatment, and with an additional romance between an English lady on safari (Deborah Kerr) and the valiant white guide (Stewart Granger) provided by the scenarist, Helen Deutsch. You have to be prepared to put part of your mind to sleep, so that you don't get too outraged by the colonialist underpinnings of this sort of fiction; the noblest character is the loyal black servant Umbopa, who turns out to be the Mashona chief. (In the 1937 British version, Paul Robeson was a magnificent smiling Umbopa.) One can enjoy this picture for the superb trumpery that it is: the stunning African fabrics worn by the natives are American-made, and the Watusi dances were choreographed by Jack Cole. The film really was shot in the African highlands, though—at Murchison Falls and Mount Kenya—and the elephants and mandrills and leopards and cobras are all startlingly clear and close. It's one exciting incident after another, and there's even a suggestion of sex, when Kerr and Granger wake after a night of hiding high in a tree and look passionately at each other. (An incident early on, when an elephant tramples a native, may frighten small children, but children generally love the rest of the film.) Directed by Compton Bennett and Andrew Marton; cinematography by Robert Surtees. With Richard Carlson, Hugh Haas, and Lowell Gilmore. Also with Kimursi, of the Kipsigi tribe, and Siriaque, Sekaryongo, and Baziga, of the Watusi tribe; the Africans take all the acting honors. (Regency; Dec. 24-27.)

Let It Be (1970)—The Beatles at rehearsal—older and plumper and as fine company as ever—seen together on film for what is now inescapably the last time. It is a bad movie but a touching one. Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. (Cinema Village; Dec. 26-27.)

Life of Brian (1979)—And now for something completely Biblical, from the troupe who did "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975). Brian—played by the unhinged Graham Chapman—is an uncharismatic person who was born in Bethlehem and is unaccountably mistaken for the Messiah. The comic acting—by Chapman and by John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin as centurions, members of the People's Liberation Front of Judea, rambling prophets, listeners who cannot quite hear the Sermon on the Mount, etc.—is superb, as always. But the movie will seem a bit oversustained if you like the Python TV shows for their libertine discontinuities and perverse sense of scale. Written by the whole troupe, in Python style—intellectual but not above a blind-man sight gag. Directed by Terry Jones. (8/27/79) (Cinema Village; Dec. 24-25. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 26.)

A Man, a Woman, and a Bank (1979)—A pleasant bank-robbery story, starring Donald Sutherland, Paul Mazursky, and Brooke Adams; directed by Noel Black. (10/22/79) (New Yorker 2; Dec. 17.)

Melvin and Howard—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of

sympathetic imagination. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium-oxide plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer first wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch counterman at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Beekman; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Dec. 24.)

The Mirror Crack'd—With Angela Lansbury as Agatha Christie's Miss Jane Marple, directed by Guy Hamilton. (Manhattan 2, Waverly, Festival, New Yorker 2, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting Dec. 18.)

Mon Oncle d'Amérique—With Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-Pierre; directed by Alain Resnais. In French (Paris.)

9 to 5—With Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton, and Dabney Coleman; directed by Colin Higgins. (Sutton, R.K.O. 86th St., and Criterion Center; starting Dec. 19.)

Of Mice and Men (1940)—When Lewis Milestone prefaced the credits of his version of the John Steinbeck play and novel with a scene showing George (Burgess Meredith) and Lennie (Lon Chaney, Jr.) fleeing a posse, he was, no doubt, aiming for economy and tension. He couldn't have guessed that he was starting a new vogue, and that it would become almost standard practice for a film's action to precede the credit information even when the action made no sense. The story, about the friendship between two lonely, vagrant ranch hands—the small, bedraggled, intelligent George and the simpleminded giant Lennie—is gimmicky and highly susceptible to parody, but it is emotionally effective just the same. The film was beautifully put together and has a fine Aaron Copland score. Betty Field's silly, vain, hapless Mae is a small acting classic, and the cowboy star Bob Steele is amazingly good as her sadistic husband, Curley. With Leigh Whipper, memorable as the lean, bitter Crooks (an unjolly black man), and Charles Bickford. (Regency; Dec. 21-23.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but it is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially. Alvin Sargent adapted the popular Judith Guest novel. With Judd Hirsch, Elizabeth McGovern, and Meg Mundy. (10/13/80) (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Loews New York 2; through Dec. 24. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Dec. 25. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 26.)

Popeye—With Robin Williams and Shelley Duvall, directed by Robert Altman. (Bay Cinema, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 1.)

Private Benjamin—A women's-liberation service comedy, in which Goldie Hawn plays a spoiled honeybunch—a rich blond Jewish girl from Philadelphia—who becomes a real woman in the Army. The script goes from one formula to the next, and it reworks the pranks of generations of male service comedies, but the director, Howard Zieff, refurbishes the stale material with smart small touches, and Goldie Hawn has such infectious frothy charm that she manages to

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get laughs out of ancient routines about a tenderfoot going through the rigors of basic training. Her likeableness makes the picture moderately amusing until the last third, when she gets involved with a dream prince (Armand Assante) who turns out to be a thickheaded chauvinist, and she has to be liberated all over again; the picture seems to be stuck in a revolving door. This is the sort of feminist movie in which almost every man is an insensitive boor or a fool, yet the heroine gets what she wants by manipulation and the shrewd use of sexual blackmail—which we're meant to find adorable. Basically it's just Daffy Duck-TV sit-com. With Albert Brooks, Eileen Brennan, Harry Dean Stanton, Hal Williams, Toni Kalem, Damita Jo Freeman, Mary Kay Place, P. J. Soles, Robert Webber, and Sam Wanamaker and Barbara Barrie as the heroine's parents. Written by Nancy Meyers, Charles Shyer, and Harvey Miller. (11/10/80) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Manhattan 1, R.K.O. 86th St., and Greenwich Playhouse 2; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 24. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting Dec. 25.)

Quadrophenia (1979)—Directed by Franc Roddam. (Paramount; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; Dec. 19-20.)

Raging Bull—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ, Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro), is a biography of the prizefight genre; it's also about movies and about violence, it's about gritty visual rhythm, it's about Brando, it's about the two "Godfather" pictures—it's about Scorsese and De Niro's trying to top what they've done and what everybody else has done. Scorsese puts his unmediated obsessions on the screen, trying to turn raw, pulp power into art by removing it from the particulars of observation and narrative. He loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta. (12/8/80) (R.K.O. Cinerama 1; Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Sutton; through the afternoon of Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Beekman, Greenwich Playhouse 2, Paramount, and Criterion Center; starting Dec. 19.)

Resurrection—With Ellen Burstyn, Eva Le Gallienne, and Sam Shepard; directed by

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Daniel Petrie. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gemini 2; through Dec. 24, tentative.)

Sandra (1966)—Luchino Visconti gives his native land the turbid and murky climate of a gothic novel. In the richly upholstered gloom of a crumbling palazzo, the young heroine (Claudia Cardinale) slips uneasily from one pool of shadows to the next, pursued by her amiable, baffled American husband (Michael Craig) and by her dissolute brother (Jean Sorel). The tale demands to be sung, and in scene after scene we prepare to enjoy an aria that has been unaccountably mislaid. With Marie Bell as the mentally disturbed mother. In Italian. (Thalia; Dec. 24.)

Scrooge (1970)—Innocuous musical version of "A Christmas Carol," starring Albert Finney looking glum. The Leslie Bricusse music is so forgettable that your mind flushes it away while you're hearing it. Ronald Neame directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 25.)

Seems Like Old Times—With Chevy Chase, Goldie Hawn, and Charles Grodin; directed by Jay Sandrich. (Loews New York 1, and Loews State 2; starting Dec. 19.)

The Shining—Stanley Kubrick's gothic about the primal fear of a five-year-old boy (Danny Lloyd) that his father (Jack Nicholson) will hurt his mother (Shelley Duvall) and him. The father, who wants to write, brings his wife and child to spend the winter in an isolated, snowbound, haunted hotel in Colorado, where he is to be the caretaker—and where he goes mad and acts out his son's fears. Taken from Stephen King's pulp best-seller, the movie isn't the scary fun one might hope for from a virtuoso technician like Kubrick. It has a promising opening sequence, and there is some spectacular use of the Steadicam, but Kubrick isn't interested in the people on the screen as individuals. They are his archetypes, and he's using them to make a metaphysical statement about the timelessness of evil. He's telling us that man is a murderer through eternity. Kubrick's involvement in technology distances us from his meaning, though, and while we're watching the film it just doesn't seem to make sense. Nicholson gives the first hour its buzz, but then his performance begins to seem cramped, slightly robotized; Duvall's performance, however, becomes stronger as the film goes on, and she looks more like a Modigliani than ever. With Scatman Crothers, Joe Turkel, Barry Nelson, and Anne Jackson; script by Kubrick and Diane Johnson. (6/9/80) (Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; through Dec. 24. No performances on Monday, Dec. 22.)

A Small Circle of Friends—Misery loves company, and this may have been especially true at Harvard in the late sixties, with Vietnam and the draft to worry about. The three chief sufferers are Brad Davis, Karen Allen, and Jameson Parker, and the director was Rob Cohen. (3/31/80) (Cinema Village; Dec. 23.)

Space Movie—Directed by Tony Palmer. (Guild; through Dec. 18.)

Stardust Memories—Woody Allen wrote, directed, and stars in this obsessional pastiche, modelled on Fellini's "8½" and shot in black-and-white that suggests a dupe of a dupe of "8½." Allen plays Sandy Bates, a comedian-writer-director who goes to the Hotel Stardust to be the celebrity-in-residence for a weekend film seminar and is besieged by his fans, who want him to make more comedies, though he doesn't want to, because all he sees is human suffering. The pushy fans are photographed as Diane Arbus grotesques—big-nosed, fat-lipped, with outsize thick goggles—and Sandy Bates is presented as their victim. To say this picture isn't funny is putting it mildly; it isn't good either. With Charlotte Rampling, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Jessica Harper. (10/27/80) (Little Carnegie; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Cinema 3, and Olympia; starting Dec. 19.)

Stir Crazy—With Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder, directed by Sidney Poitier. (Gramercy, Cinema II, Loews Orpheum 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and National.)

Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me (1973)—Truffaut, and by no means at his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre possibilities of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 23.)

The Sunshine Boys (1975)—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. The director, Herbert Ross, is an unintentional minimalist; he doesn't bring enough invention to the material, and it's just shouting, when it needs to be beautifully timed routines. With Richard Benjamin. (Thalia; Dec. 21.)

Tell Me a Riddle—With Melvyn Douglas, Lila Kedrova, and Brooke Adams; directed by Lee Grant. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Tess—With Natassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson; directed by Roman Polanski. (Baronet; through Dec. 18.)

The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (72nd Street East, through Dec. 18.)

Tom Jones (1963)—Tony Richardson whizzes through the Fielding novel, but he pauses long enough for a marvellous lewd eating scene. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, the late, great George Devine, and many others. Shapely and eloquent script by John Osborne. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 26.)

Tribute—With Jack Lemmon, Robby Benson, and Lee Remick; directed by Bob Clark. (Coronet.)

Wholly Moses!—With Dudley Moore and Laraine Newman, directed by Gary Weis. (St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 19-24.)

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Notes and Comment

MANY complicated explanations have been given and will continue to be given for the depth of the grief that people all over the world have felt at the death of John Lennon, but one explanation may be quite simple. Beyond Lennon's great gifts as a composer, poet, and performer, beyond, and in spite of, his unparalleled and burdensome celebrity, he remained truly a man of the spirit—this humorous and friendly man who held on to his humanity against awesome odds, and who did not lecture us but, rather, spoke to us quietly, and in ways that we all understood. In what he said directly, in what he said in his very beautiful songs, and in the way he tried to live his far too brief life, the message that came through—and how rarely we hear such a message—was: Be peaceful, be loving, be gentle.

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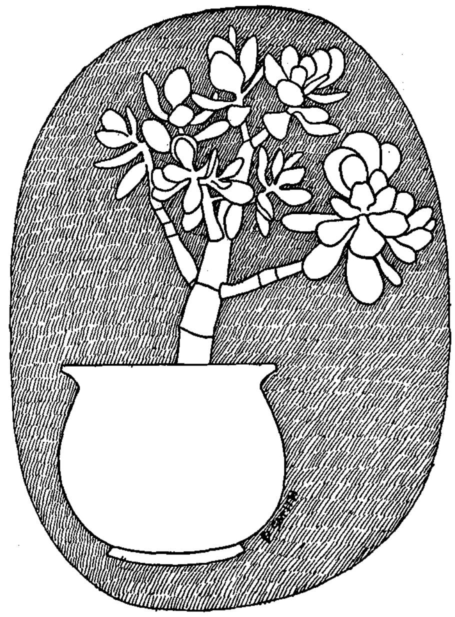
Principles

DURING a lull in a recent meeting of the board of directors of General Motors, which took place in New York, as it usually does, we became, in effect, the entire congregation for an off-the-cuff sermon delivered by the Reverend Dr. Leon H. Sullivan, the only black director in G.M. history and the progenitor of the much-debated Sullivan Principles, which he enunciated almost four years ago as a voluntary code of behavior for American companies operating in South Africa. Dr. Sullivan, a towering (six feet five) Philadelphian, whose Zion Baptist Church has a membership of five thousand, had not long before been to Johannesburg, where he had been invited to speak at the University of Witwatersrand. Some critics of apartheid who feel that United States corporations should have nothing at all to do with South Africa have denounced the Sullivan Principles—which call for integration of all plant facilities, equal pay for equal work, recognition of black unions, and the like—as cosmetic, and have denounced Dr. Sullivan himself, in part because of his association with General Motors, as a spokesman for the status quo in that tindery country.

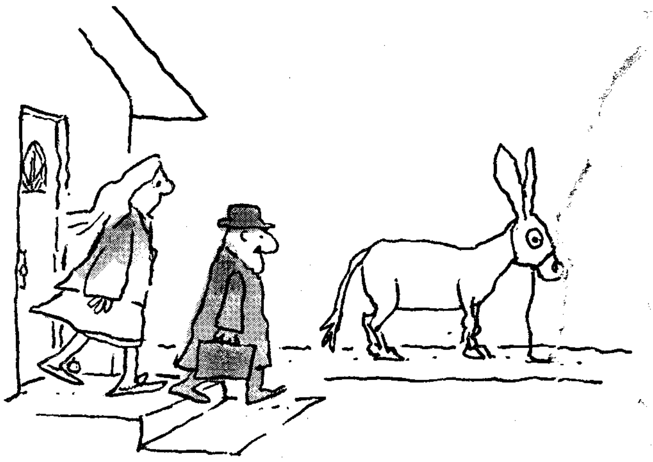
"There's no question but that I ran into a storm in South Africa," Dr. Sullivan told us. "I couldn't stay there long. I have to be in my church every Sunday. I'm not a businessman or an educator or a philosopher. I'm a *preacher*. So I didn't have time to inspect any G.M. plants there. I just went to talk. But I don't think anyone anticipated I would say what I did—especially what I said before my formal speech, during a meeting with a couple of hundred resident businessmen, all white and mostly the American managers of local subsidiaries of American companies. A short time before joining them, I had gone out to the black township of Soweto, to get some feel of what apartheid really was, and there I saw one million people living in a concentrated situation. To see this sort of concentration actually existing at this point in the twentieth century hit me so hard that I realized the necessity for a greater effort on my part than merely talking about endorsing and carrying out my Principles—to which, incidentally, more than half of the three hundred or so American corporations in South Africa have not yet even subscribed. Those businessmen thought I was getting together with them to commend them on what few steps they'd taken to ameliorate working conditions for blacks. Instead, I told them that I was not satisfied with what they were doing. I came down very hard on them. I said to them, 'If I were going to grade your performance on a scale of zero to one hundred, you'd average about an eight.' I said to them, 'You're not going to be able to use my Principles any longer as a coverup for your inadequacy. Shape up or ship out.' I said to them, 'I'm going to turn the screws on you.' I told them that the root problem in South Africa wasn't fair-employment practices, it was apartheid—separate development. I said that there had to be a complete change in government, and that there ought to be a nationwide political convention of all races, and that, yes, even the long-imprisoned Nelson Mandela, one of the leaders of the African National Congress, should take part in it. They couldn't believe what they were hearing. I even talked about a possible total United States embargo against South Africa. They couldn't believe that, either, and, of



course, if a South African of any color were to advocate any such thing publicly *he* could be imprisoned. One of them said afterward, 'We weren't expecting him to hit us across the knuckles like that.' It was a shocking thing to many of those whites to hear what I said and the way I said it. They couldn't comprehend my foot-stamping-black-Baptist-preacher style. Several of them who'd been planning to attend my speech at Wits that night changed their minds.

"Some of the black leaders in South Africa had been very skeptical about me. Bishop Desmond Tutu told me shortly after I arrived, 'Reverend, we appreciate what you're doing, but you're being used.' After he heard about what I'd said, he told me, 'Reverend, I support you.' The Bishop apparently hadn't realized that I'm not in all this to protect business. I couldn't care less about business in South Africa—American, European, Japanese, whatever. What I care about is changing the system there without a war that would ultimately mean the death of millions of people, most of them black; would undoubtedly engulf the entire African continent; and would in the end have a profound effect on America, too. I construe the Principles as a catalyst to help change fundamental problems. Apartheid has got to come to an end one way or another, and it won't end just because General Motors now has a black dealership in Soweto and has built a new three- or four-million-dollar facility at its main plant for integrated eating and washing up. G.M. has done more than many foreign companies along that line, but it hasn't done enough. *No* foreign company in South Africa has done enough. Of course, all the American businesses there together employ less than one per cent of the black labor force. At their very best, the Americans can only constitute a wedge. But, as I said over there and as I've been saying ever since I got home, I'm pushing, and I'm going to keep turning those screws. I'm already getting some terrible vibrations from the American business community because of my insistence that it take a position in favor of changing the South African apartheid laws. I've spoken to representatives of some fifty American universities and colleges whose endowment portfolios have shares in them of companies involved in South Africa, and I've recommended that if those companies don't shape up there should be more emphasis than ever before on what I call selective divestment. I'm going to London to push European countries with interests in South Africa; we need a stronger international thrust, and so far the Europeans haven't seemed to have anybody like me to kick them and jump up and down. I hope separate development will come to an end by peaceful means. I think if South Africa can deal with this racial problem it could become one of the most exciting and attractive nations in the world. The alternative is for it to become one of the most devastated. *I'm* not going to declare war. That's not my way. I want change with a minimum of violence, though I'm afraid there's bound to be some of that. I sometimes wonder why I'm doing all this. It's been such a long journey. I have no government behind me. I've got only faith, some economic persuasiveness, and a lot of guts. It's been slow going, but then you can't climb a mountain by jumping from the bottom to the top. I keep wondering: Is it possible for a society like ours to deal with things by humanitarian and economic means? Are there alternatives to war for solving social problems? Is it possible for a person who calls himself a preacher to bring about change in one of the most difficult areas of the earth? In terms of ministry, that's the greatest challenge. I'd like to go back to South Africa someday, but I don't know if they'd let me in now. I still have some clothes over there. My luggage somehow didn't get on my plane with me, and it hasn't turned up yet. Somebody suggested they're using my clothes for target practice. Well, there can't be many people who'd fit into them anyway."

Dr. Sullivan rose to his imposing height and prepared to reconvene with the General Motors board. "A number of my fellow-directors have been encouragingly supportive," he said. "They've dealt with me before. You know, in addition to whatever automobiles we board members own—mine is a 1979 Chevrolet, on which I pay a hundred and seventy-four dollars a month—we're each entitled to the free use of a brand-new G.M. car every four months. I take Buicks or Pontiacs. I'm not a Cadillac man."



Crafts

HERE is an outline of some of the things we learned at the 1980 WBAI Holiday Crafts Fair at Columbia University last weekend:

I. Feathers.

A. Many imported feathers are used commercially here, because they're sure to be clean—they've complied with a whole series of United States import laws. (No louse eggs in your feathers.)

B. There are wholesale feather stores.

C. But you should get your feathers from them undyed and dye them yourself, unless you want intensely colored feathers that will have almost no translucency.

D. Rooster-hackle feathers are stiffer than pheasant-hackle feathers.

E. The hackle of a bird is what would go from its neck down to its shoulders if it had shoulders.

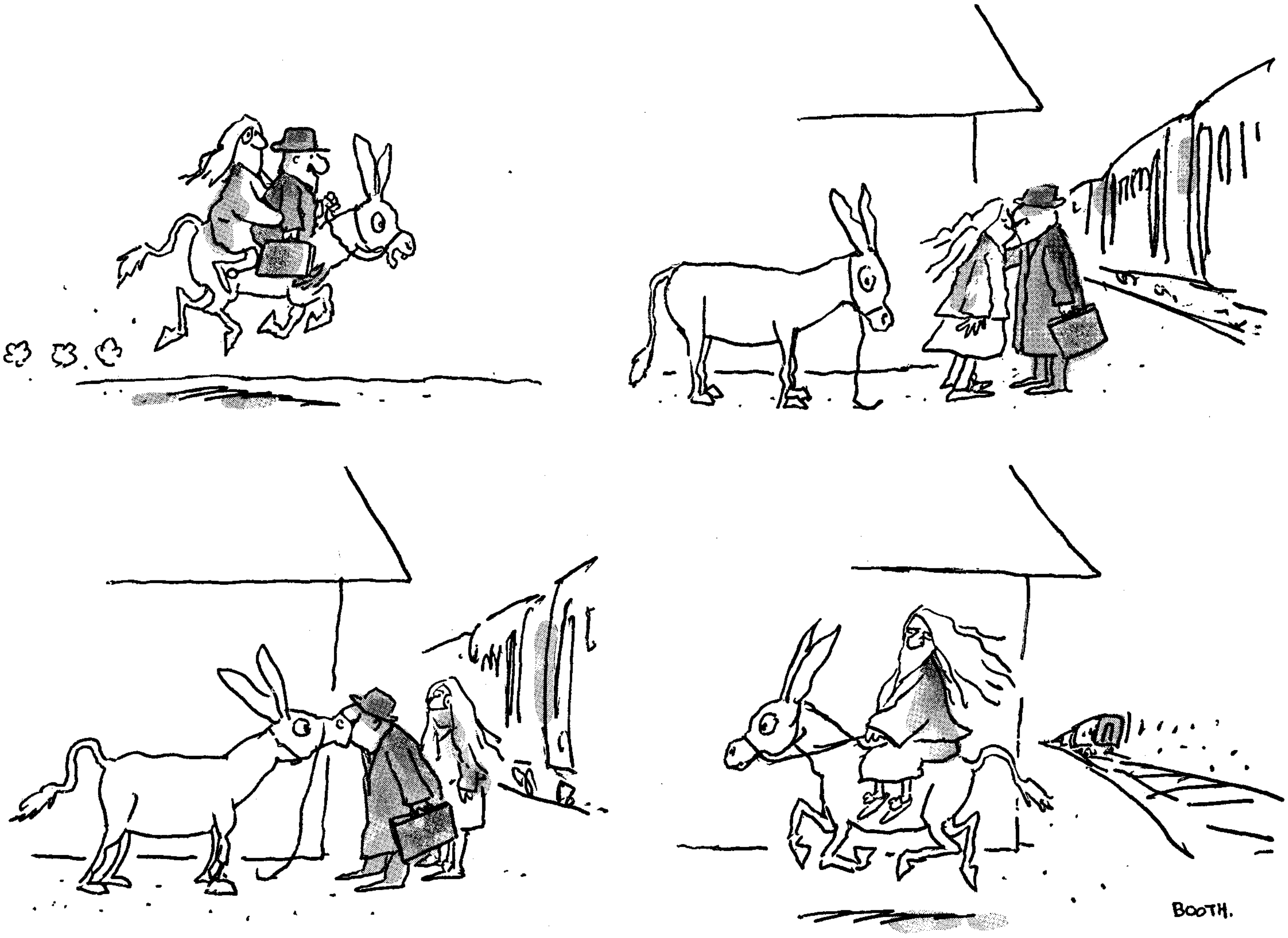
F. The woman who told us all this and a good deal more—Diana Willner, of Diana Designs, Thompson, Pennsylvania, makers of, among other things, crocheted hats with feathers adorning them—often touches her curly blond hair when she talks about feathers.

II. Glass.

A. Glass doesn't even begin to melt until 1,000° Fahrenheit.

B. The temperature in a furnace where glass is melted down can go as high as 2,700° Fahrenheit.

C. At 2,300° Fahrenheit, the air bubbles in melted glass will rise to the surface like the bubbles in beer.



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D. Glassblowers like Tom and Matthew Buechner, of Vitrix, in Corning, New York, don't talk Celsius.

E. You can make your own glass from sand, ash, and lime, or you can buy cullet from bigger companies.

F. Cullet is just what you might have guessed—broken-up glass remnants.

III. Wool.

A. Natural dyes for wool can be made from brazilwood, onion skins, elderberries, butternuts, coreopsis, cochineal, indigo, black-oak bark.

B. There are fast yarns, which don't drag as you knit them, and slow ones, which do, and which Martha Lasley, of an outfit called Butternut Harvest, in Troy, Pennsylvania, calls "tedious."

C. The hazards of the workplace for home knitters consist solely of children and cats wanting to sit in laps.

IV. Miscellaneous.

A. At the Crafts Fair, you can buy dough ornaments, African thumb pianos, leather clocks, perpetual-image puzzles, soft-sculpture toys, cloisonné, stained glass, ceramics, batik, puppets, wood toys, willow baskets, scrimshaw, African slit drums, wax sculpture, hand-painted silk, wood buckles, block-printed fabrics, pewterware, brooms, woven canvas bags, stoneware clocks, and jewelry (gold and silver), jewelry (enamel), and jewelry (Lucite).

B. There are 147 booths, but no Booth 78, so there are really 146.

C. Don't ask craftspeople how they do it unless you really want to know.

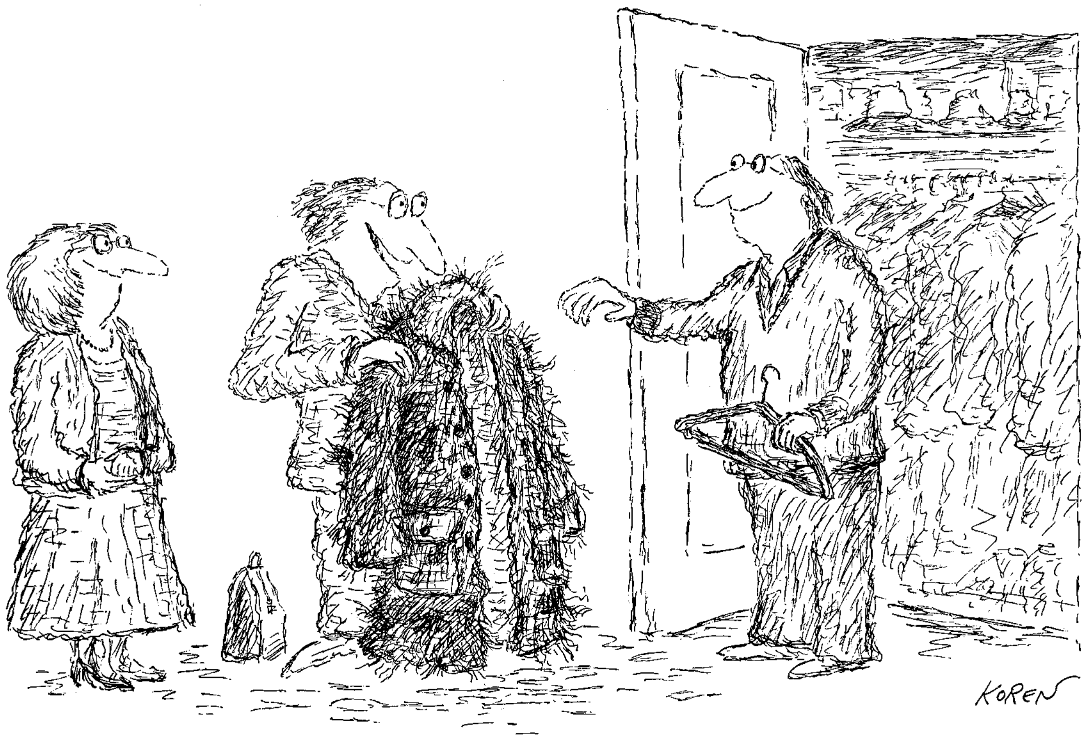
Gala

WHAT do Lynn Fontanne, Agnes de Mille, James Cagney, Leontyne Price, and Leonard Bernstein have in common? Well, they were all invited down to Washington last week to star in the third annual Kennedy Center Honors, an elaborate two-day bash that also served as the cultural swan song of the departing Carter Administration. Washington galas in honor of anything are political as well as social, yet this one proved to be festive despite the cloud of transitional miasma that hung over the proceedings. A good deal of glow was provided by imported talent. There were film stars (Pat O'Brien, John Travolta, Donald Sutherland), theatrical types (Lauren Bacall, Jason Robards, Jr., Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, Betty Comden, Adolph Green), opera singers (Beverly Sills, Robert Merrill, Grace Bumbry, Donald Gramm), ballet dancers (Mikhail Baryshnikov, Anthony Dowell, Natalia Makarova), conductors (Zubin Mehta, Michael Tilson Thomas), writers (Tennessee Williams, Art Buchwald), and just plain V.I.P.s (William Paley, of CBS, and Sam Spiegel, of the film world). Even among all those celebrities, however, a good many established Washingtonians spent their cocktail-party time maneuvering to meet Robert Gray, one of the people in charge of the Reagan inaugural gala. There were wry jokes about the changing of the guard. President Carter, smiling benignly, told the honorees, "Only Fritz Mondale can fully appreciate the gratification of defeated political candidates' being associated with these famous and popular and successful people." Under-Secretary of State David Newsom looked out at the assembled cultural establishment during a dinner in the Benjamin Franklin Room at the State Department and said, "The reviews of *your* productions are frequently better than the reviews of *ours*." Art Buchwald, speaking from the stage of the Kennedy Opera House to a predominantly Democratic audience, took a deep breath and began, "Mr. President . . . And my fellow-Republicans . . ."

Since the program consisted of four separate events—dinner at the State Department on Saturday night, a Presidential reception at the White House on Sunday afternoon, a gala variety show at the Kennedy Center Opera House on Sunday night, and another dinner, in the Center Foyer, after that—the five honorees were bombarded with admiring speeches. Lynn Fontanne, who, at ninety-three, is beautiful, with her deep-set eyes and her classically oval face, and with her mass of white hair pinned into curls at the top of her head, smiled gently throughout the festivities and told reporters that she was delighted and bedazzled by it all. James Cagney, stocky of build and broad of face but, at eighty-one, walking with difficulty, swapped stories with President Carter ("We agreed," said the President, "that there would not be any Jimmy impressions this evening") and gave autographs, but he spoke very little. Agnes de Mille, a tiny, regal, white-haired dynamo of seventy-one, who is recovering from a stroke, stood through the receptions on the arm of her husband, Walter Prude, and talked a blue streak. Leontyne Price, who is merely in her fifties, made several grand entrances in a floor-length chinchilla coat and bubbled through the weekend with the enthusiasm of a teen-ager. Leonard Bernstein, who is sixty-two but who seemed to be hovering a foot off the ground, chain-smoked, kissed everybody in sight, and kept telling people that he couldn't understand why he and Leontyne had been chosen, since they were still very active in their careers.

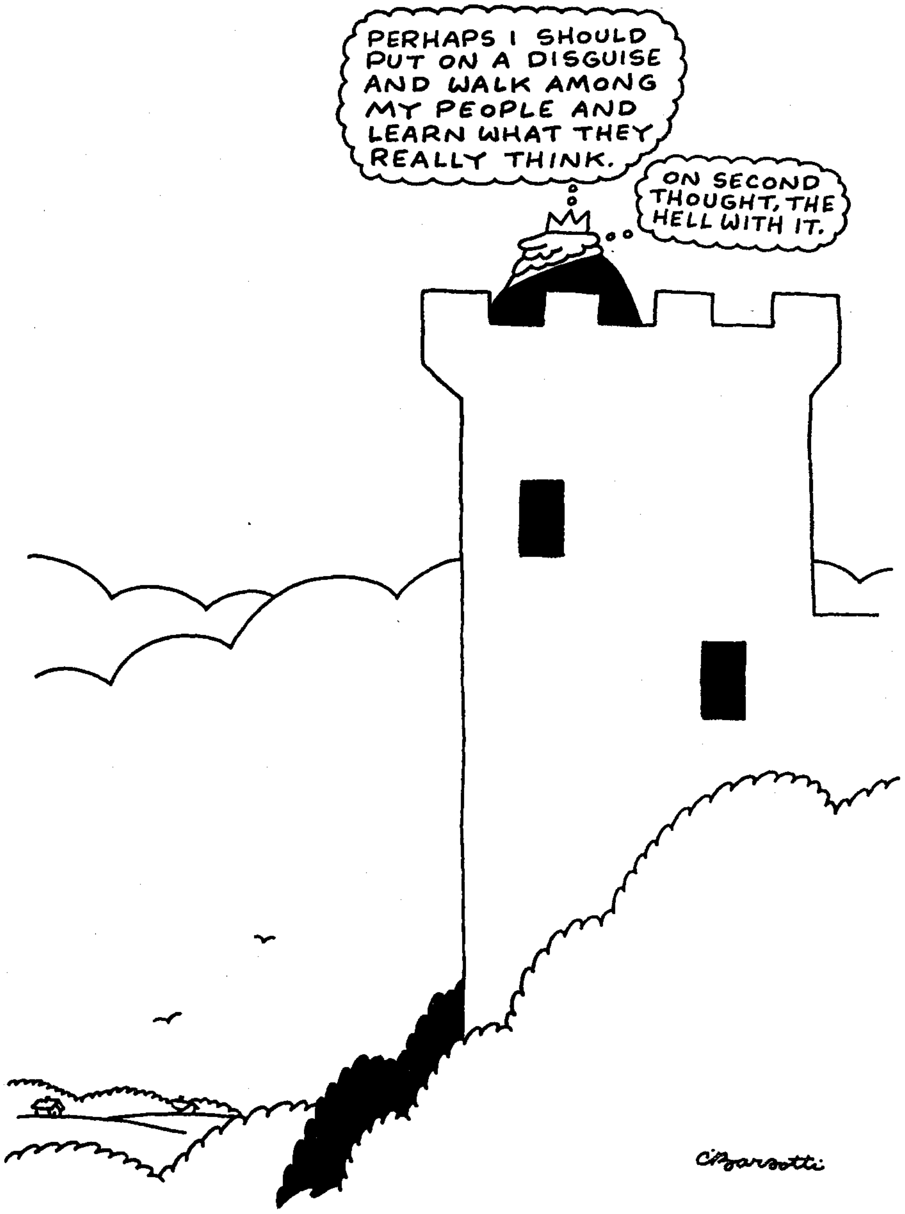
One curious thing we learned about the Kennedy Honors is that while the ceremony may appear to be a quasi-governmental one, it is in fact a privately funded event to raise money for the Center through ticket sales for and broadcast rights to the variety show, which is taped for television. The honorees, who must be distinguished figures in the performing arts, are selected by the executive committee of Kennedy Center trustees from a list of candidates supplied by Roger L. Stevens, the Kennedy Center chairman. When we asked Mr. Stevens what criteria he used in making up his list, he replied that the Honors tried to encompass the broadest possible spectrum of performing arts. "This year, we are covering films, theatre, dance, classical music, opera, and musical theatre," he said. "There are an amazing number of people who would be good choices, and since we started this only three years ago we have a lot of catching up to do. I hope that there will be a strong arts person in the White House next year who will continue to support us."

The actual awards—broad collars of multicolored ribbons caught in four places with engraved gold-metal rectangles—were presented during the dinner at the State Department on Saturday, which was for invited guests only. On arriving at the cocktail party that preceded the dinner, we found ourself in an enormous room that was filled with antique Persian rugs, Early American furniture, and a lot of familiar faces. We walked past a group of distinguished white-haired men who looked like diplomats, and we suddenly realized that they were Robert Montgomery, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and José Ferrer. We circled a clump of elaborately dressed women—Beverly Sills in green spangles, Natalia Makarova in purple spangles, Nancy (Mrs. Zubin) Mehta in diamond paillettes set off by black—and bumped into Betty (Mrs. Schuyler) Chapin, in a demure red-and-white polka-dotted dress, who told us she planned to check up on the White House piano during the Presidential reception. "My family gave the piano to President Roosevelt in 1938," said Mrs. Chapin, who is a Steinway, "and it's just been reconditioned at the factory." Drifting through the crowd, we spotted former Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas deep in conversation with Daniel Boorstin, the Librarian of Congress; Leontyne Price, wearing a



"You know, this is my oldest friend."

black caftan and a black turban, on the arm of her brother, General George B. Price; Leonard Bernstein, in a black velvet dinner jacket with a diamond in one corner of his black tie; and Lynn Fontanne, in a raspberry chiffon dress and a gold coat, seated on a sofa with Donald Seawell, the publisher of the Denver *Post*. Continuing around the room, we encountered Agnes de Mille, looking splendid in a stiff gold caftan, standing beside Nancy Hanks, the former head of the National Endowment for the Arts. Miss Hanks introduced Representative Sidney Yates, of Illinois, to Miss de Mille, arousing no flicker of recognition. "This is the congressman with the *money*," said Miss Hanks, referring to the fact that Mr. Yates is head of the House Appropriations Committee's Interior Subcommittee. "Oh," said Miss de Mille, putting on her glasses for a better look. On the other side of the room, we found James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, and the character actor Frank McHugh seated around a fireplace with their wives.


PERHAPS I SHOULD PUT ON A DISGUISE AND WALK AMONG MY PEOPLE AND LEARN WHAT THEY REALLY THINK.
ON SECOND THOUGHT, THE HELL WITH IT.
CBarsotti

Mr. Cagney told us, in a faint but familiar voice, that he had just returned on the QE 2 from filming "Ragtime" in England. "We got into the edge of a storm two days before we landed," he said. "It was very rough. But I don't fly, because I had a bad experience on a plane once."

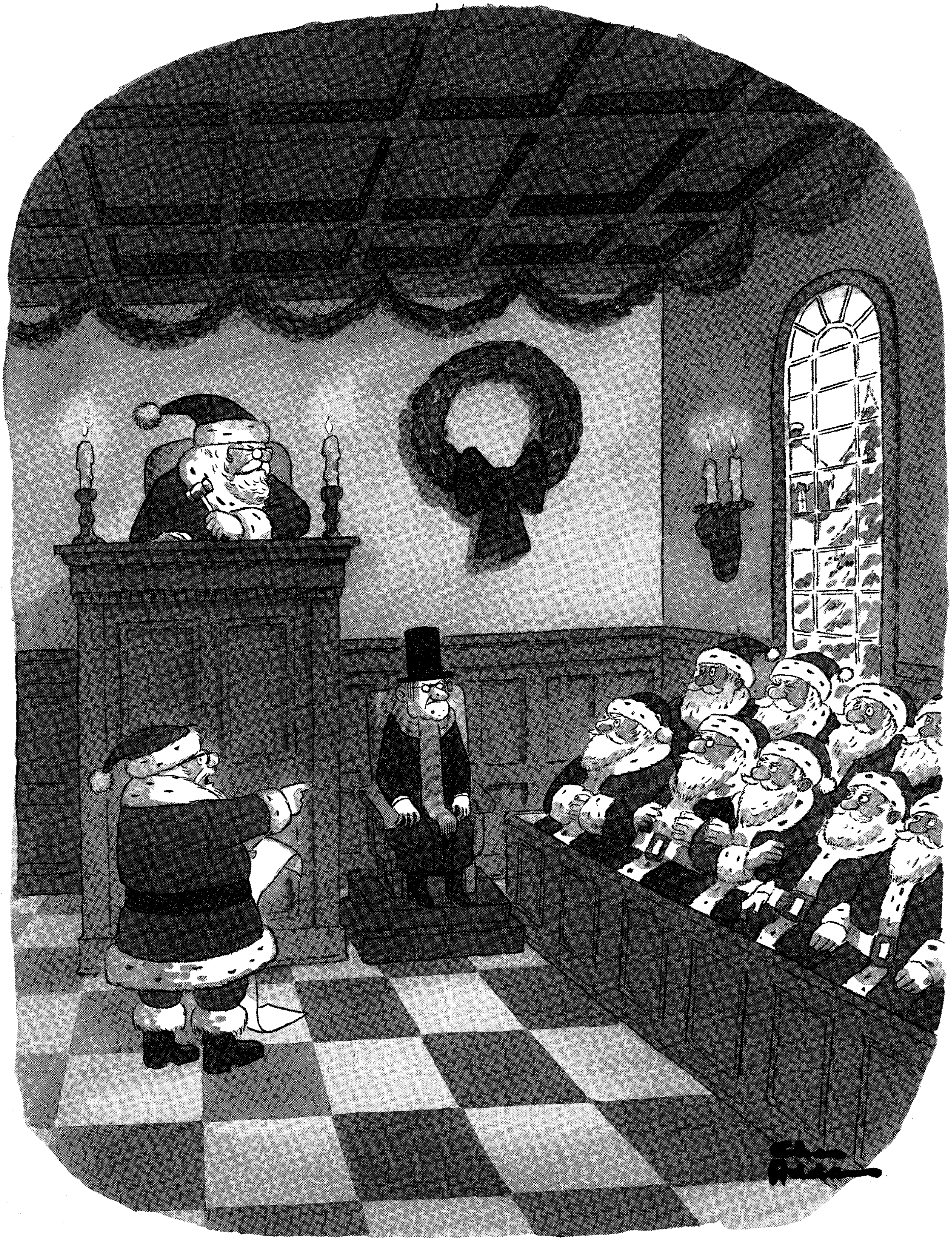
Mr. McHugh told us that the three men had been friends for over fifty years. "We all worked in the New York theatre, and when we went out to Hollywood we stuck together," he said. "We all belong to the Players, and Pat and I are also Lambs."

"When I joined the Lambs," said Mr. O'Brien, who looks today like an older version of those football coaches and priests he played in the thirties and forties, "I went in with Lindbergh."

The next afternoon, everybody went to the White House to drink a glass of wine, munch Alaska king crab, and watch as the five honorees lined up stoically under blazing television lights to receive some Presidential praise. President Carter said, "These five honorees share superb talent, but they also share something special, and that is the gift of creation—an ability to exceed what is normally expected from a talented person, to look at the daily struggle that all of us human beings experience and to give to us as a constant reminder the ideals of perfection."

Then we jumped in a chartered bus and headed for the gala variety show at the Center, which turned out to have a segment devoted to the career of each honoree. The highlights included Zubin Mehta heroically conducting a pickup orchestra in Mozart's "Nozze de Figaro" overture; Donald Gramm singing "Non più andrai," from that opera; a group of young dancers romping through Agnes de Mille's ballet "Texas Fourth," a witty backward look at the popular dances of the thirties; Betty Comden and Adolph Green singing "New York, New York," with new lyrics, in honor of Leonard Bernstein ("Who gives us music that thrills us every minute? The Maestro, Leonard B."); Jamie Bernstein, a young woman in her twenties, singing a song she had composed in honor of her astonished father; and a grand finale in honor of James Cagney, which was introduced by John Travolta ("I think I can honestly say that I'm a friend, and I can say that he still breaks my heart and inspires me at the same time") and featured the cast of "Tintypes" singing "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

At the end of the show, we walked backstage to see George Stevens, Jr., the co-producer, who told us that though there had been little rehearsal, things had gone very well, he thought. "Recognizing excellence in the arts is long overdue," said Mr. Stevens. "France has its Légion d'Honneur, England has the Honours Lists, and Russia has the Order of Lenin. Don't you think it's about time we made our performing artists feel that they are a valuable national resource?"



MOUSSE

ALL Paris is awash with election rumors concerning Sylvain Mousse. He has divested himself of his worldly goods, has dispersed his priceless collection of clawfoot and inlay, of marble and bullion, of statues of Diana the Huntress, of swan bathroom taps and sphinx floor lamps. Mousse intends to stand before the voters naked except for John Lobb shoes, Sulka socks, Hilditch & Key underwear, Rhodes & Brousse shirt, Charvet tie, Boucheron cufflinks, suit tailored by Creed, Chaumet watch, Mauboussin signet ring, Lanvin handkerchief, Hermès wallet, Motsch Fils umbrella, Schilz gloves, Willoughby hat.

Mousse hopes to win the hearts of the workers. Can he do it?

In a rare statement, the office manager of a respected underground newspaper declares, "Mousse is said to be living in dread of revelations allegedly in the files of this publication. The responsible revolutionary press has never stooped to personal criticism. A bourgeois biography, such as Mousse's, inevitably contains chapters on armed assault, bigamy, arson, refusal of support to aged servants and illegitimate children, and unredeemable bankruptcy. Can you blame a Mousse for being a Mousse?"

In the world of the future will there be room for Mousse? Not if he is the same Sylvain Mousse last seen slinking to a bus stop after having been caught defacing valuable reproductions of the dinner menu at Maxim's.

A photo of Mousse, snapped in a compromising situation with the wife of a distinguished Belgian billiards player, has been making the rounds of the media. In this coarse K.G.B. concoction Mousse is clearly recognizable, though his companion seems to be disguised as a blue hydrangea. The background, either the Royal Enclosure at Ascot or a radar traffic-control booth just outside Biarritz, leaves no room for doubt. A car with Caracas license plates recalls the oil barons of Venezuela. The picture is an obvious and mischievous fake, and it was with great reluctance that four reputable newspapers decided to run it.

Is Mousse still divisive? Once, his very name was enough to separate employers from secretaries, send embittered young idealists into investment careers, create punch-ups at Foreign Legion veterans' get-togethers. A poll taken of Grenoble bus drivers showed they all believed Mousse to be the Prime Minister of the Netherlands.

Actually, Mousse belongs to a prominent family of patriots and civil servants who continue to be useful to the nation as swimming instructors, veterinary surgeons, hatband cutters. Nine of his close relatives recently signed a manifesto disowning him. One sent him an insulting poem. In line with his new policy of self-denial, Mousse sent it back.

Not long ago, the curator of a world-renowned museum revealed that someone had carved "Vote for Mousse" in the frame of Delacroix's "Liberty Guiding the People." He said he had thought nothing of it at the time. Since then, he had been putting two and two together. Is Mousse a red herring thrown into the cultural soup? No one has a ready answer.

An editorial in a responsible ecological weekly, headed "WHAT'S IN CLEAN WATER FOR MOUSSE?," has set some readers thinking. (Many of this journal's subscribers say they take it only for the crossword puzzle.)

Mousse is sued for fraud by a noted art dealer, who bought a portrait from the Mousse collection in which he thought he could discern the haughty nose and frizzled wig of Louis XIV. Under merciless cross-examination, the dealer had to admit that Mousse never said the portrait was *not* a likeness of the Soviet Ambassador.

The philosopher Charles Filament, in his maiden speech before the French Academy, traces the decline of French influence to "Mousses and their kind." On a holiday the previous summer M. Filament did not meet ten persons in Munich able to give him a direction in French. We have come a long way from Voltaire and Frederick the Great, he admitted. He was not asking for more Voltaire, God forbid, but for less Mousse.

Mousse has sold his mansion on Avenue Foch, together with some of its precious contents, to a cultivated Lebanese banker. Since then the deed of ownership has vanished from the banker's safe-deposit vault. He has assembled a documented report on the matter, supplemented by taped interviews, affidavits, copies of bills of lading, and film footage showing stolen goods, under armed escort, being rushed past customs officials. He has shown the report to the appropriate authorities.

On Christmas Eve abundant snow is reported on the lower slopes of the Alps. Reservations at ski resorts have achieved an all-time record. A last-minute train and airline strike prevents thousands of holiday-makers from leaving the capital. It begins to look as though Mousse may lose the election.

THIS morning, a small boxed personal notice in a morning newspaper catches the eye:

> To Whom It May Concern
>
> Sylvain Mousse would like his friends to know that he has taken his final vows with a contemplative order in which the rule of absolute silence is observed. Mousse has assumed the name, in religion, of "Brother Céphalopode," for St. Céphalopode of Sinope, portrayed in Early Christian iconography with his finger to his lips. At his own request, he spent his novitiate in a monastery on the west coast of Scotland, where even if a word had been uttered he would have been at a loss to understand it.
>
> He will remember you in his prayers.

Is it possible that all this time Mousse has been on the west coast of Scotland, eating herring and salt porridge, silently laughing at us?

—Mavis Gallant

THE FUTURE

AFTER the event he will have his story and she will have hers. The event will amount to little more than a brief, unwelcome scare. They're the same people before and after the event, the mother and her twelve-year-old son, her "twelve-year-old." They are still there. They won't go away. But he will have his story and she will have hers. After all, they never were the same. There they are at the end of the day, at seven-thirty, quarter to eight, when she swung open the front door and he was waiting for her and tonight not on the phone but right there in front of her, standing in the entrance to their living room. He was sort of smiling, as if he had seen her coming. He was wearing the pale-orange collarless shirt she'd about decided he didn't like, and his new, expensive sneakers. He had combed his hair wetly, having apparently taken a shower. Waiting for her there between living room and front hall, he made her think of times she had come home from the office thinking, What if he isn't there?—aged ten, aged eleven. It was his sneakers that made her think of those times. And she knew now, in the instant before he said, "Can we go out to dinner?," that, getting in ahead of his mother, he was going to say what she was about to say. Her keys in one hand, in the other her shopping bag from the fruit-and-vegetable market, she went and kissed him and seemed to walk around him and into the apartment. "Shall we?" she said. She put the two pink grapefruit and the beautiful bluish-green broccoli and the watercress in the refrigerator and the bananas in the wooden salad bowl on the kitchen table. Had she really been about to say, "Let's go out to dinner"? She remembered the large, unripe avocado in her leather shoulder bag on the chair, and she removed it and put it with the bananas, laid it within the curve. She had not paid for the avocado.

IN the small, narrow restaurant are two rows of tables against either wall. At one end, the kitchen; at the other, the street window, maybe fifteen feet from their table. Tonight she was facing the street.

There was the door to the street, to the vestibule, actually, and between the door and the first table, across the aisle from where she and her son sat, was a nook for the cash register. This was an ornate, old-fashioned thing that, if you looked at it, maybe didn't go with the fresh, elegant plainness of the place. It was a French restaurant, but it was cheap. A black man who she was sure wasn't French worked in the kitchen, and the owner, a tall, gray-haired, gently tense man who looked as if he had been in another profession for years, did much of the cooking. They served mainly crêpes and quiches. The tables were set with green-rimmed butter plates and a flower in a cheap glass vase. All around was a composed look of care and economy. Her son usually faced the street window and she faced the rear of the room, which gave her a view of all the tables. Tonight he put his hand on her elbow as they entered, and she went first; so she was sitting with her back to the kitchen and to most of the restaurant.

She would see her son and herself before and after the event. The event itself will be in question, come and gone along the greater event of their life together, which is also in question, and she will know that she could have predicted this—she had the power, the experience; for a long time she let her power be.

They are quite content together. On several other visits here, they never once found this table occupied; it was their regular table. When she and Davey sat down together here at the end of a long day, she didn't care about anything, not even—but in a good sense—the questions she asked him about his day, his friends Michael and Alex and the others, homework, the cleaning woman, a thank-you letter he was supposed to write. These questions he answered. Actually, tonight he had been talking since they left the apartment about his weekend arrangements. She always wanted him to tell her what he was feeling when she came home at night. It was important.

The waitress, a young Frenchwoman, who wore a white blouse and a black skirt, brought a glass of white wine and a Coke and the menus. The wine, like a lens, held a pale-saffron transparency, and for a minute it stood untouched between the butter plate and the flower in the vase while Davey drank his Coke and, changing the subject, told his mother about a new record. He had only three dollars left from his allowance. She smiled with skeptical indulgence. She liked reading the menu, which never changed.

Davey had it all planned. He laid out the whole weekend and she listened. She sipped her wine and thought about a cigarette. He would take his suitcase to school in the morning and he and his friend Alex would be picked up in the car by Alex's mother. Alex's father came out by train in the early evening. They were going horseback riding and deep-sea fishing, and Alex's parents had a tennis court and a pool. The pool was empty until next month. The weekend was a *fait accompli*, Davey's mother was going to point out to him, for she had not been consulted.

"I see we're getting something for the money we're shelling out on your tuition," she said.

"Yeah, Ann, you've got the weekend off," he said.

She liked him. He was surprising. "Yeah, Dave, I'm glad for you," she returned.

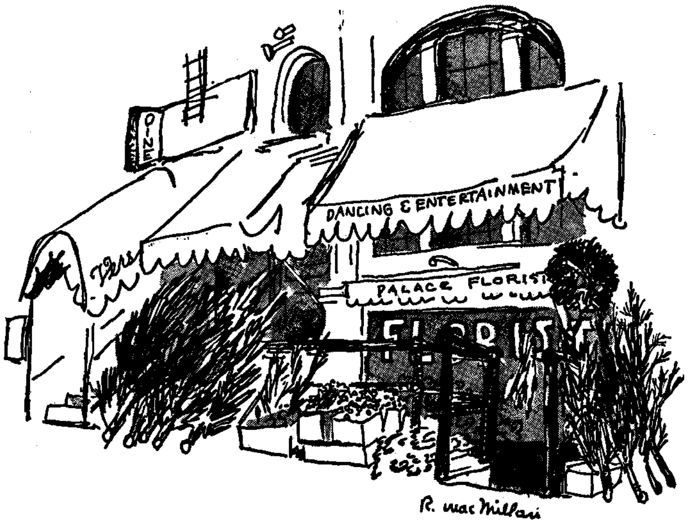
"For me?"

"For both of us."

"Are you going out?" he asked.

"Haven't been asked," she said.

"You poor thing," he said.



The Pervading Melancholy

"But I don't need to be," she said.

"But you've got stuff to do around the house, right?"

"Don't I ever surprise you?" she said.

The waitress came, and Davey had what he always had, cannelloni with meat sauce—not exactly French. His mother decided to have marinated celery roots first, and then a vegetable crêpe. Davey asked the waitress if they had avocado. The waitress smiled and shook her head. He had developed a taste for avocado.

The waitress came back with the julienned celery roots. Ann tasted some; she held it in her mouth like wine, and her stomach seemed to contract. The taste swelled in three or four distinct waves.

Two couples came in together but sat at separate tables. The place was quiet and private. Davey asked his mother if that stuff was any good. She nodded. He broke off a hunk of bread.

She was feeling O.K., she thought. She let the marinade dilute along her tongue before she drank off her wine.

She told Davey he could have asked her before arranging his weekend. Call them, he said. She certainly would, she said; he would need money for the horseback riding. No, he said, the horses belonged to Alex's aunt, who was in the hospital with arthritis. You don't go to the hospital for arthritis, she said, and wondered if that was true. Alex's aunt had to go, said Davey; she was having an operation. One horse was a palomino.

Davey looked at the bread he was nibbling, and kept an eye on the kitchen. His mother offered him the last forkful of the celery roots, but he pulled in his chin, shaking his head. The waitress paused to see if Ann was through and discreetly crossed to the cash register and wrote something down. She came back and took Ann's plate.

"So Alex's aunt has galloping arthritis."

"My God, that's sick," said Davey, shaking his head and sort of smiling.

"You, my dear," said his mother, "mentioned the operation and the palomino in one casual breath."

"It's what Alex said."

"It's what you said."

"Well, 'galloping arthritis' is what *you* said."

"That's true."

"You just don't want me to go," her son concluded.

This wasn't true, but she didn't say so. For a moment they looked over each other's shoulders.

The waitress came with Ann's vegetable crêpe and Davey's cannelloni. She held her tray and with a napkin put Davey's dish in front of him; it was an ovenproof dish with raised edges. "It's hot," his mother and the waitress said.

A year of weekends, a future of learning the deep seas and the American trails. A back flip so slow above the blank tiles of an empty April pool that the diver holds virtually still among all his dreams of action within unlimited time, and before he finds the pool below him it has been filled.

She raised her empty glass and caught the waitress's eye.

"They have a diving board," said Davey. "I told Alex you were a champion diver."

"That's not true, dear," she said, startled.

"Well, you did it in college."

"For a while I did."

"We're going to a drive-in movie Saturday night," said Davey. "They've got a drive-in right near this golf course, Alex said."

She's already there, but it's somewhere else, and she imagines a couple passing on an adjacent highway, and the giant heads of the two romantic leads stand high to the left at an angle like that of a door ajar. And she has arranged for this night highway to run in the opposite direction at a speed of fifty-five miles an hour, so that the couple can keep driving and still see their movie from that tall and curious angle all the way to the end.

"If I give you money for the movie, you won't spend it on that record, will you?" said Ann.

"I was thinking of giving the record to Alex," said Davey. "You know, as a present. I know he wants it."

"Why don't you give his mother

THE GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS

(After the Painting by Hieronymus Bosch)

We stand in bright pools together, waiting with crows,
Some with white egrets, and some with leaf-winged apples.
Among us, our dark sisters. Some few are drowning,
But what does it matter? We are beautiful.
Our smooth temptations, our whiteness and blackness
Are being praised by the Pride of the Peacock,
And around us an endless, penitent festival
Is riding its bears and camels, lions and goats,
Wild boars, gryphons, and unicorns, with roses deeper
Than our dreams, huge fish as emblems,
And the unbreakable egg of the Bird of Love.

Beyond them, the rarest birds, alertly at peace.
Larger than mere life, attend our pageant.
They see us born out of mussels and weed crowns,
They see a few returning to sleep in shells,
They share the enormous berries we have learned
To crave as they do, to cling to, to carry
From one place to another, the dangling grapes
Which taught us to cluster, ripen, and drink
(Like moths from wild thistles) only to ourselves.

Why should we care what birds may want from us?
They have it at will, the seeds, the softening flesh
Of *apples, strawberry beds, the arbors*
Whose grapes burn dark as the moon on the other
Side of this earth that has made us the chosen
Attendants of its ceremonial daylight.

We live and die here hourly. We burn, we drift
From one invisible fire to the next, we fondle
What feeds our loving mouths with the first silence
We gave to what first gave us sweetness and sadness.

And we dance among them and find each other's bodies
Standing or lying down, all growing like fruit
And moving, swelling in this perpetual season
Of our fulfillment into comfortable Death,
Whose towers we delight to climb, the pink-and-blue
Marble and flowering turrets risen from water
Like five Fortunate Islands where no laughter
Spills or gathers or takes leave of our senses.

Some idly take to the air as birds and go
Wherever they wish, some perch to wait our pleasure
Or take the paths all creatures, like constellations,
Take at their peril in this day with no evening,
This constant day in sheltered estuaries
We could visit easily if we wished to begin
Walking among the safely grazing and browsing
Beasts of the field and orchard and far forest.

Instead, we will stay here and become nothing
But what we are, the *careless gardeners*
Who scarcely touch the earth, who never smile.
Even the drowned, the confined, the suspended
Hold their unsmiling faces still forever.

—David Wagoner

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something; she's picking you up and driving you out there."

"I don't know what she'd like," said Davey.

Ann did not care any more than he did. They were enjoying the advantage of the menu's variety, as they would not be able to do at home, where an avocado was slowly ripening and watercress didn't need to be bought for tomorrow night's salad. Her hand dropped to feel her shoulder bag hanging from the back of her chair by its strap. She had enough money to fly to Boston and leave Davey in front of the TV set watching the game; the Yankees were on the road in a different time zone. She'd fly to a city that was part Boston, part San Francisco, and fly back before the game was over, as if Davey couldn't put himself to bed. But, once begun, the picture would not stop, and something stirred in the kitchen of her dark apartment and she heard him get out of bed and go see what it was. She kept forgetting what it was that was in Boston and San Francisco, and she kept falling asleep when she knew he was in the kitchen alone with that sound that didn't stop. It was the avocado sprouting from its pit—hard to believe but easy to hear—and he was having an educational experience in the middle of the night watching it, but she couldn't keep awake she was so mad.

"I'll give you fifteen dollars and that will be your allowance, and you can pay for your movie and you can buy them all ice cream Saturday night," she said.

"O.K., Mom, thanks. How's your crêpe?"

Her vegetable crêpe was better than his cannelloni, she was sure.

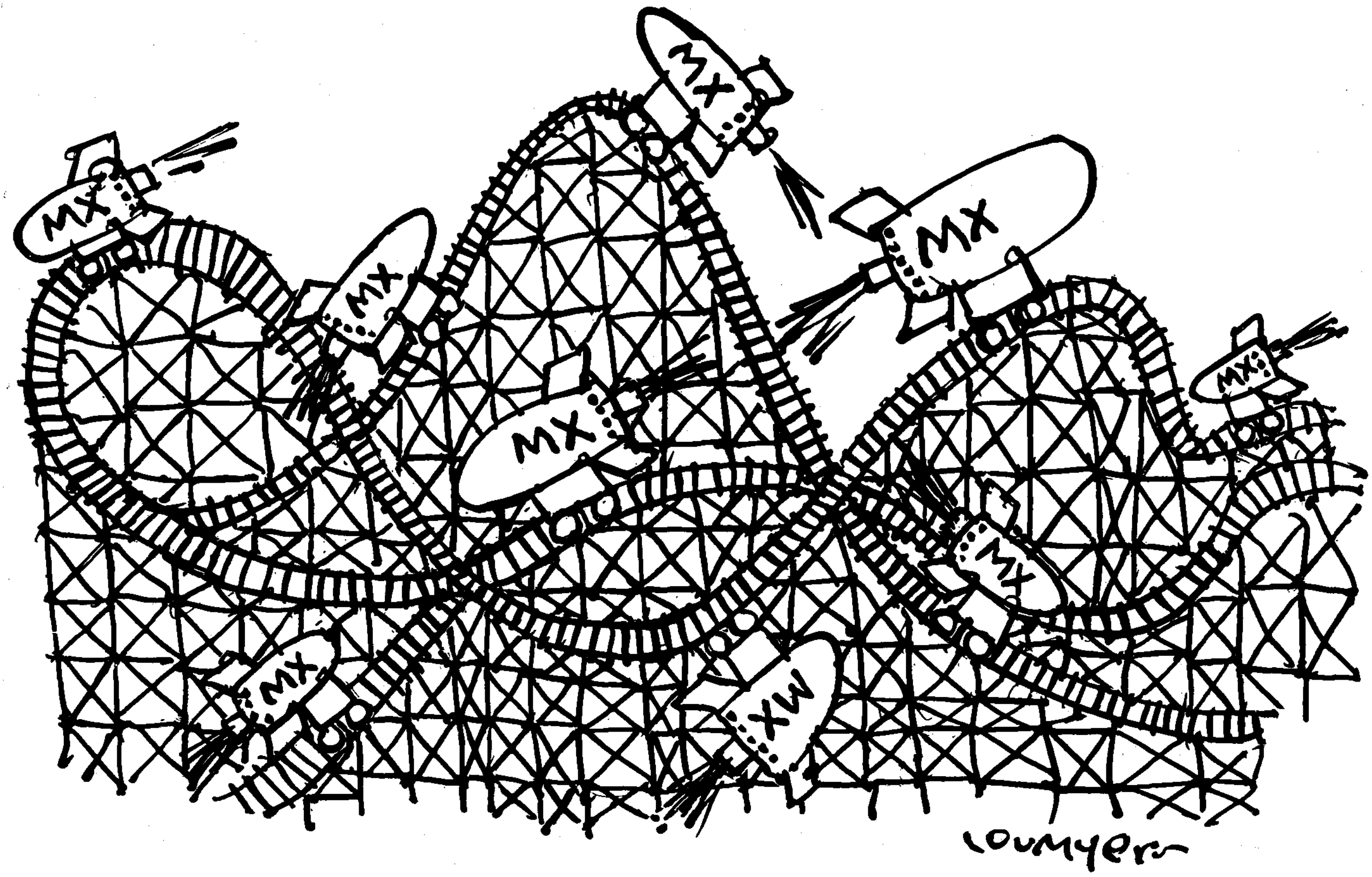
While she listened to him volunteer a progress report on what was going on in school—what was going on in science—which he almost never did, the avocado pit kept shedding light by means of the tree that grew out of it. She was sure. The light opened up the apartment house and flattened it and spread it out to become something like land, but it was more like time, and time that there was no way anymore of measuring. And the answer was that this new variety of avocado could either ripen or at its heart be totally and with unprecedented richness a pit, all pit—hence the tree, hence the light, and the apartment house turning into a land of new time. Picture all that, she thought.

She thought he was being nice to her, telling her what they were doing in science class. Yes, she knew about genes and she had heard of Mendel, but she had forgotten that it was pea plants he studied. It was about inheriting traits, and it was all about dominant and recessive. She thought of chins, she thought of personalities. Davey talked fast, looking over her shoulder, and she told him she thought he had it just slightly mixed up but she couldn't remember for sure. He said that that was how Mr. Skull had explained it.

Mr. Skull?

Mr. Skull.

She hadn't heard of Mr. Skull.



Maybe they presented it differently now, she said.

Well, according to Mr. Skull, Mendel was a monk and a schoolteacher, and wasn't known during his own lifetime, and eventually his eyesight started to go; but what mattered was that he took the next step. Nowadays, they knew that Mendel didn't have the whole truth; there was a lot of stuff he hadn't gotten up to.

"But you will," she said.

"But it won't necessarily be true," said Davey, and as his mother reached in her bag for her cigarettes he opened a book of matches that had been lying in the ashtray, but she put her cigarette pack on the table and shook her head.

"True?" she said, remembering words. "Truth is just what two people are willing to agree on."

"It must be more than that," said Davey.

"Nope," she said.

"Who said?"

"Actually, your father. He said that."

"He did?"

"Yes, he did. I can assure you he said that."

She didn't like her tone. Alone with her son, Ann had gotten used to being very alert, yet she lived also with this single-minded sense of hers that she wasn't seeing everything. Yet she knew she was a good mother.

SHE hadn't seen the door to the small vestibule open. She was mopping the last of the oil off her salad plate with the last crust of their bread. Then she saw the young man in the white doorway. He wore bluejeans and a leather jacket. He paused, she felt, to give a person he'd come to see time to see him. He was looking toward the far end of the restaurant, where the kitchen was—the far end of what was really just a room.

The young man passed their table, and she said, "*He* didn't come here to eat."

"How do *you* know?" said her son. "He probably works here."

"Either he's the dishwasher or his girlfriend works here," she said.

"Well, he's talking to the waitress," said her son. "She's sitting at the last table and he said something to her."

"You see?" she said, observing Davey, and chewing her bread and holding and gently tilting her wineglass. She knew that the man in jeans wasn't the young French waitress's boyfriend.

"She's pointing," said her son, and his mother raised her finger to her lips in case they could hear Davey back there. "He's going to the phone. There's a phone on the wall right by the entrance to the kitchen."

"Well, that's what he came in for," she said. "He's not the waitress's boyfriend."

"Isn't he a little young for her?" said her son.

"I wouldn't be surprised," she said. The young man had long ginger hair, lank but carefully combed, and eyes like those of some animal so rarely seen that its ordinariness is what is most striking during a brief moment of exposure; his short, light-brown leather jacket looked as if it had travelled, and there was a touch of color about him she didn't identify at the moment. She looked into her son's face and was tired for the first time today.

"That was a pretty quick phone call," he said. "That was a quickie."

"Maybe he was calling his girlfriend," she said.

"He just disappeared, if you want to

know," said her son. "He must have gone to the bathroom."

"I bet that's why he really came in here."

"But he asked the waitress for the phone."

"That was what he was thinking of when he first came in."

"Hey," her son remarked, looking toward the far end of the room, "that was quick. He came right out." Davey stared intimately or absently into her eyes, so she knew the man was approaching. She felt the vibrations in her feet and her chair.

As the young man in the leather jacket passed and she smelled a smell she couldn't quite place, her son looked around over his shoulder and watched the man leave after pausing once more, as if the brass doorknob in his hand had made him remember something.

"Did he get through to the person he was calling?" she asked.

"I don't think so," said her son, as the waitress came to their table and the man left.

The waitress told them what there was for dessert. The boy turned around in his chair to look at the table by the window, where there were some fruit tarts on two plates. His mother knew he would have mousse. The owner was standing by the cash register, and the waitress excused herself and turned to him. The owner raised his hand and pointed with a finger that seemed to have just pressed a cash-register key, and she went back toward another table. She returned with a twenty-dollar bill and a check.

Music got turned on and off. Ann knew Davey was aware of her mood; otherwise he'd have forgotten their little discussion about the weekend except as part of a general mulling-over that he probably didn't spell out.

They were going to have chocolate mousse and apricot—no, strawberry—tart. The waitress went to the kitchen, the owner right behind her.

"Alex's mother swam the English Channel," said Davey.

"She did not," said Ann. "That just isn't true."

"All but two miles, coming from France; if she'd been swimming the other way, she would have made it."

"Where did you hear that?"

"Alex said so," said Davey.

"Well, I doubt it," his mother remarked.

Behind him, she thought, was her dessert, on a table; behind her was his dessert, in a refrigerator in the kitchen. The two of them might be having the littlest of fights; no outsider would be able to tell. The young man with ginger hair appeared again in the doorway and entered the restaurant.

"Here he is again," said Ann softly, looking Davey in the eye so that he turned around and stared at the man, who looked at Ann, who, when her son turned back and put his elbows on the table facing her, said to him as if she were talking about anything but the young man, "Maybe he's suddenly developed an interest in the waitress."

"*Mom*," said Davey softly, embarrassed.

The young man was waiting for something to happen, she was sure, but it wasn't clear what.

"Can I have a taste of your mousse?" she said.

"If it ever comes," said Davey.

The young man strode past them toward the rear of the restaurant.

"What's he doing?" said Ann.

"He's got his hand on the phone and the owner's telling him not to keep coming in here using the phone."

"How do you know?"

"I can tell."

"Well, what's he going to do about it?"

"It's a free country," said Davey. "I'd call the police."

Ann laughed and for a moment found she couldn't stop—it was all over her face and in spasms in her abdomen. Davey smiled with grudging modesty at his remark, keeping an eye on the far end of the room. Ann started up again and stopped. She drank some water as if she already had the hiccups. "You're good for a laugh, kid," she said. Her impulse to laugh had passed.

"He's talking to the waitress," said Davey.

"What is *le patron* doing?"

"You mean the owner?" said Davey. "He's talking to the black guy in the kitchen."

"Where is our waitress?"

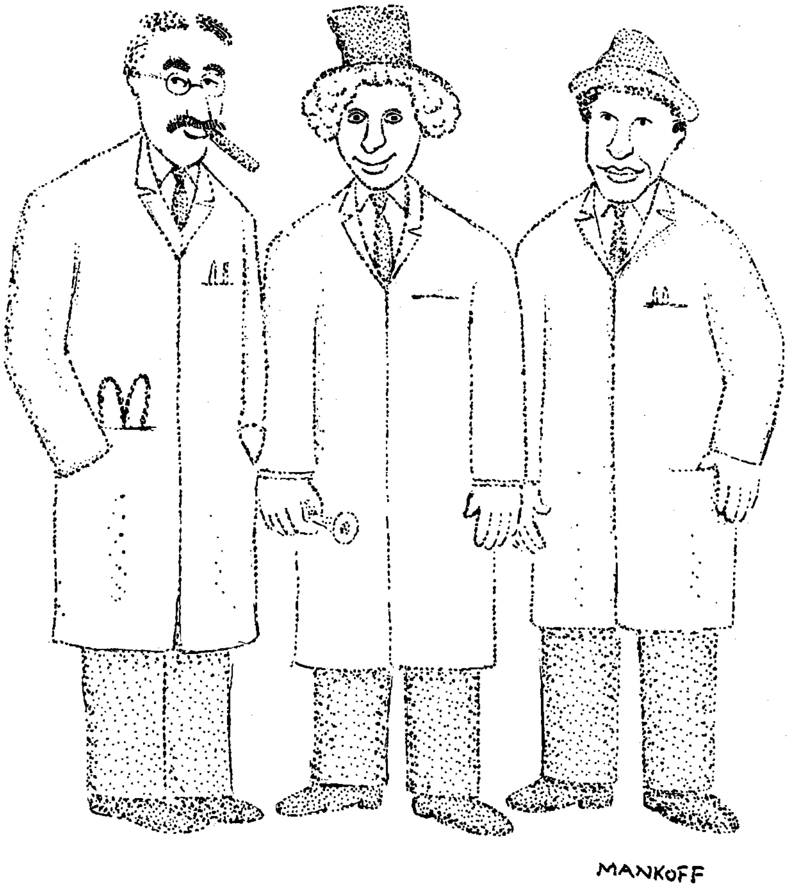
"She's talking to the guy who came in. Or he's talking to her. She smiled. At least, I think she did."

"She what?"

"She doesn't have my chocolate mousse."

Ann felt the treads coming along the carpeted floor, and the waitress and the young man in bluejeans passed, and the waitress went to the cash register.

"You see?" said Ann, and Davey turned to look. "She *is* his girl." For the man, who had his back to



Three Out of Four Doctors

them, had put his hand lightly on the waitress's shoulder. The waitress wasn't doing anything.

"You might just be right," said Davey, glancing back at them and seeing what his mother meant. He shrugged.

"Or his sister, maybe?" said Ann, who turned instinctively to see the owner, at the back of the restaurant, step out of the kitchen.

The ginger-haired man now brought his other hand up and gripped the waitress's right arm just above the elbow, and she jerked her head around to the right, as if the street door were opening.

"No, I'm wrong," said Ann, and Davey, hearing her voice, turned to look and half rose in his chair as the man standing behind the waitress at the cash register drew her back and pivoted her away from the register and around to face back down the length of the restaurant, as if, breaking the restaurant's privacy, she were going to announce that there was a call for someone—or no, that there was a fire, no problem, or something had been lost, or the place was being closed down and the money would be refunded. And as he spoke, sharply and low behind her, there was a close moment not of ventriloquism so much as intimate agreement, when his command seemed jointly to be hers: they were about the same height, he was the roughly dressed brother or consort, and the composed life of this pleasing place derived from his behind-the-scenes industry.

His information that they were to go into the bathroom was clear as the angle Davey's half-risen body cast in relation to his mother facing him and to the close pair on his right, three or four feet behind him.

She said, "Sit down"—was it that he was trying to be brave?—but the man, having spoken, looked away from the rest of the restaurant at the two of them and particularly at Davey, as if he could do more than speak. Ann felt the chill. And Davey was not sitting down. He had pushed his chair back and was standing up, turned to the waitress and the holdup man.

His mother had, she felt, received for them both the news that they were all going to the rear of the restaurant, into the bathroom, which was the place where you waited out this mandatory drill, which was to see how well it could be done. There must have been words; why they were so low she did not know, but what was happening was clear enough. Davey stepped away from the table and stood contemplating the young man and woman up against each other, the one somewhat hurried and scanning the room, the other rigid, and Ann for a moment didn't reach for Davey, in case the man did something. The man was saying, Hurry, with his eyes.

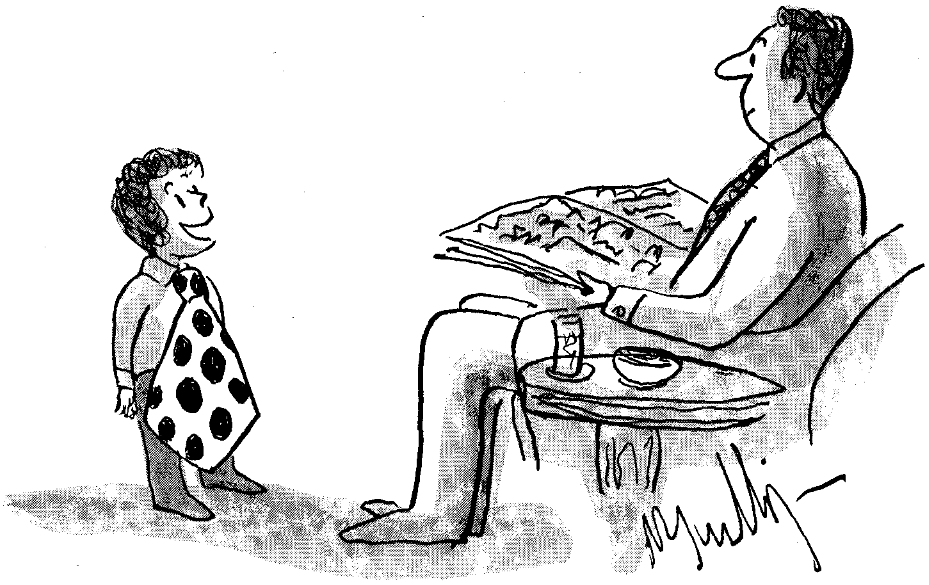
In one movement she rose and stepped around the table, hearing others behind her moving—she couldn't look back quite yet—and she got Davey by the elbow, his arm firm but not muscular, and drew him with her away from the waitress and the man. The man's hand, his left hand, was definitely up against the waitress's spine, and his forearm had seemed turned, as if a knife handle was gripped in his palm.

Ann had her leather bag on her shoulder. She was startled not to remember taking it. She had her arm around Davey's shoulder. The five or six customers ahead of them moving politely, as if there had been a power failure to be patient about, were people she'd hardly noticed when she'd come in—when they'd come in. Now, following them, she found them even less real to her—all except a blond woman in her fifties with a lacquered bouffant—less real to her than they had obscurely been in the privacy of her dinner with her son. Tonight Davey had had the view.

She remembered nothing and prophesied little, but she had seen finality in the alert glance the young man had given Davey. It didn't matter who Davey was—he was a person who happened to be there there and then, from out of a field of chances. And a sudden killing in self-defense followed their backs as, the last customers to file to the rear and turn right and crowd into the bathroom, she and Davey were followed in by the owner, who shook his head gently at her and the others and raised his palm—as if any of them were going to do anything.

The little bathroom was unexpectedly long. Davey's hair was up against her nose and she put her arm around in front of him across his stomach, and she turned to look into the eyes of a short, bald man, who instantly frowned and turned away from her toward the toilet end, where there was a small, half-open window. "Where does that lead to?" he asked importantly, but the owner, whom he did not look back at, continued to shake his head. The bald man said, "Excuse me," and edged between the others and reached around them to the toilet, leaning over it. "Anyone else want to leave your wallet behind the toilet?"

A dark woman in a dark turtleneck sweater, whose shoulder was against a dark man, also in a dark turtleneck,



"Uncle Leonard gave me his old ties."

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with such firm tightness that you knew if you followed their arms downward you would find them holding hands, said, "What if he wants your wallet—what are you going to give him?"

"I got ten bucks in my pocket," the man said.

"Ten bucks," said the woman. "Are you kidding?"

The waitress had not appeared. The owner was shaking his head, but now to himself. They were close together in the narrow, longish lavatory, yet exposed by the peculiarly high ceiling. Ann didn't count how many were crowded in here. Davey whispered huskily, so the others heard, "There are ten people in here."

The dark man in the dark turtleneck looked a bit scared. The blond woman, whose lacquered bouffant seemed to be in the wrong restaurant, had pursed her lips, but she bent around and gave the bald man a kiss that just missed his mouth. The black man at the door turned on the basin faucet and turned it off. The two young men who were at the rear by the toilet and the window had given way for the bald man to stash his wallet. One of them now said, "Are your lunch receipts in that register?"

The owner hesitated. He seemed to have a clear sense of what was outside the room where they were. "There's always a first time," he said, and his accent gave a poignance to his words. "Well, it's too bad," said the other young man by the toilet. "It really is." His friend said, "My spinach quiche is getting colder by the minute," and the other said, "Remember Greece—they said you should never eat food piping hot."

Davey leaned the back of his head against his mother's shoulder and growled softly, "Where's my mousse?" He said to the owner, "Somebody ought to see what's happened to the waitress."

The owner opened the door and seemed to hear something and slipped out.

Ann hugged Davey. Her arm came around his stomach. "Did he say, 'Everyone into the bathroom'?" she asked, and she looked down at her bag, its flap covering the top but not fastened down through its leather loop.

"No," Davey said, "he said, 'Everyone get into the back into the bathroom'—that's what he said."

"I guess he doesn't want us," said the woman in the dark turtleneck.

"Beware of pickpockets," growled Davey in his mother's ear.

A terrific sadness descended upon her. The black man eased himself out the door.

"I don't think I want my mousse," said Davey.

"We'll ask for the check," Ann said. She put both hands on Davey's shoulders. *When this is all over*, she meant.

"Do you want your strawberry tart?" he asked.

The owner appeared and said the man had gone.

The man who had hidden his wallet asked one of the young men to pass it to him.

Gifts for Him
modell

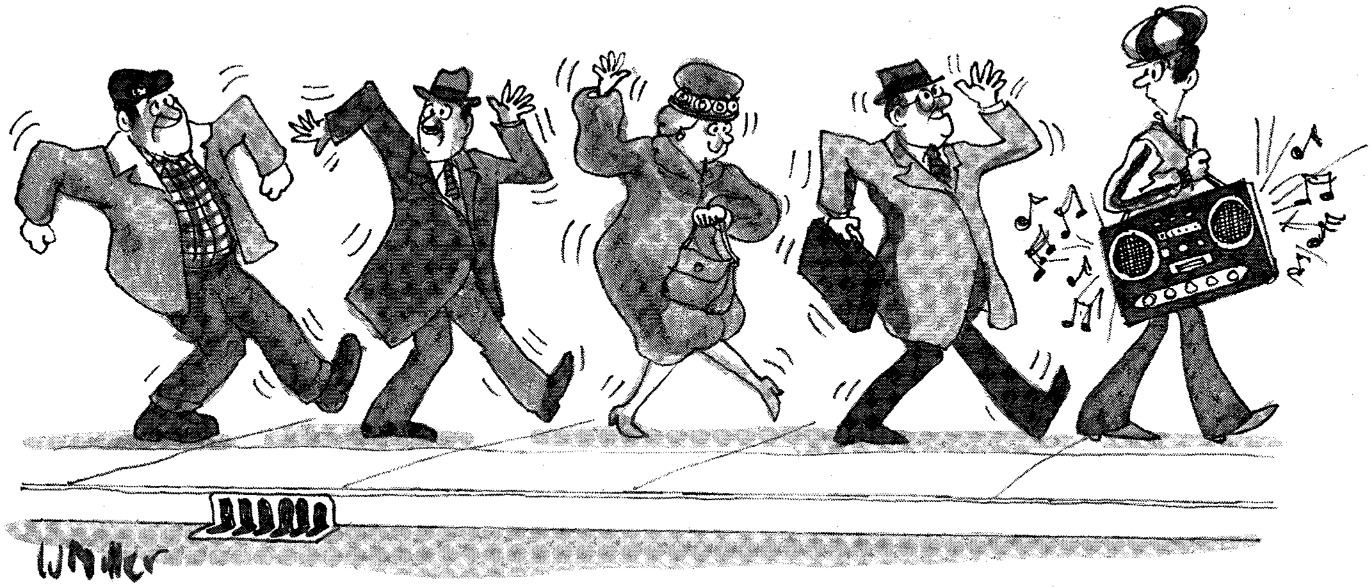
"I'm sure he'll love it, unless he's an even bigger grouch than you say he is."

THE restaurant, when they came out, seemed especially empty, because the waitress was at the far end by the window, sitting beside the pastry desserts, huddled in the chair, and the black man was comforting her. She was quietly hysterical; she was not quite sobbing. She looked as if she were waiting for someone. There were half-empty wineglasses and salad plates with forks across them and chairs pushed back. Someone said, "I wonder if he helped himself."

It had been over so soon that Ann couldn't think, except that with a pistol the young man could have made them go with him. Or killed someone just like that, so the person wouldn't be around to go through mug shots at the local precinct. She didn't know the address of the local precinct or what number precinct it was.

The waitress sat in the window crying. People were sitting down again. Ann told the owner she would have her coffee later. This sounded as if they were having hot dogs and beans in a diner. The check included the chocolate mousse and the strawberry tart. The owner subtracted the desserts.

The waitress stood up and smiled. Now it was the waitress Ann was paying; the owner was outside in the street. Davey looked up into the wait-



ress's face. He didn't say anything.

"Are you all right?" said Ann as the waitress put down on the table the change from a twenty. "Have you ever been in a holdup before?"

The woman shook her head. She had shining blue eyes and rather curly brown hair, and she was tall and had delicate shoulders.

Davey said, "Our money is all that's in the cash register."

Ann, being a genial, alert parent in the waitress's presence, said, "Then where did she get the change from?"

"That's a good question."

"Have you seen him before?" Ann asked the waitress.

The waitress shook her head. "I hardly looked at him."

"I'd never forget him," said Davey.

Ann heard herself say, "He was wearing a turquoise belt buckle."

The waitress excused herself. Ann left two dollars and as they got up to leave Davey asked what percentage that was.

"Something over fifteen per cent."

It was the very same restaurant, except that the owner, like a neighborhood Parisian, was standing out front, looking contemplatively down the street. A cab turned into the street and came very slowly by with a passenger looking out the window.

"Do you think he was dangerous?" Ann asked.

"*Mom*," said Davey, embarrassed.

"I think so," said the gray-haired man, his eyebrows raised.

"How much did he get?" asked Davey.

The man looked down at Davey and smiled and shook his head, but it didn't mean he didn't know.

"Are the police coming?" said Davey.

The owner gestured toward the street. "That's what they said."

When Ann and Davey said good night to the owner, the holdup was all his. At the next corner Ann looked back and he was gone. Some people seemed to be looking at the menu in the window.

"Why did you shush me when I asked if the man was dangerous?" Ann asked.

"Because of course he was dangerous. He had a gun."

"I think it was a knife."

"No, it was definitely a gun. I saw it."

"I don't see how."

"I was even closer than you."

"But they were still behind you, and when he pulled her out into the aisle his arm, his forearm, was turned around the way it would be if he had a knife handle in his palm."

"I know I saw the metal of a gun."

"I'm sure you're wrong."

"I saw it."

"You saw something."

They crossed another avenue as the light changed in the middle.

Ann took Davey's arm. He didn't crook it at the elbow.

"It's going to be a good weekend," said Ann.

They walked in silence.

"I got to call Michael and Alex," said Davey.

"You're going to see Alex tomorrow."

"I'm going to see them both tomorrow. I've got to tell them about the holdup."

"Listen, it was real, Davey, it was serious."

"You're not kidding it was serious," said her son. "We could have gotten killed."

"Well, I doubt that," she said, "but I was afraid he might reach for you, Davey, and he might have if the police had arrived." But it wasn't delayed-reaction fear that seemed now to be overtaking her.

"How could the police have arrived?" said Davey. "No one called them till after it was all over."

"You know what I mean."

"This was my first holdup. I want to tell Michael and Alex about it, O.K.?"

"We're not even sure what happened."

"I know what I saw."

"In the bathroom?"

"In the restaurant."

"But before and after the holdup."

"*And* during."

"But we can't even agree whether it was a knife or a gun."

"*You* can't agree."

"Look, let's go back and ask the waitress."

"*Mom*."

"Why don't we phone them when we get home?"

"That's fine with me. I don't know why you don't want me to phone my friends."

"It was *my* first holdup, too," she said, taking his hand and squeezing it.

But as soon as they got home she

went and ran herself a bath. It was what she should have done in the first place this evening when she came home from work. She was so tired it had to be in her head. She stepped outside the bathroom and closed the door. The water pouring into the tub seemed larger at a distance.

She listened for a moment and went to the bedroom door. She knew Davey; she pictured him. She heard him open the refrigerator, and she was sure she heard the freezer door unstick. She did not hear the refrigerator door close, but she heard a plate rattle in the closet and a kitchen drawer open. He was looking for a spoon. She heard the voice of a baseball commentator come on, and a moment later she heard Davey's voice, talking fast and excited.

She was sitting in the tub, leaning forward to turn off the water. The door was open a little, so she heard the voices in the living room.

Davey called. She called back that she was in the bathtub.

The voices continued.

Then it was only the baseball commentator's voice, rising and falling. She let it stay where it was. Somewhere in the silence around that voice, an icepick was being hammered into a stolen, rock-hard avocado. The hot water was almost too hot to dream in. She'd had the money for that avocado but would rather shuttle herself by astral projection to Boston/San Francisco—not that anyone was there anymore.

She heard Davey's voice again; it didn't sound the same. It sounded as if he were phoning the movies for the times, but the call went on longer.

Then there was only the TV again, then a knock on the bathroom door, which moved, but Davey didn't come in. "You were wrong," he said. "It was a gun."

"Well what do you know," she said quietly from the still tub.

"No, I'm only kidding, Mom; they wouldn't tell me."

"You spoke to the waitress?"

"No, he wouldn't let me, and he said they weren't discussing the matter."

"O.K.," she said very quietly.

"Hey, don't go to sleep in there."

She thought she heard steps cross the carpet. In a moment she heard Davey on the phone again. Which friend would he have phoned first? The picture wasn't clear. He was closer to Michael; their lives had some big similarities, like his father not living with him.

YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT

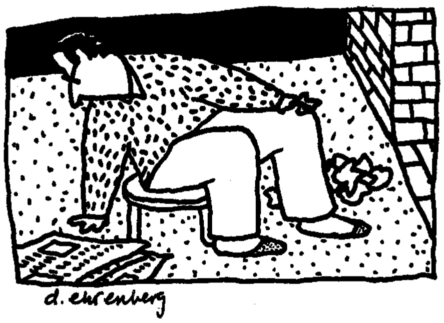
This year we are sending you combs of honey
from Jaynes Farm, only six hard miles
east of the village where we live.
I have run with my body that far.
All summer I approached the apple trees
burning their best green light that
has now turned gold. We wish you
the green-gone-to-gold running of joy.
We wish you to remember the nights
long and black heaving star glitter
in the bees who ran on the hours of air,
giving the gift of themselves in gold.
We have wrapped this in local spruce
that it may smell clean and stay good.
We believe the wind sings us together.
Tonight our family is standing in the yard,
under the godly blue spruce, wearing
the magical light of the star mantle.
A long window light keeps our feet gold.
If you were here you would stand with us
to face Jaynes Farm where the bees wait
to work and the apple trees shiver again
and deer crane their necks upward, ghosts
who cross and recross the human road.
On your breads, when you come to eat,
squeeze the comb between your good hands
so the gold runs out and gleams. Do not
consume the white husk or the green limbs,
else you may feel the coming of hooves
and the odd fanning of wings behind you.
Beyond this we have to advise everyone
there are gaping holes and you must
squeeze hard to think of us, filling them.

—DAVE SMITH

• •

The bath seemed to become deeper and deeper. Her legs came up in a revolving jackknife and she did a two and a half, a three and a half, an unheard-of four and a half, the way she would do slow-motion somersaults underwater at the deep end of a pool in the summer while Davey would hold his nose and do underwater somersaults with her, though he couldn't really stay down.

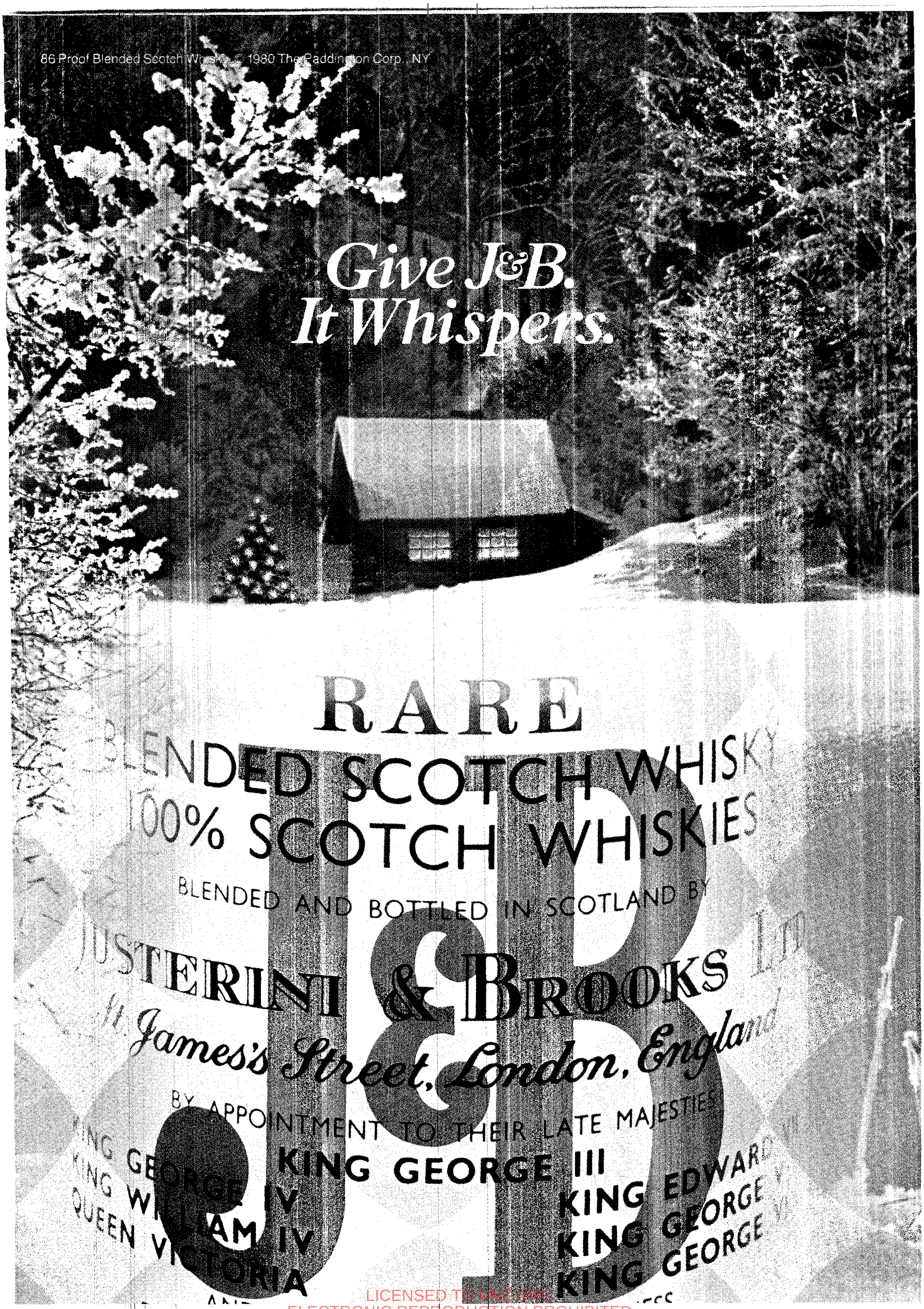
She didn't want to go to sleep in the bath, but she was damn well going to.



If she'd taken a bath when she'd gotten home from the office, they would never have had a holdup. They would have had broccoli and melted cheese, and green noodles, with garlic (which Davey now liked). And strawberry ice cream, which he had just been eating anyway.

She might have been asleep when she heard Davey call from the middle distance, "Are you asleep in there, Mom? Are you O.K.?" But she felt she had had her eyes open. She didn't want to talk about the holdup, didn't want to think about it. She closed her eyes. The water didn't have quite the hot fixity it had when she first stepped cautiously in. But it was good to her and she let the questions called to her go unanswered. Her eyes were closed, but she wasn't sleeping. She heard Davey come across the carpet, and though she heard the door move, she didn't think he was looking at her. She felt the water stir subtly about her; she had willed it to move for her bene-

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1980 The Paddington Corp., NY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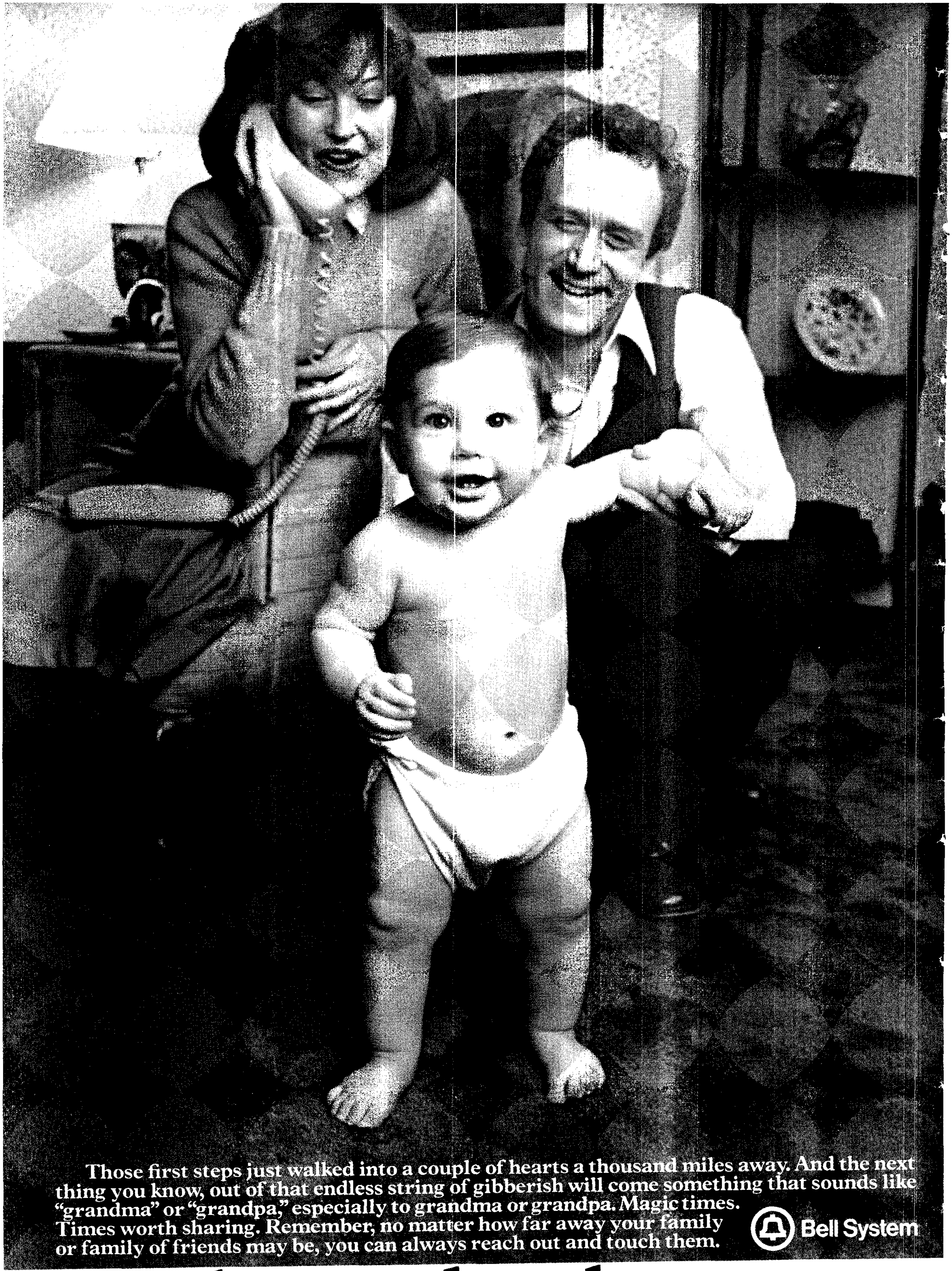


Those first steps just walked into a couple of hearts a thousand miles away. And the next thing you know, out of that endless string of gibberish will come something that sounds like "grandma" or "grandpa," especially to grandma or grandpa. Magic times. Times worth sharing. Remember, no matter how far away your family or family of friends may be, you can always reach out and touch them.

Bell System

Reach out and touch someone.

fit. She knew he had gone away. She massaged her dry face, and her knees broke the surface.

She listened for a while. The TV was still on. She heard Davey's voice, its quality of inquiring esteem for the other person, its habit of waiting humor. For a second she thought of her son's, any kid's, inspired account of a brush with violence—*And then you know what happened?*—and she smelled in her soap, melting somewhere near her leg, a sweeter apricot smell of freesias. (They had tried to charge her six-fifty for a small bunch last week at the supposedly wholesale flower market.) Within the scent of freesias there was a hidden, earlier, heavier vein of sweetness that she now identified as after-shave but didn't want to think about. For some moments Davey hadn't been speaking, or not so she could hear, but the TV was still on, so he hadn't gone to bed. And yet the silence beyond the TV wasn't quite silence. He would be getting away from all the city noise this weekend. A lot *he* cared about the noise.

She got herself out of the tub, and against the wash of the bathwater listened again. She ran her arms damply into the sleeves of her terry-cloth robe. She pulled open the door and put her wet foot down on her bedroom carpet.

Have a nice evening, lady, the flower man had said. Have a nice life, he said. The pale-apricot-colored freesias were doing pretty well on her bureau. The man had let her have them for six dollars.

Halfway to the door leading to the living room, she was on the point of calling to Davey that it was time for bed, when she heard his voice. "I don't know whether I can," he was saying, and then there was a pause. "Maybe I'll ask her." Then, "I will ask her; I definitely will." Then, "She's O.K." Then, "Fifteen dollars, including my allowance." Then, "Yeah, I love you too." Ann knew the voice at the other end of the line without hearing it; but she owed Davey his privacy even after he said goodbye and hung up. The commercial between innings ended, and the deep-voiced, happy commentator was back on.

She stood in the living-room doorway. Davey was sitting over near the entrance to the front hall beside the phone. He could see the game only at the narrowest angle; he could hardly see the screen.

Ann went to the set and turned it off. "Time for bed," she said. Davey just sat there by the phone. They had divided the evening between them.

She had to give them both a break, so she said, "You didn't need to call collect." They both knew what she meant.

"How did you know I called collect?" Davey asked.

"I've known for a long time, but you really don't have to."

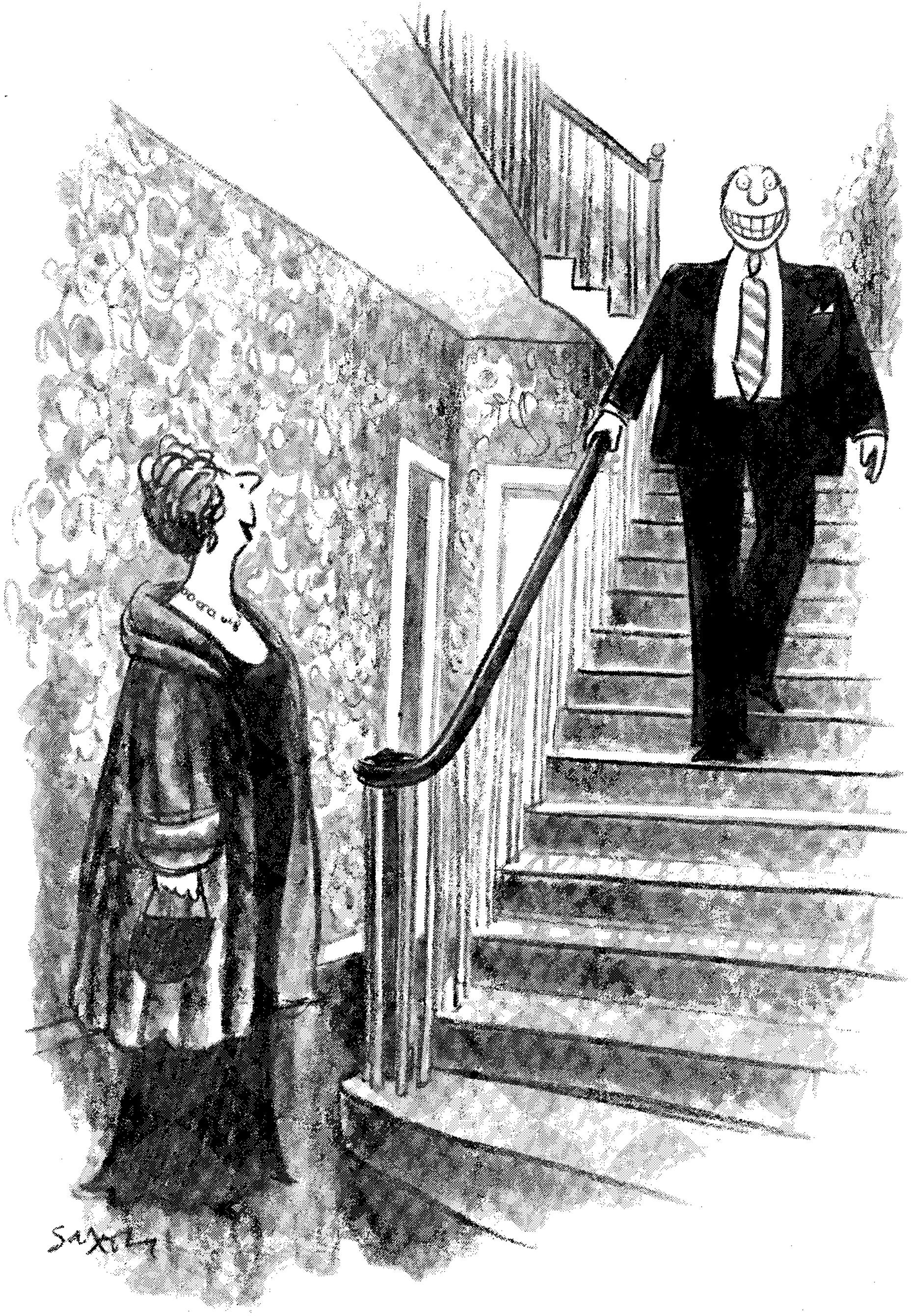
"Thanks," he said, and stayed where he was, still dressed for the restaurant.

She didn't tell him not to thank her. "You're welcome," she said.

"So are you," he said.

"So are you," she said.

—Joseph McElroy



"Why, Austin! You put on your happy face!"

• •

•

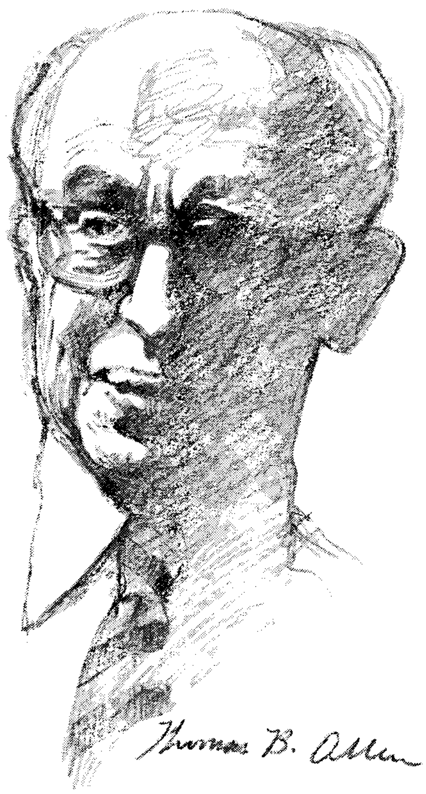
Sculpture is hardly the only hobby Dr. Bonnet has though. He and his wife, Hazel, do cruel embroidery, cross stitching and antique furniture refinishing.—*Wheeling (W. Va.) News-Register.*

They specialize in distressing wood.

OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS

MAX

Max Gordon opened the Village Vanguard on February 26, 1934, at 1 Charles Street, in Greenwich Village, and, a year later, moved it without missing a beat to the labyrinthine basement it occupies at Seventh Avenue South and Eleventh Street. It has offered declaiming poets and writers, folk singers, popular singers, blues singers, comedians, calypso and novelty groups, dancers, actors, and jazz musicians. The variety and number of prominent performers it has launched or abetted are encyclopedic. Among those performers are Judy Holliday, Richard Dyer-Bennet, John Coltrane, Betty Comden and Adolph Green, Eddie Heywood, Eartha Kitt, Mike Nichols and Elaine May, Miles Davis, Mort Sahl, Pete Seeger, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Blossom Dearie, Thelonious Monk, Miriam Makeba, Woody Allen, Dinah Washington, Jerry Stiller and Anne Meara, Irwin Corey, Anita Ellis, the Weavers, Josephine Premice, Betty Carter, Sonny Rollins, Aretha Franklin, Dexter Gordon, Lenny Bruce, Coleman Hawkins, Wally Cox, Albert Ayler, Harry Belafonte, Keith Jarrett, and Pearl Bailey.



The owner and operator of this immortal academy was born in Svir, Lithuania, in 1903, the third of four children. He arrived here with his mother, brother, and sisters in 1908, and joined his father in Providence, Rhode Island. Not long after, the family moved to Portland, Oregon, where Gordon grew up and where he and Mark Rothko peddled newspapers together. He graduated from Reed College in 1924, and two years later, at his mother's behest, entered Columbia Law School. He lasted six weeks, and moved to the Village. In 1932, he opened a coffeehouse named the Village Fair, on Sullivan Street, and he was on his way. He is still on his way, and he has just celebrated his staying power (the Vanguard may be the oldest night club in the world) by publishing a remarkable autobiography called "Live at the Village Vanguard" (St. Martin's). The dust jacket starts the book off just right. A sepia montage photograph shows Gordon standing in front of the Vanguard surrounded by a crowd of his performers. Some are playing instruments (John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Percy Heath, Gerry Mulligan), one is singing (Leadbelly), some are smiling wildly (Coleman Hawkins, Dexter Gordon, Keith Jarrett), some are looking supercilious (Woody Guthrie, Milt Jackson), and one is gazing into the middle distance (Dizzy Gillespie). No one is looking at Gordon. Inside, Gordon threads his way through his life, which must sometimes seem like a montage to him, in a highly original way. The book, which he wrote sheet by careful sheet over a period of seven years, is not a cascade of names (many of his graduates are not mentioned) but a series of sharp, funny dialogues between him and various interlocutors, some real and some distillations of people he has known. Gordon's literary dynamics are startling. He is gentle and poetic, he drones, he is almost ribald. He talks to Joe Glaser, the tough booking agent who made Louis Armstrong a millionaire:

> [Dinah Washington] came out of the dressing room into the spotlight and as the applause died down and she was about to go into her opening number, I noticed that she was wearing a blond wig. I couldn't believe it.... Nobody laughed, but that was only because of the innate good taste of the Village Vanguard audiences. I told Joe that I was so upset by this vision of a blond wig on Dinah Washington's head that I had to see him....
>
> "A blond wig!" shouted Joe.
>
> "Yes, a blond wig!" I shouted back. "Here's a handsome black woman, a great singer, a star, and she comes out—I didn't believe my eyes—with a blond wig sitting on top of her head."
>
> "These *schwarzes* are nuts," said Joe. "She's got herself a new guy; that's what it is. Otherwise why should she put a blond wig on her head? She's got a new guy taking her money. Let me give you some advice, Max. Don't pay it any attention. Make believe you don't see it. She'll get over it. I know Dinah.
>
> "She'll dump this guy, whoever he is. And the blond wig will go away. As long as business holds up, what've you got to worry about? And another thing, you think it's undignified, you think it's grotesque. But I'll bet you some fancy customers are quietly getting a kick out of the sight of a blond wig on a black broad."

And he talks to a customer he calls Jim:

> "Like I'm telling you, if you'd signed them in the beginning when they came to you, all those acts, unknown, unemployed, raw, hungry acts—if you'd got a piece of the action right in the beginning—then, when they got to be stars, celebrities, you'd be on easy street today, collecting ten percent of their paychecks and living like a king. Know what I mean?"
>
> It was my friend Jim talking. I hadn't seen him in twenty years. He made a fortune in plastics. He used to be a regular when he was a student at N.Y.U. and Wally Cox was working at the Vanguard . . . I remember he was crazy about Wally Cox.
>
> "Look at the names you found, or they found you—what'd it matter? . . . You turned 'em into stars! You made 'em famous! But what good did it do you? You didn't have a piece of the action.
>
> "All right, you paid Wally peanuts. You thought you were getting a bargain. When he graduated from your joint and went on television, when he was cast as Mr. Peepers in that television series that ran for years, you were left out in the cold. Why? Because you didn't sign him up at the start, when he was still an unknown and needed you."
>
> Jim had a way of worrying me.
>
> "It wasn't so easy," I said to Jim.

Here is Gordon talking to Miles Davis:

> Miles didn't coddle his audiences, or his boss either. "You talk, 'Man, this, man that!' " he once growled at me. "Don't talk to me like a black man. You're a white man and don't forget it."
>
> I was in his house on West Seventy-seventh Street. Miles, neat, immaculate, in

a tailored suit, dark glasses, asked me, "Did you go up to see my tailor like I told you?"

"Who can afford three hundred for a suit?"

"You're too goddamn cheap."

"If I was making the kind of money I'm paying you, I'd get myself one."

The Baroness Nica Koenigswarter, a Rothschild and an indefatigable aide-de-camp to jazz musicians, stops in at the Vanguard and talks to Gordon in the kitchen, which doubles as his office and is furnished with towering stacks of Heineken's beer, a desk, two black iron stoves, a huge red sink, box after box of waiters' checks, a wall clock, photographs, and two dog-eared journals, one to record reservations and one to record the musicians signed up for the coming six months:

> "Darling," the Baroness was saying to me, "you can thank me that Thelonious was on time tonight. If I hadn't driven him down, he'd still be on Sixty-fifth Street waving for a cab. Cabs won't stop for him. They're afraid of him, a big black man gesturing wildly for a cab on the corner."

Gordon speculates on the failure of the Blue Angel, a nonpareil supper club that he and the late Herbert Jacoby ran on East Fifty-fifth Street from 1943 to 1963 (Gordon has been involved in only two disasters—Le Directoire, an impossibly expensive restaurant and night club that he and Jacoby opened on East Fifty-eighth Street in the late forties, and Maxfield's, an impossibly luxurious ice-cream parlor that he and the late Michael Field, the pianist and cookbook writer, opened near the Paris Theatre in the fifties):

> But there it was, happening all around me. I didn't see it, didn't want to see it—that a new generation of night prowlers didn't want to go to the kind of place the Blue Angel was. They didn't want to watch an act; they wanted to do their own act. They didn't want to sit glued to a chair in a nightclub. They wanted to do their "own thing," investigate the mystery of the night, listen to a little music, get up and dance maybe, or just sit and talk to the girl sitting next to them at the bar.

A WEEK before "Live at the Village Vanguard" was published, Gordon had dinner at La Tulipe with his friend Jim, who was in town for a visit. La Tulipe is the small, first-class French restaurant that was opened on West Thirteenth Street a year and a half ago by John and Sally Darr, who are old acquaintances of Gordon's. Gordon was dressed in his winter uniform: a chocolate corduroy suit, a yellow flannel shirt, long johns, Wallabees, and a black fedora with its brim down. He has become about the size and shape of a Seckel pear. White hair curtains the back of his bare head, and bumperlike black-rimmed glasses shield the front. He walks slowly and sparingly, his feet making parentheses. When he puts on his overcoat and pulls down his black hat, he disappears. Gordon and Jim arrived at La Tulipe at six-thirty and sat down in the tiny bar by the front door. Jim has red hair and is twice the size of Gordon, and he idolizes him. "Max," he has said to Gordon, "you are one of the wonders of New York life." Gordon ordered a half bottle of Chablis, and introduced Jim to John Darr, a bespectacled former headmaster who looks like a former headmaster.

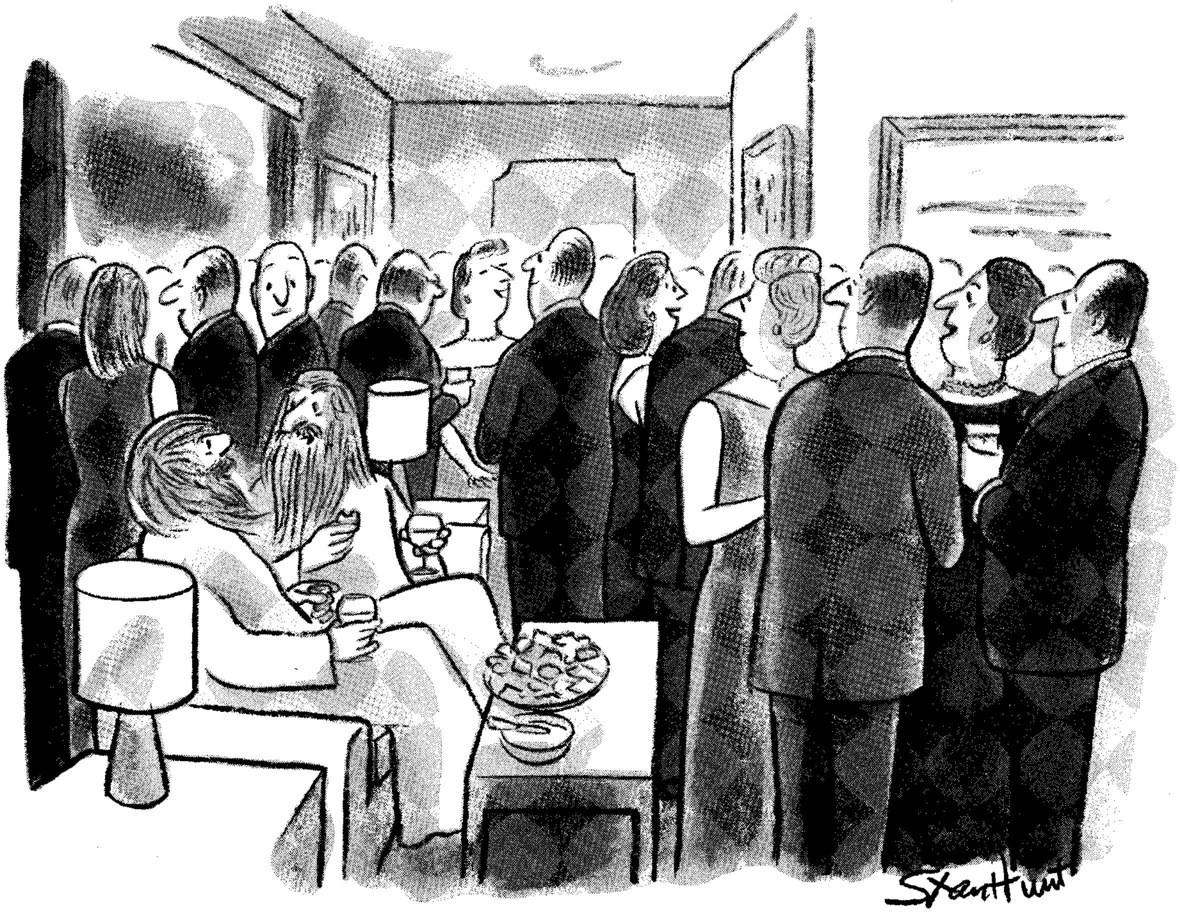
"It's cold in here," Gordon said to Jim. "I don't know, I have this cough and I haven't been feeling all that well lately. But I haven't had a cigar today and I'm not going to have one."

"You should give them up, Max," Jim said. "They'll stunt your growth."

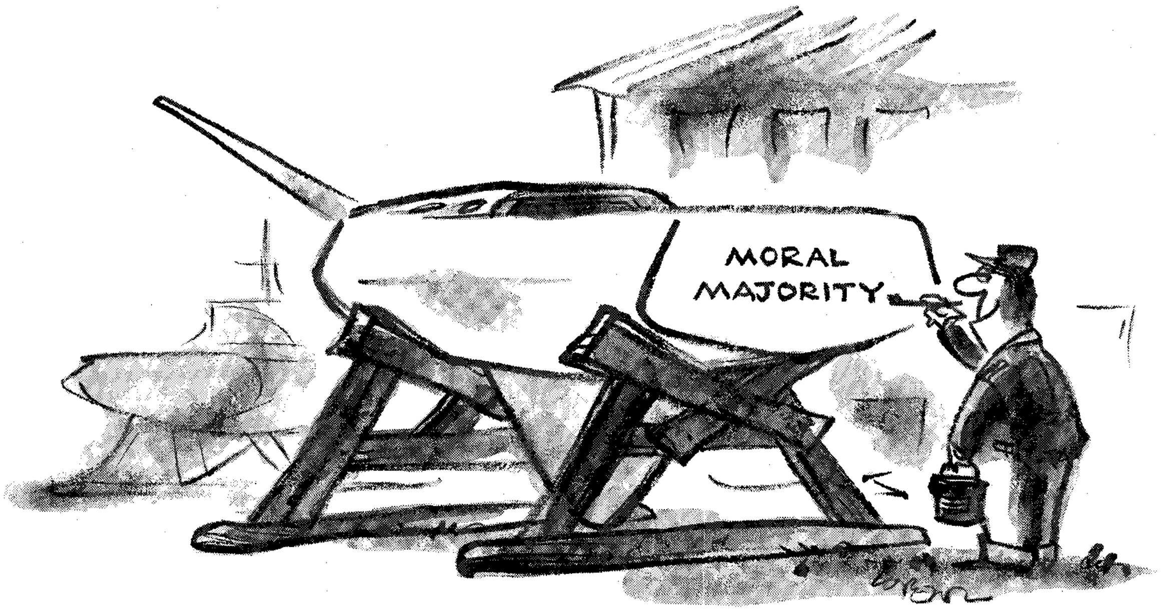
Darr asked Gordon if he'd like to move to his table, and the two men followed him down a short hall and into the dining room, which is medium-sized and plum-colored. "It's cold in here, too," Gordon said. "It feels like the Vanguard before I turn on the gas heaters."

"Those heaters should have gone out with Hoover, Max," Jim said.

Gordon looked at the menu a long time, and shook his head. "And to think I used to eat Sally Darr's cooking free in her apartment." Gordon and Jim settled on tongue pâté, sweet-



"Nobody knows who they are. They just came in, settled down, and started kicking around the wisdom of the ages."



breads (Gordon), red snapper steamed in paper (Jim), and an apricot soufflé. Gordon ordered a bottle of Spanna.

"Max, you wrote a book," Jim said, as if he were complimenting him on catching a huge fish. "When did you get time to write books? During intermission? Who's your ghost?"

"Me!" Gordon said, laughing. Gordon laughs a lot, and after he lets loose a burst he leans back and opens his eyes and mouth, making three big O's. He has a soft, muscular baritone voice—a voice accustomed to elbowing its way through night clubs. "I started the book around the time Charlie Mingus published his autobiography, 'Beneath the Underdog.' That was seven or eight years ago. In fact, I started it with Nel King, who did Mingus's book with him. She talked to me and wrote a chapter, and on the basis of that chapter she sold the book to Peggy Brooks at Coward-McCann. But when I read what she'd done I hated it. It wasn't me. So Peggy Brooks got Sy Krim, and he taped me and did a chapter, and it wasn't any better. Sy said, 'Max, you gotta write it yourself.' I'd done a little writing in the twenties, you know, so I began to write. I'd get up at six or seven and have breakfast and write four or five hours. I had a wonderful time. I'd sit there and laugh and knock myself out. But I discovered I had to rewrite everything four times to make it sound like it was only written once. So I rewrote and rewrote—always in longhand on yellow legal pads—and eventually I got a little help from a free-lance editor named Judy Murphy. I kept trying to find a way to get my ideas across, and I hit on dialogues, sometimes with real people, sometimes with people based on real people. Some of the dialogues are fictional, but it's fiction borrowed directly from life. Life fiction, you might call it. And I wanted to make the book a New York book, which it is. It celebrates New York. When I got enough of it in what I considered decent shape, I sent a few chapters around—to Pete Hamill and Nat Hentoff—and the *Village Voice* ran excerpts from them. I got an agent, who wanted to do this and that. One of the thats was Doubleday, which took six months to turn the book down. The manuscript went to Coward-McCann. Peggy Brooks had left, and I'd given my two-thousand-dollar advance to Nel King, who died. Coward-McCann turned it down. Then Marcia Markland at St. Martin's saw the chapters in the *Voice* and called me. I didn't pay any attention at first, but then I did, and we have a book. I'm surprised it came out so well. I really like the chapter on going to Russia with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, and I like the chapters on Lenny Bruce and Richard Dyer-Bennet and the early days with Eli Siegel. People have told me they love the book. I hope they're telling the truth. I've also heard from people who aren't in the book, like Katie O'Brien, a Martha Graham dancer who worked for me forty-four years ago. She said the book was too short. But I never got to know a lot of the people who appeared at the Vanguard. Maybe they were scared of me, maybe I was scared of them. Maybe they were *like* John Coltrane, who was always surrounded by worshippers. I loved his music, but I never said four words to him."

Gordon picked at his sweetbreads, and Jim tore into his snapper, which he said was superb. The dining room had filled up and warmed up, and Gordon said he was comfortable. Sally Darr, attractive in whites, came out of the kitchen to say hello to Max, and Max asked her who the famous comedian had been at one of the dinner parties he'd attended at her house. He said he'd been trying to think of his name for a week. Did he mean Danny Kaye, she asked. Gordon laughed, slapped the table, and made three O's. Mrs. Darr told the men to enjoy their dinner and said the soufflé would be ready in twenty minutes. Gordon told Jim that his life had changed since he'd last seen him. He said that he and his wife, Lorraine, were separated, and that his daughters, Deborah and Rebecca, were grownup and working. "I live alone in a one-bedroom at Fifth Avenue and Eleventh," Gordon said. "Lorraine and I have dinner every so often, and a couple of summers ago we rented a house out at Three Mile Harbor, on the Island. I have all these little habits that keep me company, and I don't know where they came from. When I get up in the morning, I have a glass of lemon juice and hot water, and half a grapefruit. Then I have two cups of coffee—one with cream and one with boiled milk, half and half. Sometimes I make a little oatmeal, too. I read the *Times* from cover to cover. I'm always reading a book. I don't like modern novels, but I just reread 'War and Peace.' What a fantastic, beautiful book! I look at very little television—sometimes Phil Donahue or 'Good Morning America.' I think Donahue is honest. Later in the morning, I might take a nap. Then I have lunch. Sometimes I eat with someone in a restaurant, but

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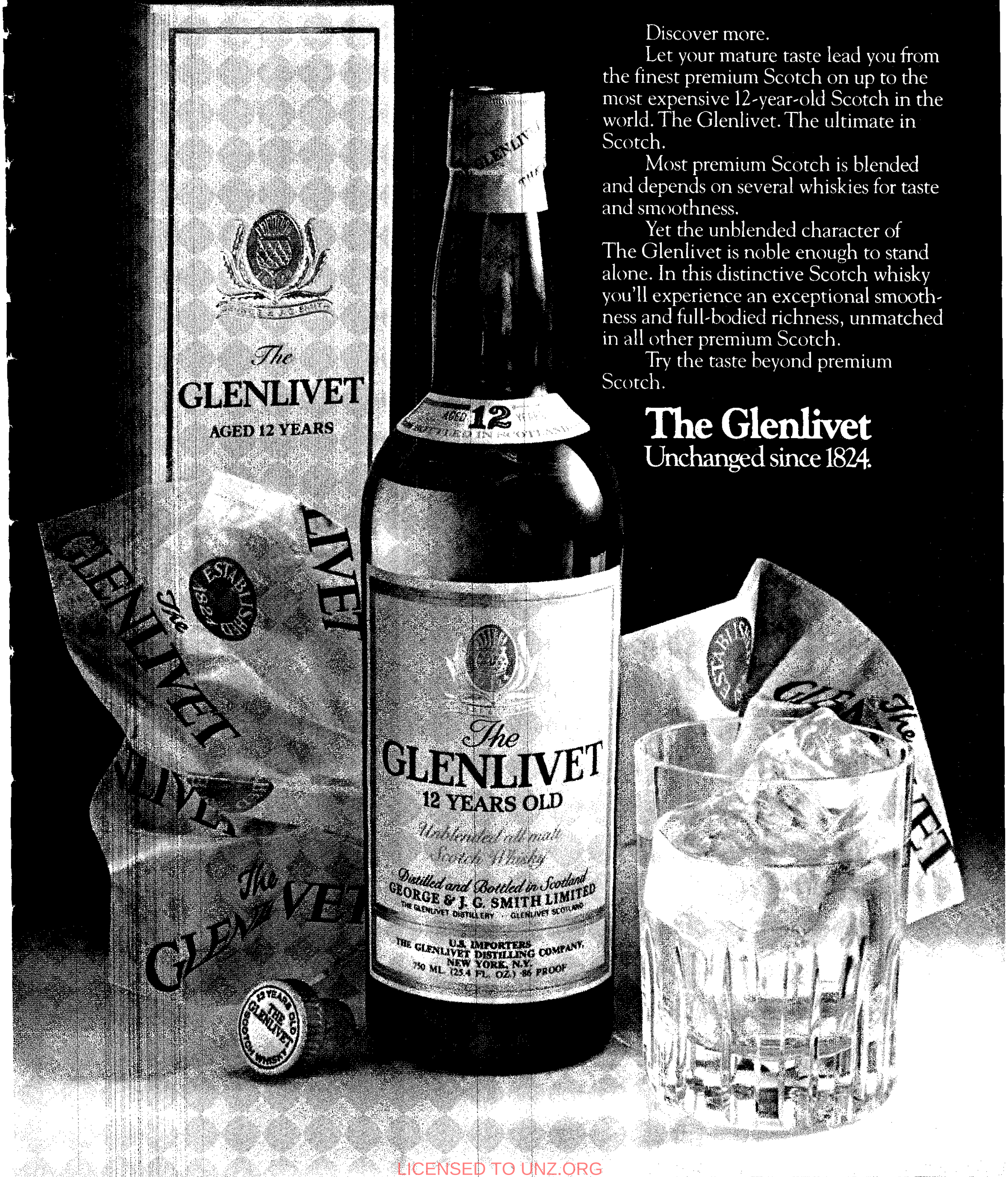
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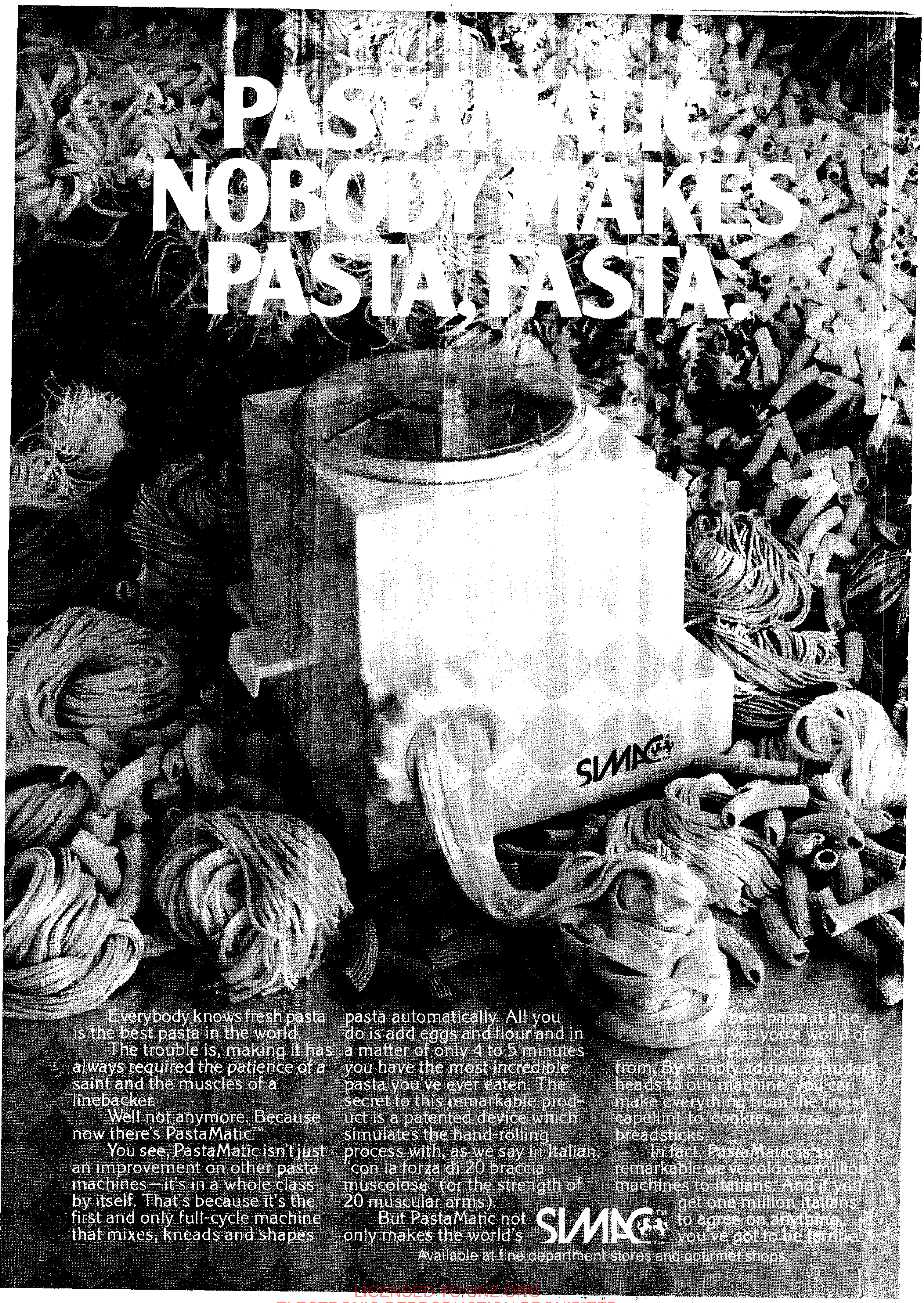

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not often. Generally, I eat at counters, because I'm alone and you have company at counters. I go to a little place and have steamed milk and honey, or to another place for fruit and cheese. If I want a glass of wine, I go to One Fifth Avenue. After lunch, I go to the Vanguard and put everything in order—phone calls and publicity and liquor orders and booking, and the like. The phone rings every couple of minutes. I've never been able to find anyone who would run the Vanguard the way I do, so I do it myself. Anyway, I'll never sell it. When and if the time comes, I'll give it away. After I've finished my business at the club, around five-thirty, I have another little nap, and go out for dinner—at Joe's, on MacDougal Street, or at Pirandello, on Washington Place. I'm an old face at both places, and that's what I like—to go to places where I'm known. On almost any street in the Village, which *is* a village, someone recognizes me. When I take a little walk Sunday afternoons, I'll stop at the Spring Street Bar and have a glass of wine or some espresso, and the man at the bar knows me and serves me espresso right there. If I go to Bradley's or the Cedar bar, it's the same—someone knows you and you feel like you're in a small town. After dinner, I go back to the Vanguard and stay until midnight. The old days, I used to walk out of there sweating and exhausted at 4 A.M. I don't have much of a social life anymore. I don't have the time, and I suppose it's different since Lorraine and I aren't together."

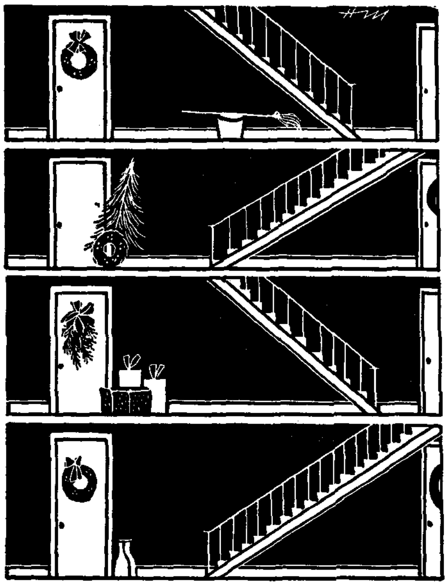
Gordon told Jim to eat all the apricot soufflé himself, and Jim did and said it was the best dessert he'd ever had. Jim asked Gordon how his sister Sadye was.

"Funny you should ask," Gordon said. "She gave me quite a scare this week. Sadye's two years younger than I am, and we're very close. She lives by herself up near the George Washington Bridge, but we talk almost every day. I worry about her being alone, because she's inclined to take falls, you know. Anyway, when I called her this past Tuesday the phone rang and rang: no answer. I called back every fifteen minutes for an hour, an hour and a half. The same. I called one more time. Still the same. I got panicky. I called her landlord, and asked him would he take a look for her in her apartment. He said, 'I have no key.' I said, 'You have no key? What do you mean you have no key? I never heard of a landlord who hasn't got a key!' I was getting excited, you see. I said, 'Please take a look in her window from the fire escape.' He did. He saw a light but couldn't see Sadye. I thought, Maybe she's lying on the floor and can't help herself. So I called 911, and they told me to call the 34th Precinct, where Sadye lives, and I did. Then I called Sadye again—and she answered. She just went out to shop and got talking to a neighbor at the market. I called the 34th Precinct back and said she just went to shop and was O.K. Sadye is a good girl. She is very intelligent, but, like all old-fashioned Jewish girls, she had little education and was kept in the home."

Gordon paid the check and said good night to Darr, and he and Jim walked the three blocks to the Vanguard. "Who's this Pat Metheny you have here tonight?" Jim asked when they reached the Vanguard door.

"I've been listening to his records off and on for two or three years, and at first I didn't like them," Gordon said. "It's taken me all that time to decide whether or not I wanted him in the place. Finally, he called me up, and I guess that helped me decide. He's just a kid, but he said he wanted to work at the Vanguard in the worst way. He said the Vanguard is where the vibes are—he used the word 'vibes.' He said the Vanguard was the place to be."

Gordon and Jim sat down at a table in the rear, and the music began. The band, which included Dewey Redman on tenor saxophone, Charlie Haden on bass, and Paul Motian on drums, played a fast blues. Metheny plays guitar. He uses a lot of amplifiers and sounds as if he were playing in Radio City Music Hall. Jim listened closely and looked over at Gordon. His arms were folded across his stomach, and his head was almost touching them.



"Max, you should be home in bed," Jim said, leaning over and touching one of Gordon's arms.

"What?" Gordon said, lifting his head. "I'm all right. I'm here. Metheny sounds pretty good. He sounds all right."

TWO days later, St. Martin's Press gave an early-evening party at the Vanguard for Gordon's book. He paid for the booze and the music (a quintet led by the trumpeter Benny Bailey and including the tenor saxophonist Charlie Rouse), and the publisher supplied the food. A couple of hundred people came, and Gordon, circulating steadily, was invisible unless you were standing beside him. He was dressed in a stiff gray suit and a blue flannel shirt open at the neck. He said that this was the first time he'd worn the suit, even though he'd bought it four years before. John Wilcock, a founder of the *Village Voice*, said hello to him, and so did Stanton Wheeler, a Yale professor. Gordon said that Wheeler had taken him to the Yale Club bar, and that that was a sign of upward mobility. Jack Levine and his wife said hello. Gordon posed for a family photograph with Lorraine and their daughters. He had several glasses of champagne, which he doesn't like except at parties. During an intermission, Irwin Corey gave a speech from the bandstand, and called Gordon "a beacon." Betty Comden and Adolph Green said that their love for Gordon was "unbounded." The band returned, and Gordon, standing just in front, made Toscanini shushing gestures. Jim came up and put an arm around Gordon's shoulders. "Betty and Adolph almost made me cry, Jim," Gordon said. "What do you think of that?"

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Adv. in the Times*]

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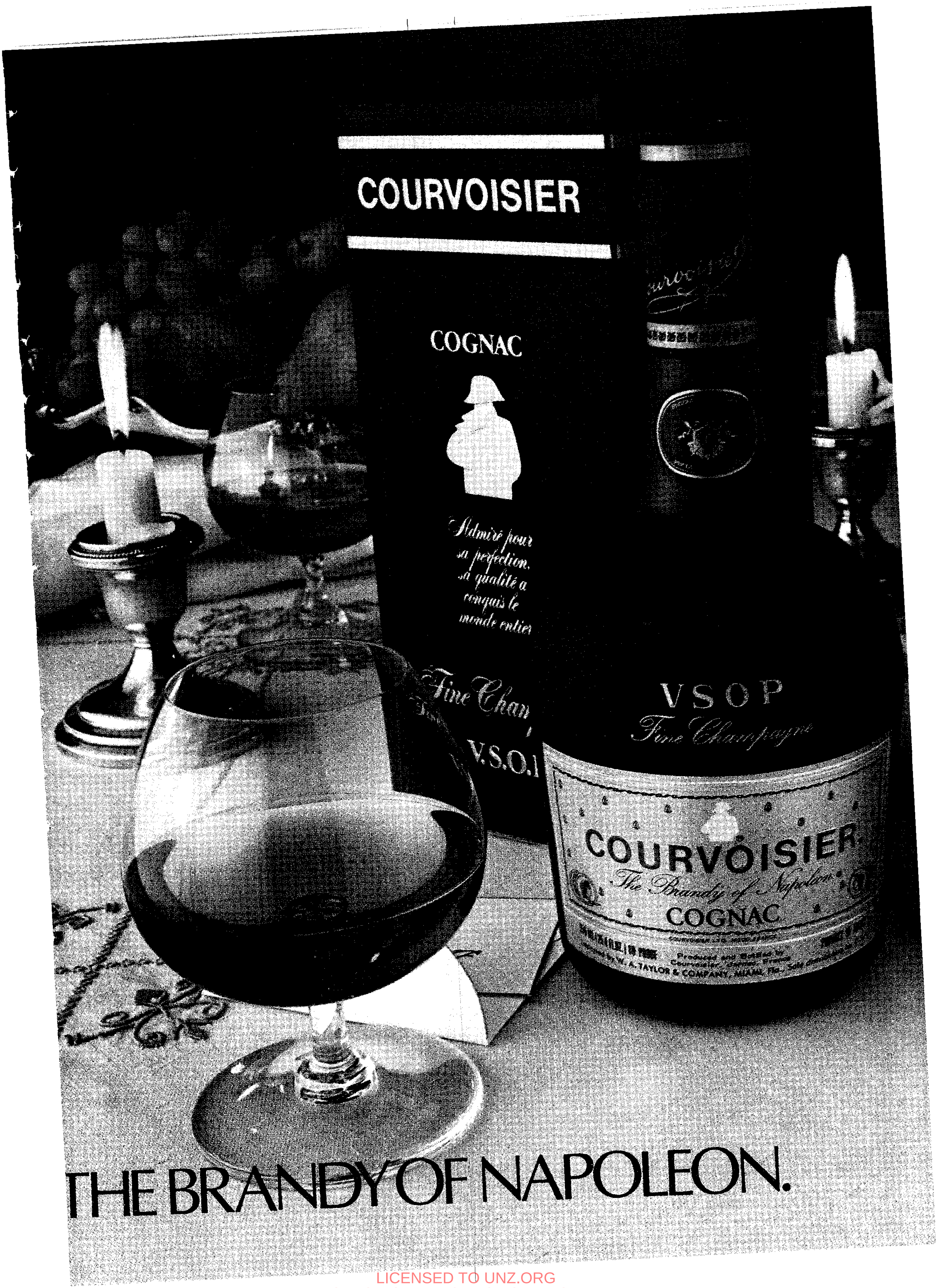
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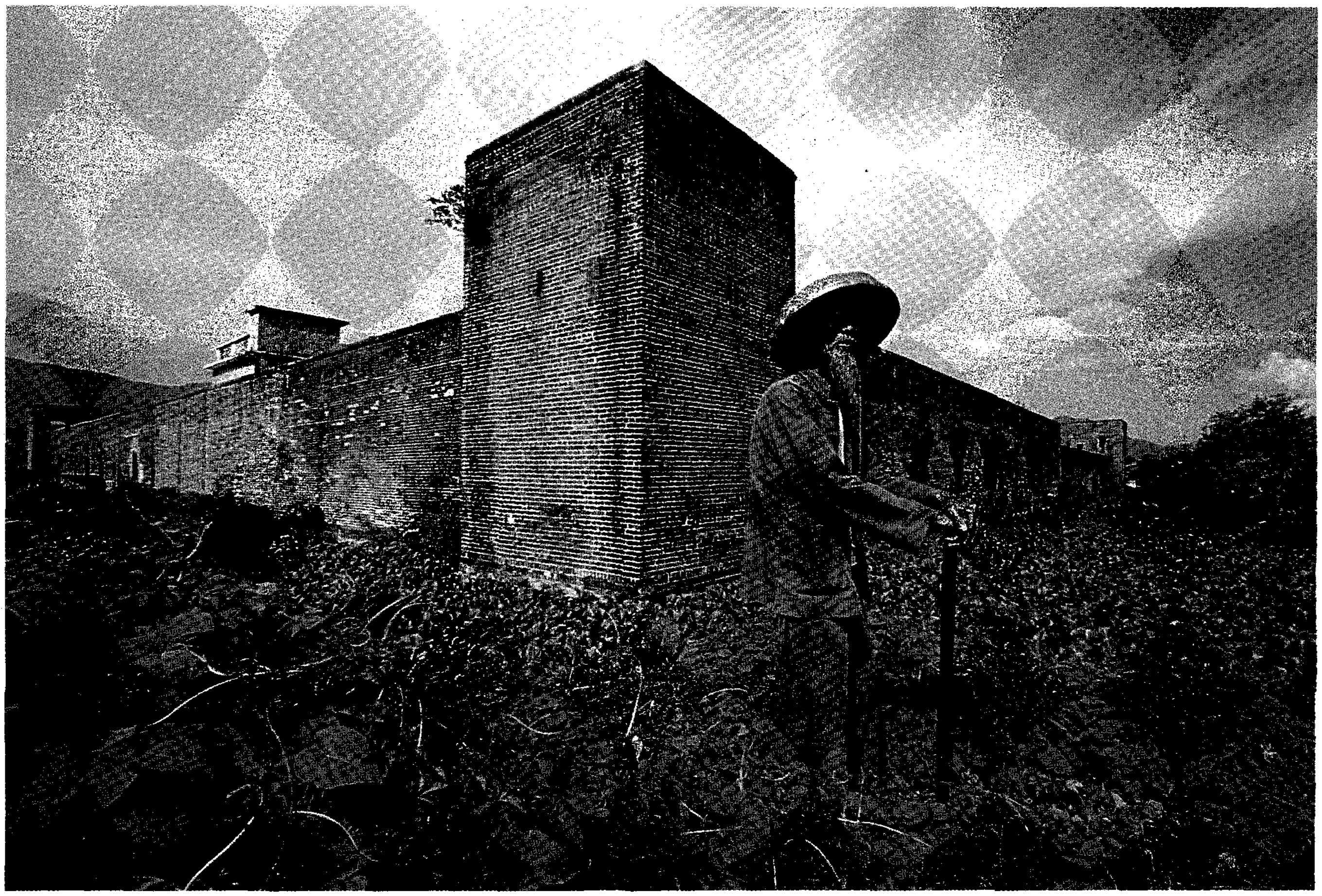
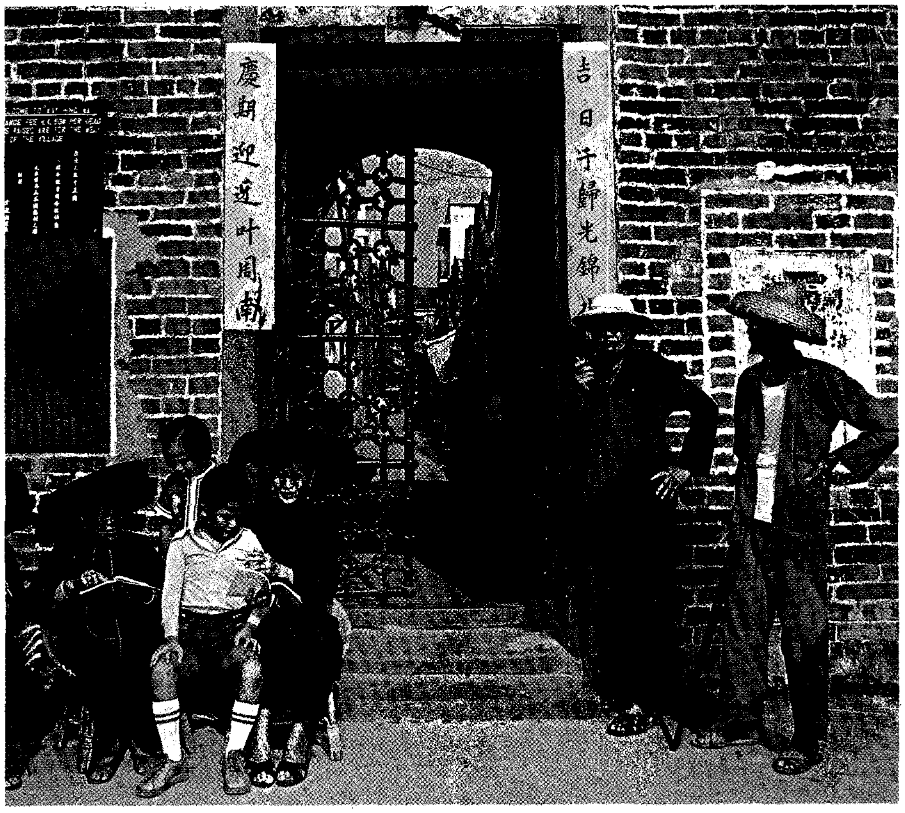


This Hong Kong walled village was completed before Columbus discovered America.


慶期迎近叶周南
吉日于歸光錦

Members of the Tang clan gather at the gate.

Hong Kong's countryside and ways of life have kept their charm for centuries.

One of the best-preserved walled villages in the New Territories of Hong Kong is Kut Hing Wai, just a few kilometres from the heart of the city and easily accessible.

Kut Hing Wai has maintained its two original characteristics since it was completed in 1487.

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There is only one entrance which is just wide enough to let one person through at a time. Then you are in a passageway, wide enough for two people, which runs straight through the length of the village. The passageway is permeated by the strong fragrance of the incense that's burning in front of an ornate ancestral shrine. On both sides, in rows facing west for good fortune, are the cluttered rooms inhabited by today's Tangs. The centuries-old houses share their roofs with villagers and farm animals.

Around the village, the fertile valley is cultivated in methods unchanged for hundreds of years. The oxen-plowed valley yields two crops of rice and vegetables a year. Cattle, ducks, pigs and poultry are also raised. Various types of fruit are grown in the nearby hills, along with sweet potatoes, sugar cane and nuts.

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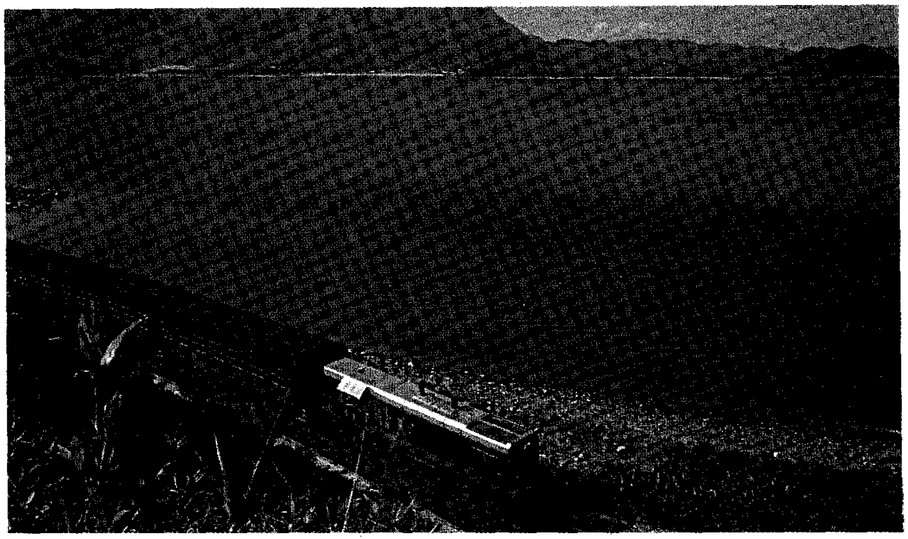
This Mr. Tang has lived all his life in the walled village.



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香港

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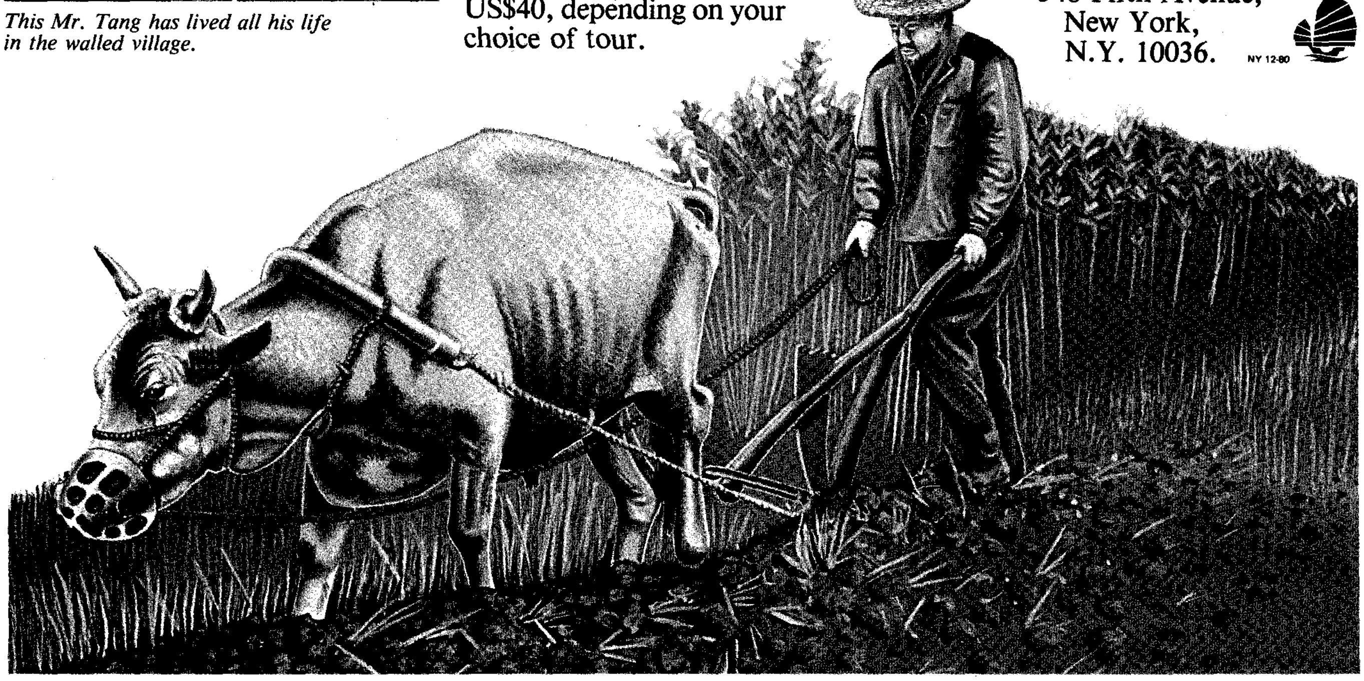

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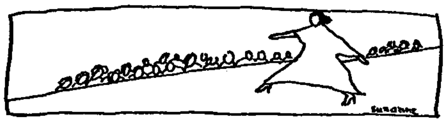
THE THEATRE

Missing the Target

THE text of my sermon for today is that failed opportunities in the theatre are as distressing as failed opportunities in life. The heroine of "Onward Victoria," the recent musical at the Martin Beck, was one of the most spirited and amusing figures in our history: Victoria Claflin Woodhull, whom the Dictionary of American Biography demurely pigeonholes as a reformer but who made her career in reformation serve as the vehicle for a much loftier purpose, which was to have a good time. She possessed a notable gift for doing whatever she pleased, and in the course of a very long life (she was born in 1838 and died in 1927) she moved in and out of many levels of society and accumulated an extraordinary variety of friends and adversaries. A native of Homer, Ohio, she claimed to have begun having visions at the age of three and by ten to have been on intimate terms with the shade of Demosthenes, to such effect that she became one of the leading public speakers of the day. With a sister, Tennessee—"Tennie" for short—she travelled about giving spiritualistic exhibitions and selling a bottled Elixir of Life on the side. According to the Dictionary, she married a Dr. Woodhull at fifteen, had two children, was divorced, and subsequently married once or twice more, in the time she could spare from choosing among lovers. By the late eighteen-sixties, she and Tennie were in New York City, where they managed to scrape up an acquaintance with Commodore Vanderbilt, then in his seventies and prudently cultivating an interest in the hereafter. The Commodore helped set the sisters up in a stock-brokerage house in Wall Street, and from that moment on there was no stopping them. They founded a weekly magazine that advocated free love and equal rights for women, and in its pages Victoria broke the long-suppressed story of a liaison between the celebrated man of God Henry Ward Beecher and his parishioner Elizabeth Tilton, whose husband, Theodore, a brilliant young editor, for a few months had enjoyed Victoria's favors. Into this splendid operatic tangle we may toss such delectable additions as the true-blue reformer Elizabeth Cady Stanton; William M. Evarts, chief ornament of the New York bar, who spoke for the defense in the scandalous case of Tilton v. Beecher; and Anthony Comstock, founder of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, who caused the sisters to be jailed for a brief period as publishers of obscenities.

Given such an assortment of vivid characters and events, how could a musical based on them go wrong? With regret, I have to report that "Onward Victoria" indeed went wrong, and in a fashion so thorough as to have had the look of being intentional. Most of the blame must be put upon the authors of the book and lyrics, Charlotte Anker and Irene Rosenberg, who demonstrated little sense of what the times they were dealing with were really like. Their historical figures spoke not as we can safely assume they spoke (the record of their utterances is voluminous) but in the patois of today—"top secret" and "repressed" and "screwed" and "phony"—and the inappropriateness of their language was heightened by the seeming correctness of Theoni Aldredge's exquisite costumes and the mock-Victorian settings by William Ritman. Moreover, the music, by Keith Herrmann, put us in mind not of the eighteen-seventies or the nineteen-eighties but of the nineteen-sixties. To make matters worse, the authors fell victim to Doctorow's Syndrome, which consists of a wanton mingling of fact and fiction. As far as I know, Beecher and Victoria never had an affair, but an impassioned relationship between them became the central action of the musical. The note struck throughout was vulgarly facetious; the authors were willing to do anything for a gag, and when Comstock opened his valise and a coiled whip was exposed we were supposed to laugh our heads off, because as amateur psychoanalysts we all know perfectly well that to scratch a prude is to uncover a sadist.

Jill Eikenberry was encouraged to play Victoria in a state of mindless, undauntable high spirits; Victoria's desperate struggle to survive against high odds must sometimes have had its touching side, and we ought to have been given more evidence of it. Beth Austin as Tennie was tirelessly, implausibly manic, and so was Jim Jansen as Comstock. Michael Zaslow attempted to bring some dignity to the unsympathetic role of Beecher, and there were glimpses of something of value in Edmond Genest's playing of poor Tilton (who in real life, having lost his case against Beecher, found himself a ruined man; he moved abroad and died in poverty in Paris). Having nothing better to do, Ted Thurston robustly hammed it up as Commodore Vanderbilt, and Laura Waterbury was equally robust as Mrs. Stanton. To her credit, Miss Waterbury managed to read with feeling one of the limpest exit lines in theatrical history; bidding farewell to Victoria, she said, "I'll never . . . forget you." The choreography was by Michael Shawn, and the direction was by Julianne Boyd, who obviously had more confidence in the artistic merits of mugging than I do. As is now customary, the production was miked, which is to say overmiked, which is to say that the stout walls of the Martin Beck trembled with unnecessary, and hideous, sound. —BRENDAN GILL



OFF BROADWAY

A Death in the Streets

AT the start of Charles Fuller's "Zooman and the Sign," the Negro Ensemble Company's second production of the season, at Theatre Four, a black Philadelphia street kid called Zooman strolls in front of the curtain, flourishing a gun in one hand and a knife in the other, and tells the audience that he has just shot and killed a little girl sitting on her own front steps, because he felt like it; the black neighborhood is a war zone, he says, and she shouldn't have been there. He reappears between scenes throughout the evening, and he is terrifying in his insane street-wise cynicism as, his bravado undiminished, he relates his other crimes and the crazy reasons for them. It is one of the many accomplishments of Mr. Fuller—and of the remarkable Giancarlo Esposito in the part—that by the time the play is over the kid has become pathetic: a poor, horrifying, human bastard.

The child he killed was a little girl called Jinny Tate. As the curtain parts, we are in the Tates' living room with Jinny's parents and her brother and her uncle, soon after the crime. The uncle and the brother are all for getting guns and finding and shooting the killer. The parents refuse. There will be no guns, no more killings, they say; the police must handle it. They are certain, though, that several of their neighbors saw the shooting, and when no one comes forward to testify, the father, in a rage, hangs a sign outside the door: "THE KILLERS OF OUR DAUGHTER JINNY ARE FREE ON THE STREET BECAUSE OUR NEIGHBORS WILL NOT IDENTIFY THEM." With that, the trouble starts. The neighbors are frightened and furious; their protests grow serious, then dangerous. The action covers three days of the family's mourning, and ends conclusively (and satisfactorily, though with a kind of philosophical short circuit).

The story is a strong one, yet the play is anything but grim; there is considerable liveliness in the interstices of the tragedy, and even humor, much of it provided by a cousin of the family—a woman who comes in to help them by, among other things, making potato salad; her pronouncements upon death and potato salad are quite amusing. Mr. Fuller's characters are well drawn, and are well realized by the actors, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. As the mother, Mary Alice—a fine actress and a beautiful woman—becomes Hecuba, her face ravaged by sorrow; the performance has depth and validity. Ray Aranha, himself a playwright, is splendid as the father, heartbroken but vigorous, determined to keep that sign up and shame his neighbors. Frances Foster is sympathetic and funny as the helpful cousin, and Alvin Alexis is quiet and extremely effective as the girl's forlorn brother, as is Carl Gordon in the role of her uncle. Rodney J. Lucas is responsible for the good, uncluttered setting of the family's living room, and Shirley Prendergast is responsible for the good lighting. A word must be said for that blessed curtain, which at times becomes a scrim, and which adds a great deal to the dramatic effect.

"HOW I GOT THAT STORY," at the Second Stage through December 21st, is a bitter comedy about our presence in Vietnam, very cleverly written by Amlin Gray, and very well performed by Daniel Stern as an American reporter (an innocent, more or less in the tradition of Candide) and by Bob Gunton as everybody the reporter runs into. The action is a matter of skits, as brief and as sharp as blackouts, and its effect is kaleidoscopic. Mr. Stern's reporter, notebook and pencil at the ready, is all eagerness at the start and all but wiped out at the end. The protean Mr. Gunton, billed as The Historical Event, plays, among other characters that flash by (and in no particular order), an American editor, a self-immolating Buddhist monk, an Army captain, a sergeant, a photographer (who winds up crippled), a fellow demonstrating the benign results of defoliants, a bar girl, a nun in charge of an orphanage, and a sprinkling of villagers and guerrillas—all with seriousness and the utmost skill. The impersonations are excellent. Most of the feeling is Mr. Stern's, and most of the humor Mr. Gunton's. The humor (by Mr. Gray, of course) is invariably witty and to the point, without any dreadful facetiousness or camp; much of it occurs in the first act, the second being far more sober. The good scenery, a matter of screens in constant motion against a wall plastered with posters, is by Patricia Woodbridge; the good direction is by Carole Rothman. Considered on its own terms, "How I Got That Story" is, I'd say, a total success. It made me absolutely miserable. —EDITH OLIVER

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SENTENCES WE HATED TO COME TO THE END OF

[*From an essay entitled "Phenomenology and the Meaning of Realism," by J. N. Findlay*]

The *Logical Investigations* extends this notion of psychologically constituted, but not psychologistically analysable, objectivity to all the entities of reason which occur in logical theory: to the infinitely various senses or meanings, misguidedly called 'concepts', which occur in thought or speech, and which remain phenomenologically *objective* even if set before us by various subjective acts of abstractive ideation—such meanings as those of the phrases or words 'the victor of Jena', 'the Schloss at Berlin', 'culture', 'religion', 'above', 'below', 'white', 'alike' etc., to the ideal Species, e.g. Triangle as Such, Act of Will as Such, given us through abstractive ideation, but as thought-themes wholly objective, to the meanings expressed by formal connectives such as the copula, the signs of negation, disjunction, identity, conditionality etc., which though set before us through various non-independent mental syntheses or modalizations, introduce us to various factual forms which have nothing subjective about them—that either *A* or *B* will happen, that the victor of Jena *was* the defeated at Waterloo etc.—to the meanings conveyed even by incomplete, synsemantic fragments such as the 's' of plurality or of third-person action, which are to Husserl phenomenologically objective—to the meanings lastly which may involve inner contradiction, e.g. wooden iron, but which are none the less objective contents genuinely present to our thought, and wrongly rejected as meanings because we cannot concretely *envisage* anything that might correspond to them or fulfil them.

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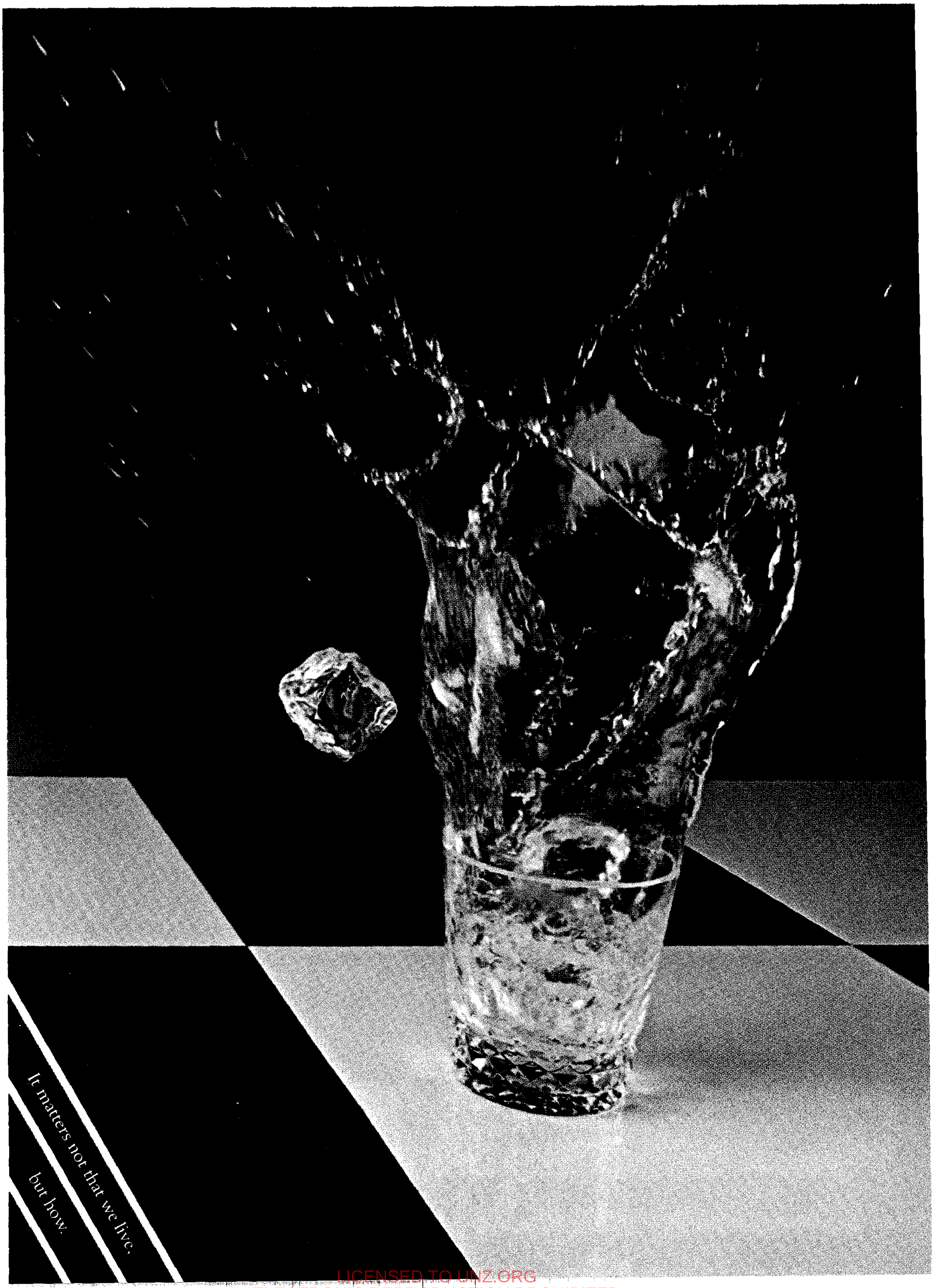
It matters not that we live,
but how.

Give her a food processor. Or give her a present.

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Ask for it by name.
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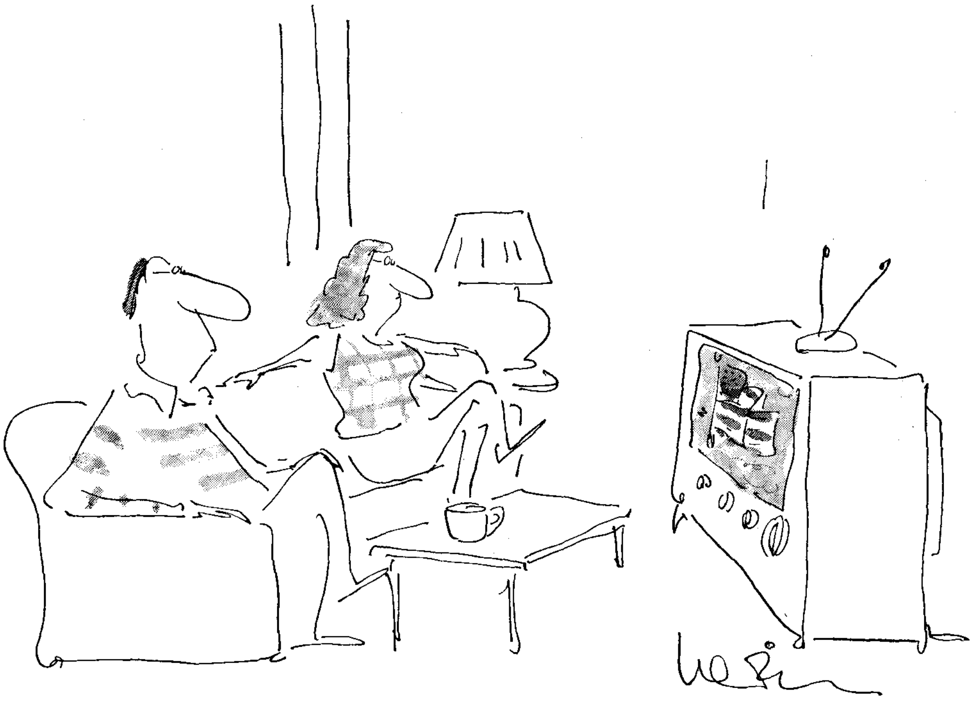
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THE CHRISTMAS TABLE

ONE of the joys of Christmas is that families are not locked into a prescribed menu for Christmas dinner, as they are at Thanksgiving. Changes can be made without a formal proclamation, and any protests from the children can be overruled, because they have probably been eating candy since 6 A.M. anyway. There is nothing (with the exception of vine-ripened fruit) that cannot be obtained in the New York market at a price. It is time that is in such short supply at Christmas. There is a tendency to fret more about buying presents than about improving hearth and home, and although some of us start out with the best of intentions, these are soon undermined by fatigue, lack of resolution, and a desperate trimming of lists. Ideally, we would stay home making penwipers and cooking up marvellous things to eat, there would be no squabbles, and the house would smell of Christmas greens and food throughout the holidays. In fact, things usually don't work out that way. But *courage!*—help is at hand. Wonderful Christmas fare can be assembled with very little effort, often by just reaching for the telephone. The board will be more festive if food brought in from outside has a homemade look, the way a party goes better with the children waiting on table—what the service lacks in polish is more than made up for by the spirit of camaraderie that builds up between guests and staff.

Four all-American items have appeared on the market, to delight jingoists and gourmets alike. Three are fish delicacies to be served with drinks before Christmas dinner, the other an ice that will enable the company to face the plum pudding. Whitefish roe, from the Great Lakes, is rosy gold in color and has a light, fresh taste. Sometimes called golden American caviar (although technically the word "caviar" applies only to the eggs of sturgeon), it is not a lesser caviar; it can stand on its own two feet. It is unsalty, unfishy, and ungluey—each little egg is separate and can be popped with the tip of the tongue. No fixings—chopped egg, onion, sour cream—are needed, except, perhaps, a drop of lemon juice. The roe is $25 a pound at Macy's Cellar and Dean & DeLuca, 121 Prince Street. Fresh American caviar, from Oregon, is also for sale at Macy's Cellar and Dean & DeLuca, among other places, at about $80 for fourteen ounces. It is saltier and fishier than Beluga, has a slightly metallic taste, and needs help. It is more satisfactory on blini or baked potatoes than all by itself on a piece of buttered toast, but with the fixings it is perfectly respectable on toast—particularly when, for most of us, memories of the real stuff have grown dim. The third item is the Belon oyster, from Maine. Belons, beloved by Francophiles, are a different species from American oysters. In this country, some are grown in New Hampshire, but most are grown in Maine—principally by Ian Walker, of the Spinney Creek Oyster Company, in Eliot, Maine. They were brought here from Europe in the mid-forties but did not get off the ocean floor, so to speak, until the mid-seventies, partly because American tastes had not yet expanded to their present catholicity, and also because a couple of problems had to be ironed out. Normally, oysters reproduce only for about three months in the summer; in Maine the period was just a month, but then Mr. Walker found that the water temperature could be controlled by tide gates, so that the oysters could reproduce six months of the year. Predatory starfish were another problem, solved by putting the seedling oysters in mesh trays suspended in the water. Because of their sheltered upbringing, they come out perfectly shaped. Belons have a distinctive flavor, stronger and more pronounced than that of American oysters, and they are not to everyone's taste. Before ordering a dozen, it might be wise to try one first at the Oyster Bar in Grand Central Station. For the fans, they are a dollar each at Rosedale Fish Market, 1129 Lexington Avenue (79th). The pre-plum-pudding treat is a water ice, sold under the name New York Ice, that is made from fresh fruit and fructose, and is halfway between a granita and a sorbet. Shipen Lebzelter, of New York Ice, one of the founding fathers of this product, told us that the difference between a granita and a sorbet is the sugar content. Large amounts of sugar make an airy, fluffy, creamy ice. Less sugar makes a denser ice, with more fruit, because there is less air, and also with more fruit flavor, because sugar kills flavor. Fructose is healthier, and less is needed for sweetening. These pure, fresh-fruit ices are not too sweet, and fulfill the primary objective of a sorbet, which is to cleanse the palate. On Thanksgiving Day, we served the cranberry-orange-Grand Marnier ice to eight adults who were faltering after the main course. Some

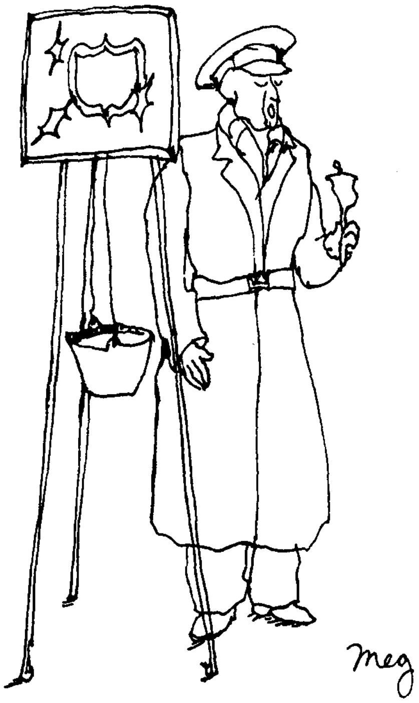


"This ends our regular programming. We now return you to your own lives, which are already in progress."

were able to press with vigor on to the pies, and others felt that the ice was a perfect ending to an overabundant meal. Of the two dozen or so varieties, our favorite is the grapefruit-Campari, but the raspberry, the cantaloupe, the cassis, and the chocolate (the only one not made with fruit) are also excellent. The calorie count is extremely low—from forty-eight to eighty-five calories per four-ounce serving. It's about $4 a pint at Dean & DeLuca, Balducci's, 424 Sixth Avenue (9th), and Pasta & Cheese, 31 East 72nd Street and five other locations.

THE variety of cheeses for sale in this city is daunting, and unless you know exactly what you want you are probably better off going to a small store, such as Dean & DeLuca or Pasta & Cheese, where a discerning buyer has done some of the sorting out for you, and where the clerks will take the time to give character analyses of the different cheeses. We have noticed that the help behind the counter in large cheese departments are often not knowledgeable, and, through either ignorance or greed, tend to bully the customer unless he digs in his heels. (This complaint does not apply to Macy's; Macy's has not got too big for its buttons.) We have also noticed that many customers not only don't seem to mind this treatment, they rather enjoy it, as many people seem to feel that insolent waiters are an indication of their having arrived at some mysterious social level. This year, the cheeses that have generated the most printed matter are the unpasteurized Brie, Vacherin, and goat cheeses. It is illegal in this country to import cheeses made from unpasteurized milk which have been aged for less than sixty days; Brie is usually ready for shipping in twenty to twenty-five days. Stephen Fass, a vice-president of Macy's, who is in charge of the Marketplace in the Cellar, went to work on the problem with the French firm of Martin Collet. They found that by lowering the temperature they could slow the curing process to the required number of days. Macy's carries two raw-milk Bries—Brie de Meaux and Brie de Melun. We prefer the latter; it tastes like the Brie you get in France. The rind is white, with reddish-gold flecks, the texture is smooth, and it has not been pasteurized to an inoffensive blandness; available in limited quantities, because its shelf life is only two weeks, at Dean & DeLuca and Zabar's, 2245 Broadway (80th), as well as Macy's, at prices ranging from $5 to $8 a pound. This isn't to say that smaller shops haven't carried unpasteurized Brie in the past: port inspectors haven't time to go through every shipment of food that comes into this country. By the same token, smaller shops sometimes have imported caviar packed in borax rather than salt, although by law any caviar that comes into this country has to be preserved in salt. (Generally, caviar packed for shipment to Europe, rather than the United States, is preserved in borax.) The risk of being caught is one that a small store may be willing to take but obviously isn't something that a big store, like Macy's, can afford to fool around with.

The next-biggest commotion in cheese circles is being made over Vacherin, which has a longer shelf life than the unpasteurized Brie and is available in many shops this year for around $9 a pound. Vacherin is a soft ripened cheese from Switzerland (or France, depending on which side of the Jura Valley it's made on), and the name derives from *vacher*—"herdsman." There are many varieties, but the one most commonly sold in New York is Vacherin Mont d'Or. Since a certain amount of misinformation has been circulating here about this cheese, we asked the Switzerland Cheese Association to separate fact from fiction. The production of the cheese has nothing to do with whether the cows have been eating grass or hay. Vacherin is produced during the time a cow gives the smallest amount of milk at the highest concentration. This is the period just before a cow is *not* milked anymore—i.e., approximately two months before a calf is born. Traditionally, Vacherin is eaten by cutting a hole in the center and spooning out the cheese, and it is therefore important that the cheese be *à point.* Vacherin is not so much a strong cheese as a complex one. It is wrapped in the bark of the red spruce and packed in boxes made of the shavings of the same tree, and it tastes of wood, farm, hay, and other, indefinable outdoor flavors. A ripe one has a bumpy, slightly moldy crust and is soft to the touch. If in doubt, throw yourself on the mercy of a responsible cheese vender.



The reason for the recent increase in the amount of goat cheese on the market was explained to us by Ben Moskowitz, a cheese importer who supplies Macy's. As of January 1, 1980, all imported cheese went on quota except soft ripened cheese (such as Brie, Vacherin, Camembert) and one-hundred-per-cent goat, sheep, or buffalo cheese. It is in the stores' interest to promote these cheeses, because they can import as much as they want. The attraction for the customer is their tang and their low calorie count. Nearly every region of France has its own goat's-milk cheeses, and they come in many sizes and shapes, from a little patty to a five-pound log. The texture varies from soft and creamy to dry and crumbly, and the clerk can tell you about that, but unless you are allowed to sample you have to rely on your own nose from there on. A goat cheese called St. Saviol Bûcheron, from Poitou, comes in large logs and is medium-strong, with creamy edges and a chalky center. Self Chef, 1224 Lexington Avenue (83rd), and Ideal Cheese, 1205 Second Avenue (64th), both carry it; $9 a pound. Goat cheese is an acquired taste for many people, and Mr. Moskowitz suggests that those who are unsure about it can ease into the field by trying one made with herbs and garlic, "to break in the palate." Lezay makes one; $7.90 a pound at Macy's.

An Italian cheese that we liked very much is Fontina Val d'Aosta, a semisoft cheese that is mild without being dull. It's the only cheese entitled to use the name Fontina, and the seal of authorization stamped on the surface matters, because other cheeses called Fontina are noticeably not in the same class; between $5 and $7 a pound at Dean & DeLuca, Pasta & Cheese, and

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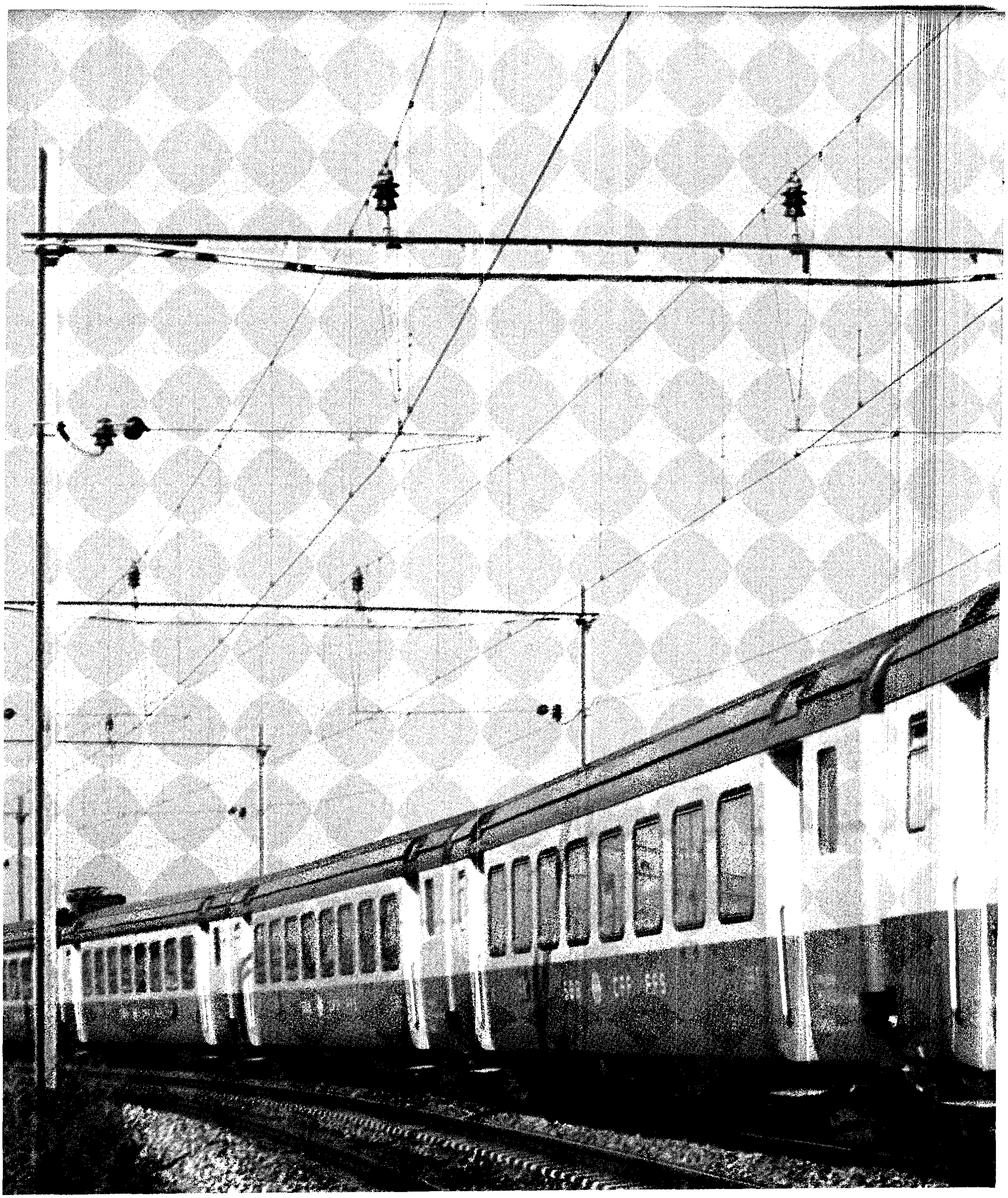

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Macy's. D. & D. also has an outstanding Italian cheese called Tortalpina. It is a robust semi-soft cheese of character; $6.70 a pound. ("Robust" seems to be the word used for a cheese reminiscent of the farm. Mr. Moskowitz told us that in conclave—but not in public—cheese tasters use the word "barnyard.") All cheese buyers are agreed that what the great majority of the American public cares most about is the look of a cheese. People like it to look white and clean. They care more about the look than whether or not it has a strong taste—a statement borne out by Edward Edelman, of Ideal Cheese, who does not carry the unpasteurized Brie but has the old Joan of Arc pasteurized Brie in all stages of ripeness, for those who like their Brie squeaky clean. If a customer wants a Brie that will be in a state of perfection on December 25th, or on January 20, 1981, Mr. Edelman can oblige. We sampled the Brie for the day of our visit, and it *was* perfect; $12.75 a kilo, in a round box and fail-safe. Ideal Cheese also has a good dessert cheese called Zola Gorgonzola, which is a mixture of Gorgonzola Dolce and Mascarpone, a fresh Italian triple crème. The whole is greater than the sum of its parts; each improves the other.

Happily, along with, or perhaps as a result of, the cheese mania, there is an abundance of good bread and butter to eat with it. There may be such a thing as too much cheese, but there is never too much good bread and butter. Every specialty food shop has excellent French bread, whether it is made on the premises in a brick oven (E.A.T., 1064 Madison Avenue, at 80th Street), or off the premises in a brick oven (Self Chef), or in Macy's new Swedish oven with a Canadian motor and American wiring. Our favorite is Policastro's, sold at Self Chef. It has a dense crust, and the inside is coarse and "pulls." The sweet butter, whether it is from Normandy by way of Macy's or Zabar's ($4.50 a pound), or from upstate New York by way of Pasta & Cheese ($3), or from Pennsylvania by way of E.A.T. ($4), or from Minnesota by way of Self Chef ($3.60), is extraordinarily good. We would like to be able to say that blindfolded we were able to distinguish one from another, but in fact we could not. Two members of our household gave a slight edge to the Normandy butter. All these butters are insidious, because once you've used any of them the memory will linger when it comes

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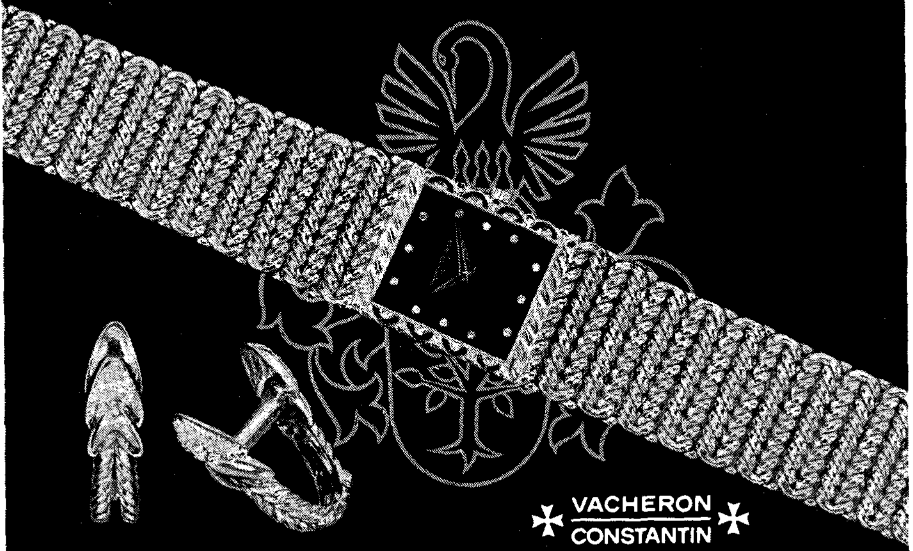

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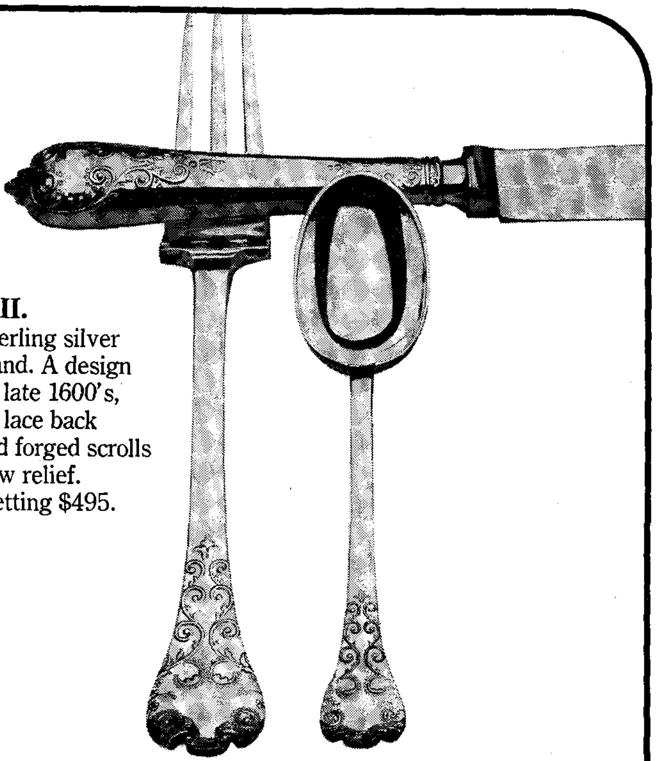

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time to go back to Land O Lakes (about $2.40 a pound at most grocery stores).

TO ease the household's progress through the Christmas holidays, there are a number of glorified takeout places worth investigating. What we are talking about is not the local deli but substitutes for dinner in a medium-priced restaurant. One is Self Chef, which is owned and run by a Frenchman, Philippe Berard. His shop is small and natty. M. Berard is a serious cook, who cares about food and takes great pains: He sells a quiche filling separately from the crust, having blind-baked the crust first. When he makes mayonnaise to order, he asks that you tell him what it is to be used for, because his choice of oil, vinegar, and seasoning will depend on the accompanying food. There is always a soup, properly made. The lentil soup we tried was as good as we've ever had—smooth, velvety without being overblendered, and detectably made with ham hocks. It's only $3.50, instead of your birthright, for two portions. The potage Crécy was delicate and not too carroty; $3. Self Chef has cheeses, hams, pâtés, salads, and hors d'oeuvres, as well as more substantial dishes, all made with good ingredients. "*Je ne triche jamais!*" M. Berard says. The veal birds were tender and moist, with a good sauce and masses of mushrooms. He is particularly pleased, and quite rightly, with a package deal he calls Pasta Presto, designed for the hostess who has preceded her guests in the door by five minutes. It consists of fresh, uncooked fettuccine, duxelles in cream, thin-sliced shavings of smoked chicken, and the finest Parmesan cheese (grated)—all in precise proportions. It takes as long to assemble as the time it takes to cook the pasta; $5.75 a serving. One of the best buys in town is his *plat de crudités:* a pound of assorted hors d'oeuvres for $5. There are at least twelve hors d'oeuvres to choose from, and, unlike many such assortments, the hors d'oeuvres don't all taste the same. The *plat* is accompanied by bread sticks and a couple of slices of *saucisson,* and would do two people for lunch. Among the desserts, the cheesecake is exceptional. It is simple and light, made of cottage cheese and a natural cream cheese obtainable only in California. It cleans up nicely (a phrase we learned from Mr. Moskowitz—it means no cloying aftertaste) and does not sit heavily on the solar plexus;

$6 a pound, which would serve from four to six people. There are no printed menus, because things change here every day. M. Berard is accommodating and open to suggestions.

Quite different fare is produced by a Lebanese mother-daughter team who run Le Baklava, a pristine little store at 325 East 48th Street. They double in brass as both management and help, turning out an assortment of Lebanese and other Middle Eastern specialties that are not only exquisite to taste but exquisite to look upon. The savory pastries—triangles of spinach, cheese, or lamb in phyllo pastry—are light and would be ideal served with drinks or as a first course, or even as a light lunch. They are always on hand in the freezer, and the spinach ones are ready to eat immediately; from sixty to seventy-five cents each. The hummus, the rice pilaf with vermicelli and pine nuts, the tabbouleh, and the baba ghanouj are marvellous. Everything made at Le Baklava is fresh, and so subtly seasoned that one has difficulty analyzing exactly what has gone into it. The desserts—baklavas and cakes—are made with honey, nuts, ricotta, string pastry (looks like shredded wheat), and rosewater in various combinations, and are delicious and exotic, but not *too* exotic; from seventy to ninety-nine cents a portion. To accompany the very sweet desserts, such as the semolina cake, the women make a cream called *ushta*, which is better than frosting. It takes seven hours to make, and one begins by boiling down raw goat's milk for three hours, stirring gently all the while. (Mother usually gets this job, because Daughter also works at the U.N.) The result is a slightly sweet, sugarless cream that does not melt when it's put on hot things. Understandably, this is made only to order; $10 a pound, and worth every penny. The food that doesn't freeze must be ordered ahead, and before ordering for the first time it's best to visit the shop and point and ask questions. (The store does not deliver.) This food would be good at any time of year, but it is particularly welcome as an antidote to traditional holiday fare. It's delicate, ungreasy, and healthy as well as pleasing.

Ruslan, 1067 Madison Avenue (80th), opened about a minute ago, and specializes in "aristocratic Russian cuisine." It specializes in aristocratic Russians, too. The owner, Tania Hutchason, is a Russian émigré who set up the business not only to make money but also to provide employment

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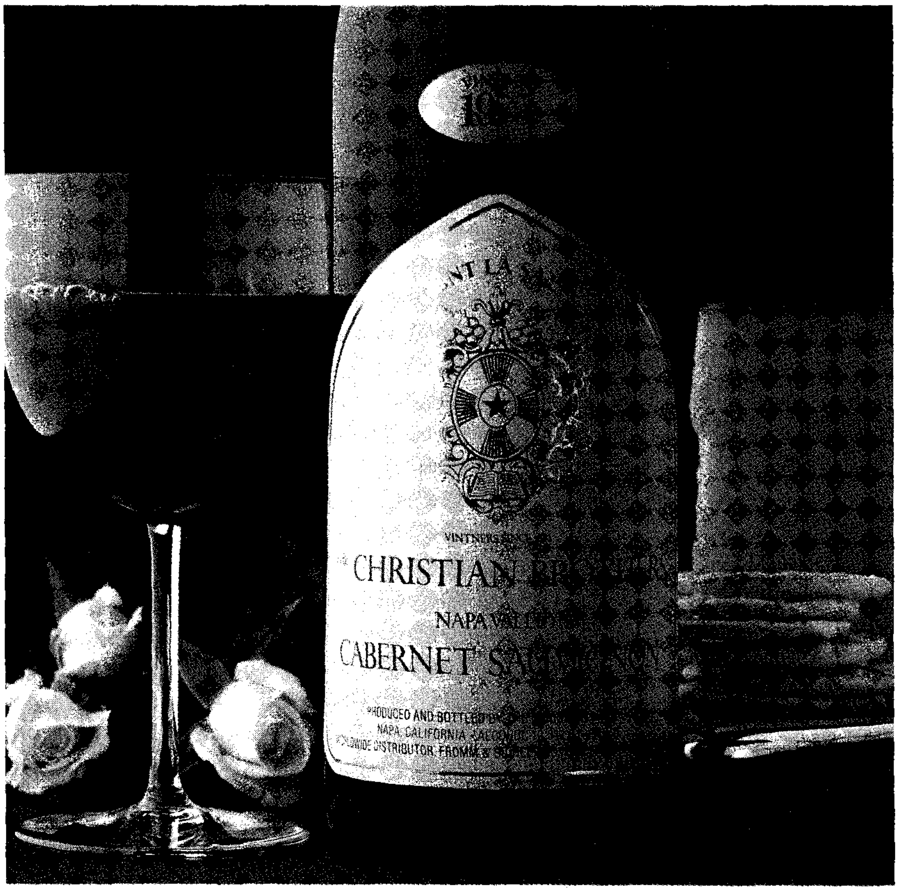

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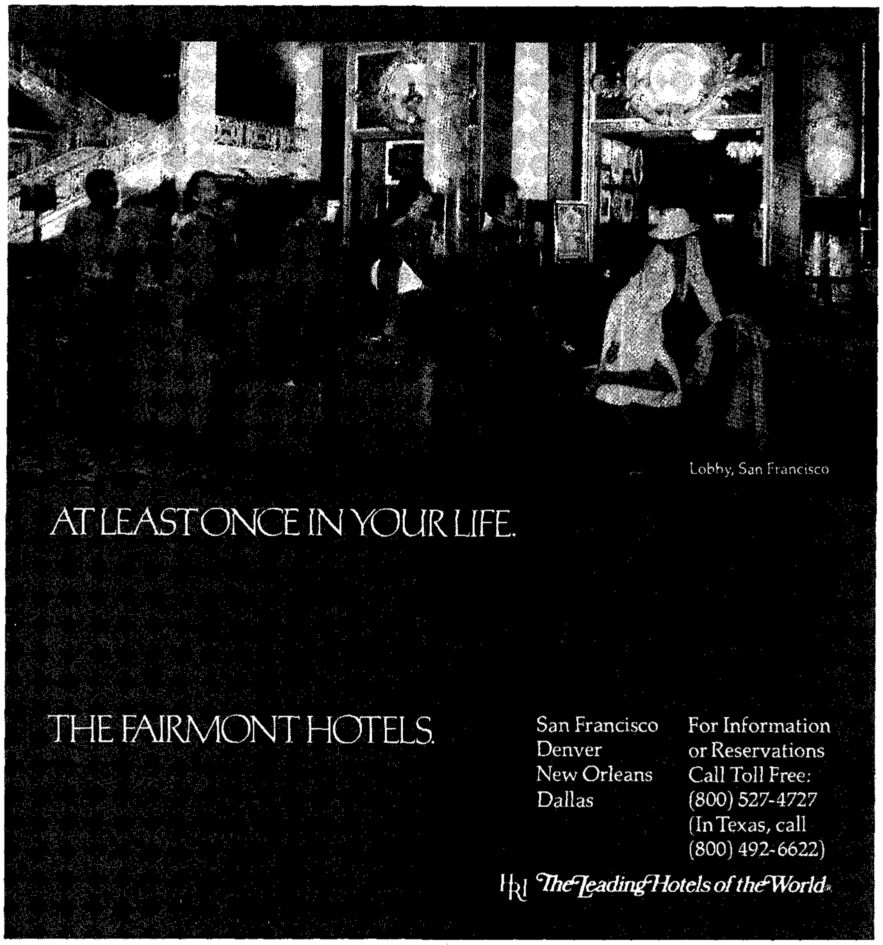
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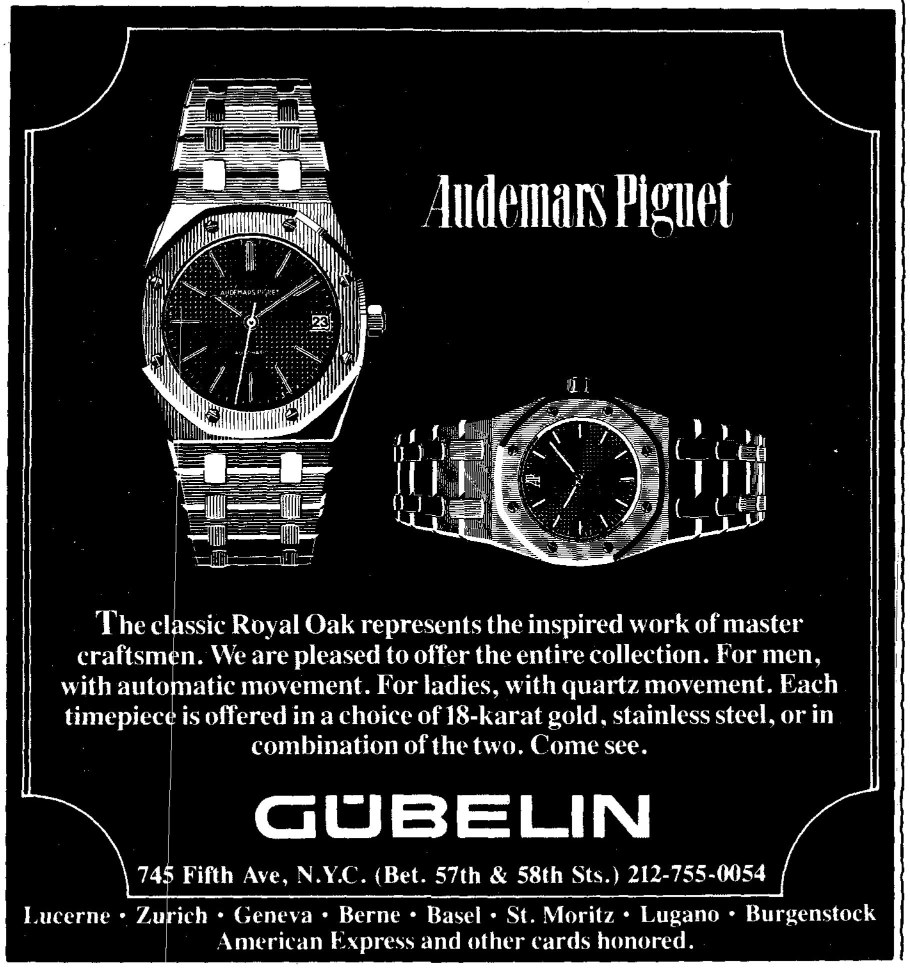
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for other Russian émigrés, twenty of whom work for her. Ruslan has salads—including pasta, broccoli, and ratatouille, which seem to be de rigueur in this city—along with the usual complement of smoked fish, pâtés, cheeses, and breads. The seafood crêpes are light, with visible pieces of perfectly cooked shrimp and scallops (four for $12), but it is the Russian specialties, such as the pelmeni, that are most enticing. Pelmeni, direct descendants of Chinese dim sum, are thought to have been brought to Siberia by Genghis Khan, and to Italy by Marco Polo, where they became tortellini. In Siberia, hunters take bags of frozen pelmeni on their trips. Ruslan's are frozen, and all that is required is to throw them into boiling water for a few minutes. Served with clarified butter and soy sauce (Mrs. Hutchason has also lived in China), or with sour cream and soy sauce, they are haunting and, for some Russian culinary reason, quite different from tortellini; $2.85 a dozen. The piroshki —the word is a diminutive of *pirog*, or "pie"—come in two shapes, made of two different doughs, and there is a choice of stuffings; fifty to ninety-five cents each, depending on the size. Ruslan also has kulibiaka, the best-known *pirog* outside Russia (here in the city it's becoming the beef Wellington of the eighties), which is made of several kinds of fish and a great many other things, including either veziga (the dried marrow from the spine of a sturgeon) or Chinese transparent vermicelli; $9.50 a pound. The chocolate mousse is particularly good ($1.60 a portion), and the lace cookies are possibly the best cookies in New York; $9 a pound. You get an awful lot of lace cookies in a pound. The frozen foods are accompanied by written instructions for heating them up at home, and Ruslan will deliver orders over $25 free of charge. It is not only wise but entertaining to pay a preliminary visit to this shop. In the back, there are small tables and a large espresso machine, and one can sit down and order a cup of regular or exotic coffee, sample the wares, and eye the other customers—émigrés, mostly, some of whom are clearly prepared to spend the day. One is surrounded by characters from a Russian novel—all ages, rich and poor, men with and without beards, women with creamy-white complexions, all with impeccable manners. The men bow a great deal. Ruslan hasn't had time to settle down, and perhaps it never should. There is a sort of charming disorder about it at the moment.

E.A.T. is owned by Eli Zabar, brother of the West Side Zabars. A recommendation of this shop must be prefaced with a caveat: The quality of the food here is very high, and so are the prices. They make your head spin, and when you go in you have to decide what is worth it to you and what isn't. A few weeks ago, a well-heeled customer came into the store, ordered up a storm, and then flew into a rage upon being presented with the bill. There are a number of extraordinarily good things here—some unique to this store—made of the finest ingredients. The cheeses are in peak condition. Mr. Zabar has the largest supply of goat cheeses in the city, at $8 a pound and up, and deals directly with the makers and the agers. The chicken, the crabmeat, the hams, the salami are tip-top. The ratatouille is made the hard way—each vegetable cooked separately, so that it retains its character; $12 a pound. The special vinaigrette sauce has the texture of a light mayonnaise without the eggs, and will not separate; $5 for a half pint, and great. The breads are delicious, with a homemade look to them; many of them are. The rugalach, shaped like small croissants, are filled with nuts and honey, and cost $1.25 each. The cheddar muffins are very large, crunchy on the outside, and soft in the middle. One of these with a salad would make a good lunch; $1.50. The cookies are outsize. The gingerbread men are waving hello, and look as though they had been decorated by children—the raisins are a bit haphazard—or just the way they should look; $2 or $4, depending on size. The sablés, three inches in diameter, are $1.25 each, and a brownie, almost as large, is $2.50. The brownies have a flaky crust, rich, fudgy centers, and no nuts, and are thought by many to be the finest brownies in New York. (We would like an extra pinch of salt in all the cookies.) The flourless chocolate cake and the sugarless apple tart are two of the best desserts we've eaten. The cake is made with a lot of good chocolate, butter, and fine-ground almonds, and has a thin, smooth chocolate icing. It is so rich that a small one ($12.50) will do for twelve people. The apple tart ($5) consists of glazed slices of apple on a very, very thin layer of pastry and serves four. A Frenchwoman who was given a piece of this tart for dessert remonstrated, "*Mais*

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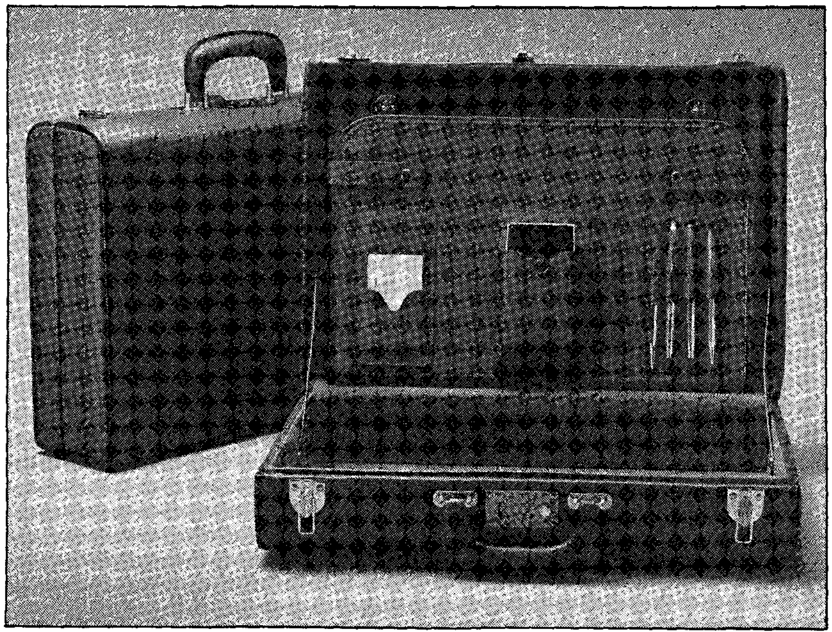

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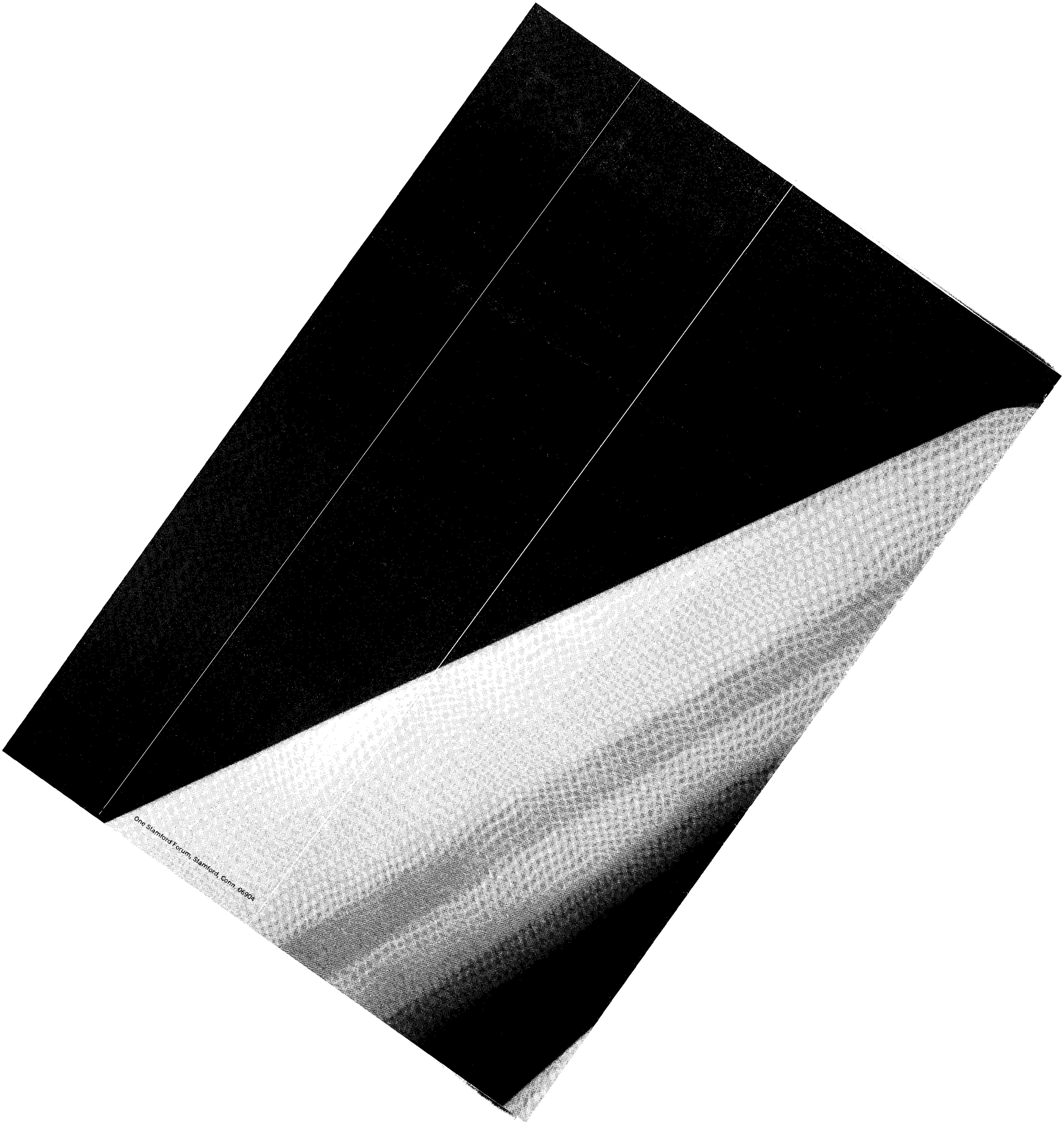

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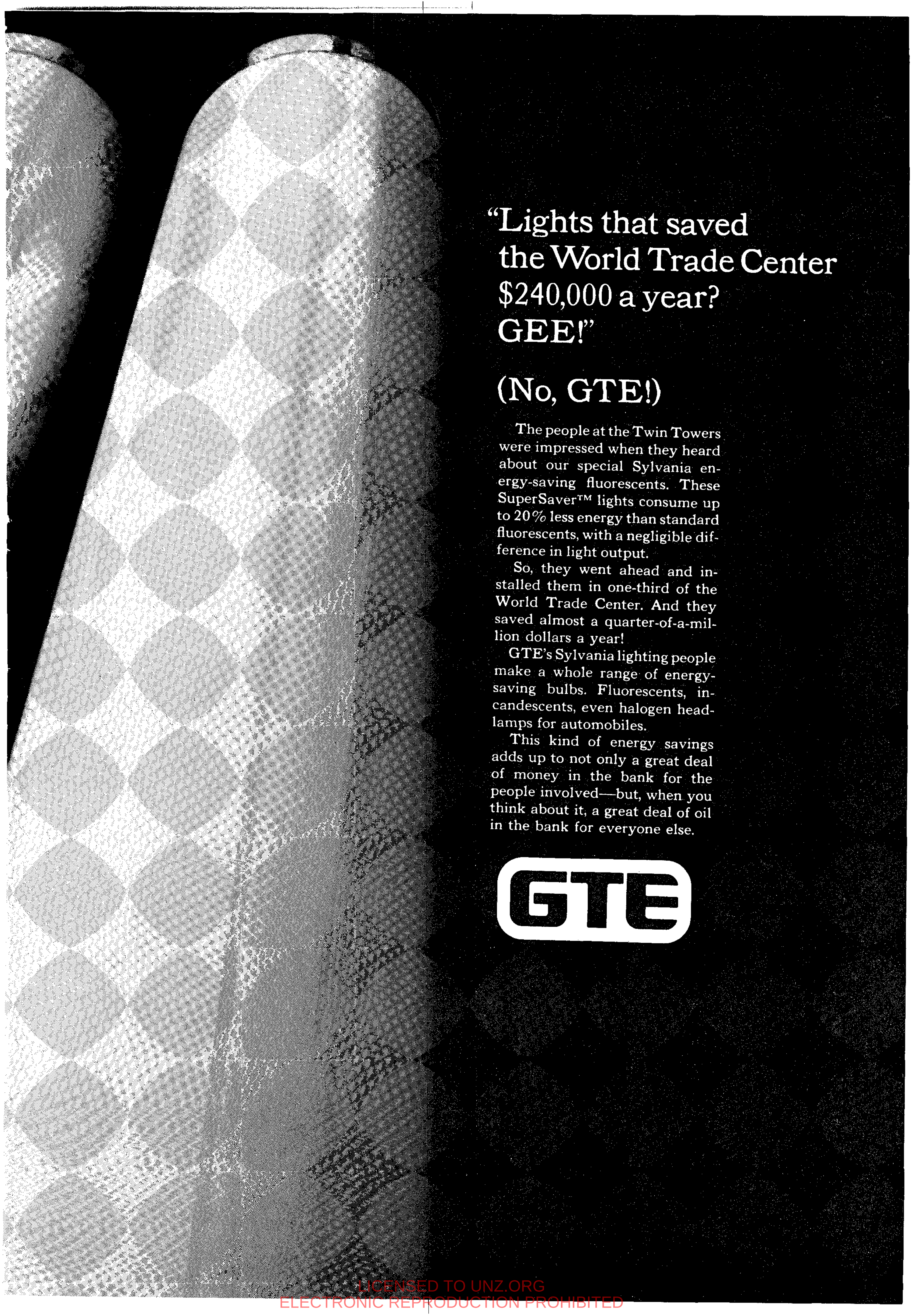

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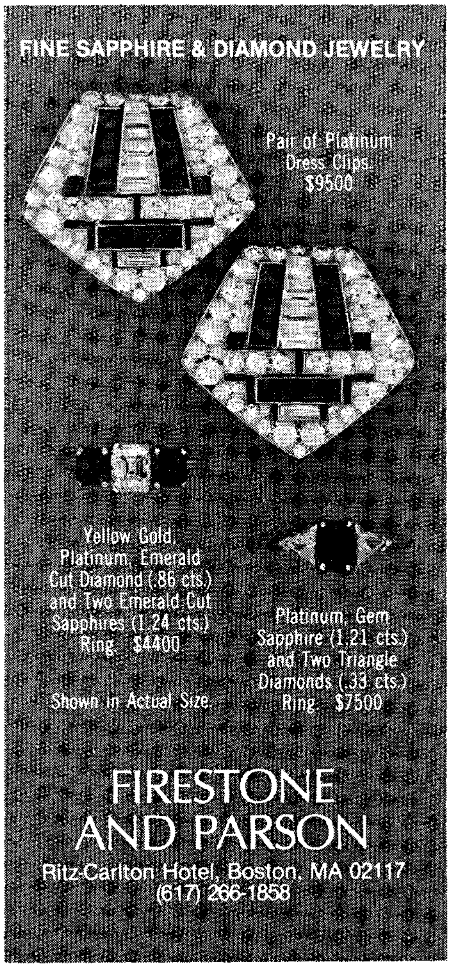
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ce n'est pas rien!" True, but it is lovely.

Rita Merkert can be reached by phone: (212) 355-3360. She does not run a takeout place, but, given a few days' notice, she will deliver a minimum of ten dozen assorted hot canapés. There is a choice of curried beef puffs, spinach balls, phyllo Rumanian cheese tarts, Hawaiian meatballs made of beef flavored with soya and ginger, and small crab-filled crêpes; $6.50 a dozen, except for the crêpes, which are made with lump crabmeat and cost $8.50. If it is possible for hot hors d'oeuvres to be both very good and very healthy, these are. There is a delivery charge.

GOOD soups are hard to come by in this city. Most places either cut corners on the stock or wield too heavy a hand with the herbs—especially thyme—when the soup lacks body. Rosedale Fish Market has a pure oyster stew, with plenty of oysters—undercooked, so that when the stew is heated up the oysters are still tender; $8 a quart. Its scallop-and-leek soup is also good—pure, and undefiled by obtrusive herbs; $6.50 a quart.

LIKE books, presents of food are no longer considered a cop-out. A sixteen-ounce jar of roasted whole chestnuts is $5.75 at Dean & DeLuca and Bloomingdale's. Maison Glass, 52 East 58th Street, again has giant California walnuts. There is something about the look of these nuts which raises the spirits. Marvin Goldsmith, the owner of Maison Glass, told us that it has not been a good year for the walnuts, but then allowed that he had contracted for a *ton* and got them; $8.95 for a bag of fifteen or sixteen. If you want some, speed is essential; they sell out quickly. Maison Glass always has superior fresh roasted nuts, because Mr. Goldsmith is meticulous about roasting them fresh every day. A pound of macadamia nuts is $14; a pound of cashews, $8; a two-pound tin of mixed nuts, $22.50. The trouble with mixed nuts is that everyone shamelessly picks out the good ones first.

Dean & DeLuca has a number of delicacies, including some of the best honey we have ever tasted. Giorgio DeLuca thinks it's the best anywhere, and he appreciates good honey. (Up until now, Golden Blossom was *our* idea of perfect honey. Mr. DeLuca visibly paled when we admitted this.) The name is Miellat des Alpes de Haute Provence, and it is made by bees that frequent lavender and black oak; the result is a sensational honey that appeals to both connoisseur and oaf; $7.50 for seventeen ounces. Fine olive oil seems to us a more welcome present than one of the many fad vinegars. (There are almost as many vinegars in the markets as there are mustards.) D. & D. sells an extra-pure virgin olive oil from Tuscany, with the protective seal "Zona Chianti Classico"—an indication that it is the purest. It's called Poggio al Sole, and a thirty-four-ounce bottle is $15. The flavor is mild and beautiful. We also tasted a French olive oil from Manosque, a little town near Aix-en-Provence, which proved to be slightly stronger than the Italian and equally delicious; twenty-three and a half ounces cost $13.85. Our test for olive oil is whether or not one is tempted to eat it by the spoonful, and in both cases we were. Another treat available again this year—and we hope forever—is mirabelles, the tiny dried plums that bear no resemblance to what comes to mind with the phrase "tiny dried plums." They are not dry; they look like giant raisins and taste like plums. They are succulent. A bowl of these placed next to the cheese platter would take care of dessert, and disappear in three minutes; $4.95 a pound. A dozen tiny quail eggs are $4, and, hard-boiled, would make a simple and different hors d'oeuvre. They are quite good enough to be served by themselves. The inside of the shell is a lovely pale-blue wash, and therefore they should not be peeled in advance. D. & D. and Pasta & Cheese sell tinned butter cookies called Offelle di Parona, which are excellent. They would be handy to have in reserve at any time of year as a change from Amaretti; $8.75 a pound.

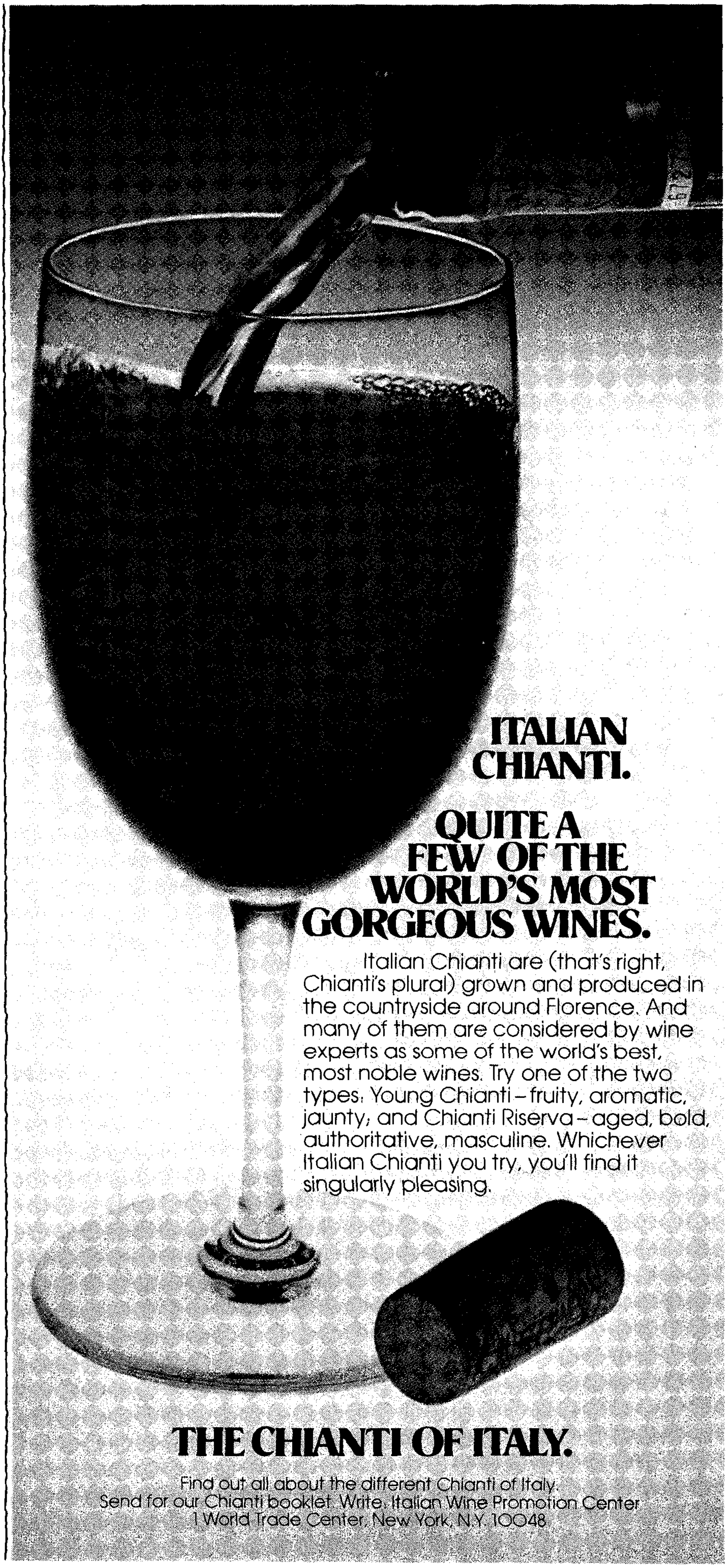
A service called Cookie of the Month Club should be brought to the attention of all grandmothers and doting aunts. It is run by two women out of Sharon, Connecticut, who make six kinds of cookies—a different one each month. They taste like the cookies that mothers make from scratch when they have time. You can subscribe for any number of months, but you have to take what's being made each month. They make chocolate-chip, chocolate chocolate-chip, oatmeal-raisin, lemon butter, peanut-butter, and butterscotch cookies. A pound and a half (about sixty cookies), packed in a bright-red tin box, costs $7.95 for the first month, $7.50 for each additional month, and no, you may not skip the peanut-butter month. A most welcome present for a family, or a child away at school. Telephone (212) 876-3363 or (914) 373-8157, or write to Cookie of the Month, Sharon, Connecticut 06069.

The chocolate-truffle rivalry is intense among confectioners. We're partial to Krön Chocolatier, 506 and 764 Madison Avenue (52nd and 65th). Many chocolate truffles have a hard chocolate coating and are truffle-shaped. Krön's are uncoated squares made of chocolate, butter, rum, and whipped cream and dipped in cocoa, and the result can only be described as sensuous. Three-quarters of a pound (sixteen) is $10, and thirty truffles packed in a wooden crate are $20. A less ruinous confection, Ambrosia, is to be found at Plumbridge, 33 East 61st Street. It is a fancier version of gorp, beloved by hikers—a crunchy mixture of dried fruits, nuts, and seeds, with no sugar added; $7.50 a pound. Plumbridge's candied apricots are just as good as ever, and superior to other candied apricots; $15 a pound. This shop has a huge selection of containers, made of tin, ceramic, straw, cardboard, wood, or fabric, in any number of shapes. A fat antique-reproduction tin Santa Claus filled with a pound and a quarter of Ambrosia is $20.

Instead of a bushel of fresh grapefruit you might consider giving someone a carton of forty-eight six-ounce cans of Royal Ruby Red grapefruit juice. It's a particularly good canned grapefruit juice, and it takes the pressure off the recipient, who doesn't have to drink the stuff before it goes bad; $17.98. Order it from Frank Lewis, North Tower Road, Alamo, Texas 78516.

The Silver Palate, 274 Columbus Avenue (73rd), imports French preserves, pure as can be: no pectin, no additives, no emulsifiers—just fruit, cane sugar, and lemon juice; between $6 and $7 for a twelve-ounce jar, except for the wild strawberry, which is $10. Silver Palate preserves can also be bought at Saks and Macy's Cellar.

THERE are some special presents to be had that are primarily for the cook to give herself but will ultimately benefit those who eat at her table. Self Chef will sell its homemade beef or chicken stock for $4 a quart. Maison Glass has meat, chicken, or fish glaze in jars—the meat (twelve ounces) is $11.95 and the chicken and the fish (seven ounces) are $7.50. (If this seems steep, remember that it takes



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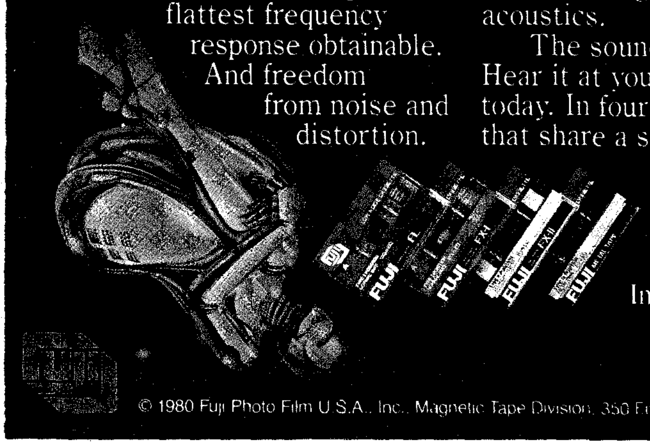

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three and a half quarts of stock to make a cup and a half of glaze.) Maison Glass also carries seven-ounce tins of truffle juice, made from the water in which black truffles are cooked before canning. Apparently, chefs buy it, along with a jar of fake truffles, called Trufflettes, which are made in Virginia of egg yolks, sherry, soybean meal, cornstarch, and lactic acid, and took three years to perfect. They look like rubber truffles but aren't as tasty. However, cut up fine, they provide texture for a sauce Périgueux. The reason for mentioning this deception is that the juice *does* make a fine sauce, which may not épater truffle connoisseurs—a minority group anyhow—but will certainly improve the old turkey by about fifty per cent. One tin costs $21 and will provide enough juice for four cups of sauce, and the Trufflettes are $19.50. Nyborg & Nelson, 937 Second Avenue (50th), has frozen baby shrimp from Iceland or Greenland. Their size and taste are unusual, and, bound with somebody's homemade mayonnaise, they would make a lovely first course; $12 a pound. Dean & DeLuca and Macy's Cellar carry jars of nut jams from France called "spreads." We aren't sure what we would spread them on, but we found that half a jar of the orange-and-almond makes a terrific soufflé; $5.40 for ten and a half ounces.

Bulletin: Balducci's sometimes has hydroponic tomatoes—the one bit of bright news in the vine-ripened-fruit field. They have thin skins, and look and taste like real tomatoes. Hydroponic tomatoes are grown in a fertilizer solution instead of in soil, and really are ripened on the vine. We've been told on good authority that there will be more of these tomatoes in the markets, because the Northeast will eventually have to grow its own food (transportation costs) and this is a way of extending the season.

And, finally, to the sound of tumbrels massing in the square, we will report on foie gras, real truffles, and caviar. Dean & DeLuca and William Poll, 1051 Lexington Avenue (75th), carry imported fresh foie gras from Strasbourg during the Christmas season; $7.50 an ounce. E.A.T. has fresh foie gras from Landes flown in every Thursday; $12 an ounce. Fresh foie gras is good for about ten days—two weeks if it's treated with special care. This is not something to rush out and buy as a present for someone other than oneself, because many people are impressed by the idea of it but do not really like it. It takes a little getting used to, and most of us haven't had the chance to get used to it. E.A.T., Dean & DeLuca, Macy's Cellar, and other establishments expect shipments of black truffles by December 17th, at around $30 an ounce. (Although the white-truffle season is over, E.A.T. still has some; $40 an ounce.) At least an ounce is needed for a dish serving eight people. Too little truffle is not better than none; it's a complete waste.

Bloomingdale's has acquired the Petrossian boutique in New York. Petrossian is a fish store in Paris, which was started by two young Russian émigrés who fled the Revolution and, upon finding themselves without means of support, opened a caviar store. *Le tout Paris* buys its caviar and salmon there. At Bloomingdale's, the Extra Royal smoked salmon sells at the extra-royal price of $40 a pound. "Extra Royal" means that it comes from a large salmon; the smaller salmon is merely "Royal," and sells for $29 a pound. This is Norwegian, line-caught salmon—that is, not from a hatchery (therefore it has had a more varied diet) and not caught in a net (where it might have been bruised). It is pink and rich but not oily, with a wonderful plump consistency. Petrossian has dynamite caviar. For one thing, it doesn't taste salty. The Beluga is $342 a pound (not fourteen ounces). The Ossetra (sometimes called golden caviar) is $251 a pound, and many of the cognoscenti prefer it to the Beluga; it has more flavor, and a nice aftertaste. The Sevruga is from a smaller sturgeon, and so the eggs are smaller. It is also saltier than either of the others; $166 a pound. The pressed caviar is a mixture of the mature eggs of Beluga, Ossetra, and Sevruga, and sells for $158 a pound. All the caviars can be bought by the large mouthful, in one-and-a-sixteenth-ounce jars, for the stocking-present trade; $23 for the Beluga, $10 for the pressed. A twelve-year-old asked us how much a pound of the most expensive caviar cost. We told him, and it stopped him in his tracks. After several seconds, he said, "Boy, do you know how many slices of baloney you could get for that?" Three thousand four hundred and twenty, at our butcher. Merry Christmas!

•

Shakespeare didn't have public television in mind when he warned about the ideas of March.—*Television/Radio Age.*

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THE ART WORLD

Boom

OBLIVIOUS of recession or recovery, the art market goes right on booming. The Whitney Museum recently paid a million dollars for Jasper Johns' 1958 painting "Three Flags"—the highest price to date for a work by a living artist. The sale buoyed the spirits of dealers and chilled the hopes of museum curators, who can count on having to pay more dearly for important contemporary works as a result. New collectors enter the market every day. The Pace Gallery's president, Arnold Glimcher, who engineered the "Three Flags" sale, said the other day that he used to know three-quarters of his customers personally but now the proportion is reversed—three-quarters of the current buyers are people he has never seen before. Collectors compete for the work of certain "hot" artists the way they did in the late sixties, and exhibitions by these artists are often sold out before they open. Some of this activity no doubt reflects the belief that contemporary art is a sound investment in an inflationary period—a questionable belief, considering the uncertainty and spottiness in contemporary auction sales. (Two important pictures by Johns failed to meet their reserve price at Sotheby Parke Bernet last May.) The majority of the new customers are serious collectors, though—people who have informed themselves thoroughly about modern art and seem to know just what they want. The conjunction of this new audience and the latest crop of artists lends a febrile glow to the current scene—a nervous excitement that is good for business, if not necessarily for art.

The latest crop does not represent a new movement, or even a group of more or less kindred spirits. Several of the most widely discussed young artists fall into the category of New Image painting—a broad spectrum unified by the tendency to use recognizable but crudely rendered subject matter, often personal or autobiographical in origin. Others are closer to the Pattern and Decoration impulse, and some appear untouched by any current trends. At least half of them are women, and so are their dealers: Susan Rothenberg and Lois Lane show at the Willard Gallery, whose young director, Miani Johnson, is the daughter of Marian Willard; Lynda Benglis, Jennifer Bartlett, and Elizabeth Murray are with Paula Cooper; Judy Pfaff is with Holly Solomon, the doyenne of Pattern and Decoration. Together with Jonathan Borofsky, Joel Shapiro, Donald Sultan, Steve Keister, David Salle, Bryan Hunt, Julian Schnabel, and a few others, these under-forty talents have all achieved the novel distinction of the waiting list—a roster of buyers eager to snap up whatever they can get by that artist. A waiting list for an artist on the threshold of a career is something new, and it puts a lot of pressure on the traditional need to take risks, make mistakes, and explore fresh territory.

The demand for Jonathan Borofsky's work, which was on view in October and November at the Paula Cooper Gallery, has been described by Paula Cooper as "hysterical." One frantic buyer telephoned from Europe before the opening to reserve a piece—any piece. A good deal of the show was not for sale, because Borofsky, who likes his exhibitions to have the atmosphere of his studio, had drawn and painted a lot of it directly on the gallery walls. Black painted silhouettes of larger-than-life running figures spilled across one wall, and became three-dimensional in the form of a twelve-foot-tall, motorized wooden cutout of a man raising and lowering a hammer. Faces and other images from the artist's vivid dreams covered the other walls, along with written dream excerpts (some in mirror writing). Large, erratically shaped canvases dangled or hung aslant from the ceiling, and one perched on top of a ten-foot metal pipe. Viewers were invited to play Ping-Pong on a regulation-size table painted black and white, near which stood a four-foot stack of paper, the result of Borofsky's decision, some years ago, to count from zero toward infinity. (His written count had reached 2,687,585.) A great diversity of objects and images hung or stood or lay about the room, including several hundred copies of an anonymous handwritten anti-littering statement that the artist had picked up on the boardwalk in Venice, California. Just before the opening, the artist's mother began picking *these* up, until someone told her that Borofsky wanted them underfoot.

Borofsky, who will be thirty-eight this month, dealt with the pressures of the marketplace until quite recently by refusing to have a gallery. His first one-man show was in 1975, at Paula Cooper's. He had been in several group shows before that, and his work had its admirers, but he thought it too personal and too unresolved to present in depth. He supported himself by teaching at the School of Visual Arts, in Manhattan. From 1967 to 1971, he did not paint at all; he spent a lot of time in those years writing down his thoughts and ideas, before that sort of thing came to be known as Conceptual Art. In 1969, he started his written count to infinity, and one day in 1972 the counting led to scribbling, and the scribbling, in turn, led him back to painting—a particularly free and personal kind of painting, with images from dreams, childhood memories, and casual doodles. In the lower right-hand corner of each painting he wrote the number he had reached at that point in his continuing count, which seemed to him a fine way of merging the conceptual-mental-rational side of life with the physical-sensual-emotional side. At the moment, there is such an intense demand for his work and so many invitations to show it, here and in Europe, that Borofsky is thinking about making some changes in his life. He may even quit teaching. He can always go back to it, he reasons, if and when people lose interest in his physical-emotional side.

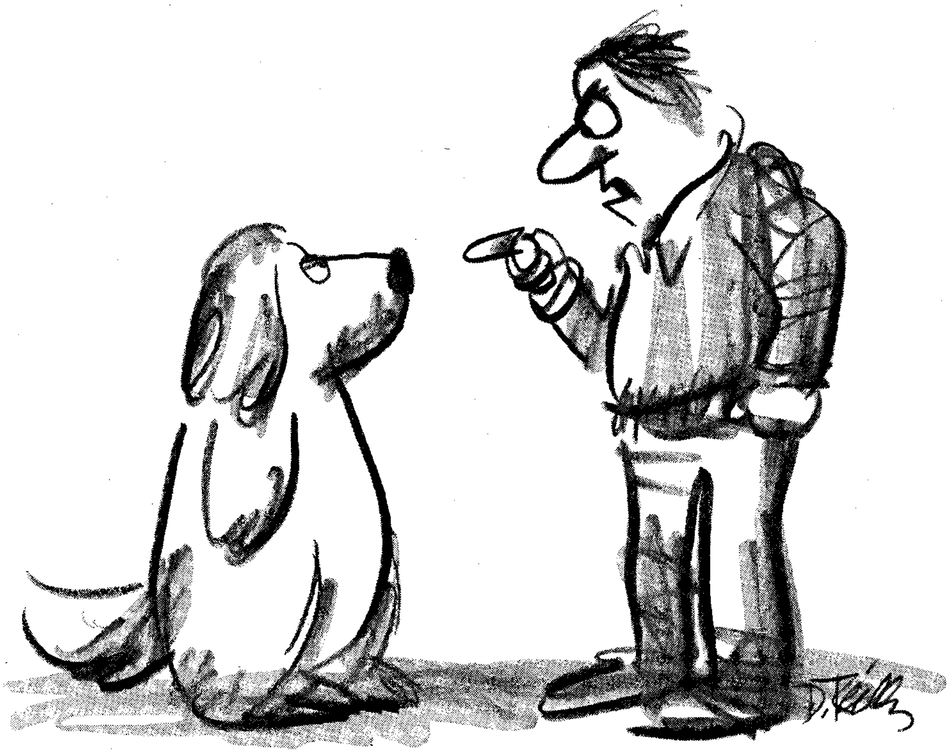
Compared to Borofsky, Bryan Hunt is a sculptor of Olympian calm. The work on which he made his reputation deals with two specific images—airships and waterfalls—but these images are mainly starting points for sculptures that have been refined in the last few years to the point of near-abstraction. Like all the artists of his generation (Hunt was born in 1947, in Terre Haute, Indiana), he was a student at the apogee of Minimal and Conceptual Art. His own transition from Minimalist abstraction to specific images came in 1974, when he happened to run across two books on lighter-than-air transport. As a child growing up in Florida, where his family moved when he was in the sixth grade, Hunt had been fascinated by the space program. Classes at schools in that area were always let out when a rocket went up from Cape Canaveral. For a time in the late sixties, he actually worked as an engineering draftsman for the Apollo Program, at the Kennedy Space Center. The two books about airships rekindled some of the excitement he had felt then, and soon afterward he built his first sculpture—a realistic replica of the Empire State Building with a dirigible moored to its mast. Eventually, as he worked again and again with that image, he eliminated the building and pared the dirigible down to a sleek, elongated oval, made of balsa wood, silk paper, and metal leafing in patina-like shades of green and silver. At one end, his airships attach directly to the wall, and this makes them appear to be in flight. More recently, Hunt has been making waterfalls, casting in plaster the shape of water falling through space and then recasting it in bronze. The bronzes sell for ten thousand to thirty thousand dollars apiece, and Blum-Helman, Hunt's gallery, has a waiting list of buyers. At a certain level, Hunt's success gives him a sense of being "indestructible," but there are also times when he feels fragile and uneasy. "When that happens," he says, "I know it's time to start drawing."

The transition from unknown to in-great-demand has been a somewhat unnerving experience for Judy Pfaff. Her first solo show in New York, at the Holly Solomon Gallery in September, brought recognition, sales, and commissions, all for the first time. "My pride has been that no one likes my work, no one understands it," she said two weeks after the show closed. "Now all of a sudden I find I'm sort of representing something, and I'm not at all sure I can do that." Pfaff was born in London, in 1946, and moved to the United States when she was ten. She went to several schools in the Midwest and then to the Yale School of Art, from which she graduated in 1973 with a Master of Fine Arts degree. After "about a hundred false starts," including participation in a lot of group shows, things began to improve very rapidly last year. She got a ten-thousand-dollar grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, and she was invited to be in an important group exhibition at the Neuberger Museum, in Purchase, New York. (Has a suburban community ever been more aptly named?) Pfaff's contribution was the show's major surprise—a room-filling "installation" concocted of gaudily colored wood and wire and plastic elements, with sly references to Archipenko and other grandees of modernism. "It was the first work I was really ready to own up to," she said. Holly Solomon had already offered her a solo show, and Pfaff transformed that gallery's front room into an even gaudier and more exuberant environment, called "Deepwater," in which viewers had the sense of walking around on the floor of a tropical lagoon. (Pfaff went to the Yucatán last winter, for her first vacation in years, and she was absolutely delighted by the Caribbean.)

"I've never been an artist full time until now," she told me. "I'd been teaching steadily, and doing odd jobs on the side—I used to tile floors. It's great to be able to buy all the paint I want. I got a studio in Brooklyn, I got a truck, I got out of debt. I even got a shrink." She finds it easier now to understand why famous artists like Jasper Johns and Frank Stella tend to stay out of sight, and she senses that her own attitude toward success is ambivalent. "A lot of the younger artists I see talk very knowingly about building a career. They're really professional that way," she said. "And *very* competitive."

Which brings us to Julian Schnabel. No young artist today receives more attention than Julian Schnabel or appears more confident in dealing with it. Schnabel is twenty-nine. He grew up in Brooklyn and in Brownsville, Texas, where his family moved when he was fifteen, and he got a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree from the University of Houston. (A surprising number of young artists today have both a bachelor's and a master's degree in art.) He had his first solo New York show in February, 1979, at the Mary Boone Gallery, and since then he has commanded the same kind of hysterical interest as Borofsky. Schnabel does large paintings—eight feet by ten, on the average—with highly aggressive, sometimes stentorian subject matter. His second show at Mary Boone's, in November, 1979, featured paintings done on a ground of plaster and broken plates. "The Exile," a recent work that has not yet been shown publicly, contains the following elements, left to right: a bare-chested young man who has dropped in from a painting by Caravaggio ("Boy with a Basket of Fruit"), against a gold background; an immense blue image of a wooden doll; various stick-figure people in various colors; patches of brushy paint; a nomad with a strong resemblance to Ayatollah Khomeini, in bilious lavender; and, scattered across the picture, three pairs of real antlers (moose, elk, deer) jutting out from the surface and touched up with paint.

Schnabel has spent quite a bit of time in Italy. He knows Francesco Clemente, Sandro Chia, Enzo Cucchi, Pier Paolo Calzolari, and some of the other young Italian painters who have been making a stir in Europe and are



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just starting to be seen over here. (Clemente, Chia, and Cucchi showed at Sperone Westwater Fischer this fall, and Mimmo Paladino, who unaccountably neglected to have his surname begin with a "C," was seen at both the Marian Goodman and the Annina Nosei Galleries.) Like the Italians, Schnabel goes in for large-scale, emotionally charged images and for knock-'em-dead juxtapositions. "I feel more of a zeitgeist relationship with Chia and Clemente than I do with the New Image painters here," he told me. "I'm not involved with signaturizing—with laying claim to some particular way of doing things. A lot of my images come from books or films—'The Battle of Algiers,' 'Zero for Conduct,' von Stroheim. They're not necessarily personal. I mean, of course they're personal, because I selected them, but I could just as well have chosen others. I'll do anything and use anything. What I'm really looking for is ways to provoke thought." Recently, he started to do paintings on velvet, a surface heretofore associated with souvenir-shop art. Mary Boone's present gallery space, on the ground floor at 420 West Broadway, is too small to accommodate more than a few of his pictures at once, and its expansion will not be completed in time for Schnabel's next show, in April. For this reason and others too Byzantine to unravel, Schnabel will show from now on at both Mary Boone's and the Leo Castelli Gallery, which is universally recognized as the Olympus of contemporary art, and which happens to be one flight up in the same building. It has been several years since Castelli last took on a new artist, but Schnabel's sudden elevation came as no great surprise to Schnabel. "I've been painting since I was four," he said. "It's the only thing I've ever done. By the time all this happened—well, I always knew it would be like this. I think I can use recognition as poetic license to do what I want."

—CALVIN TOMKINS

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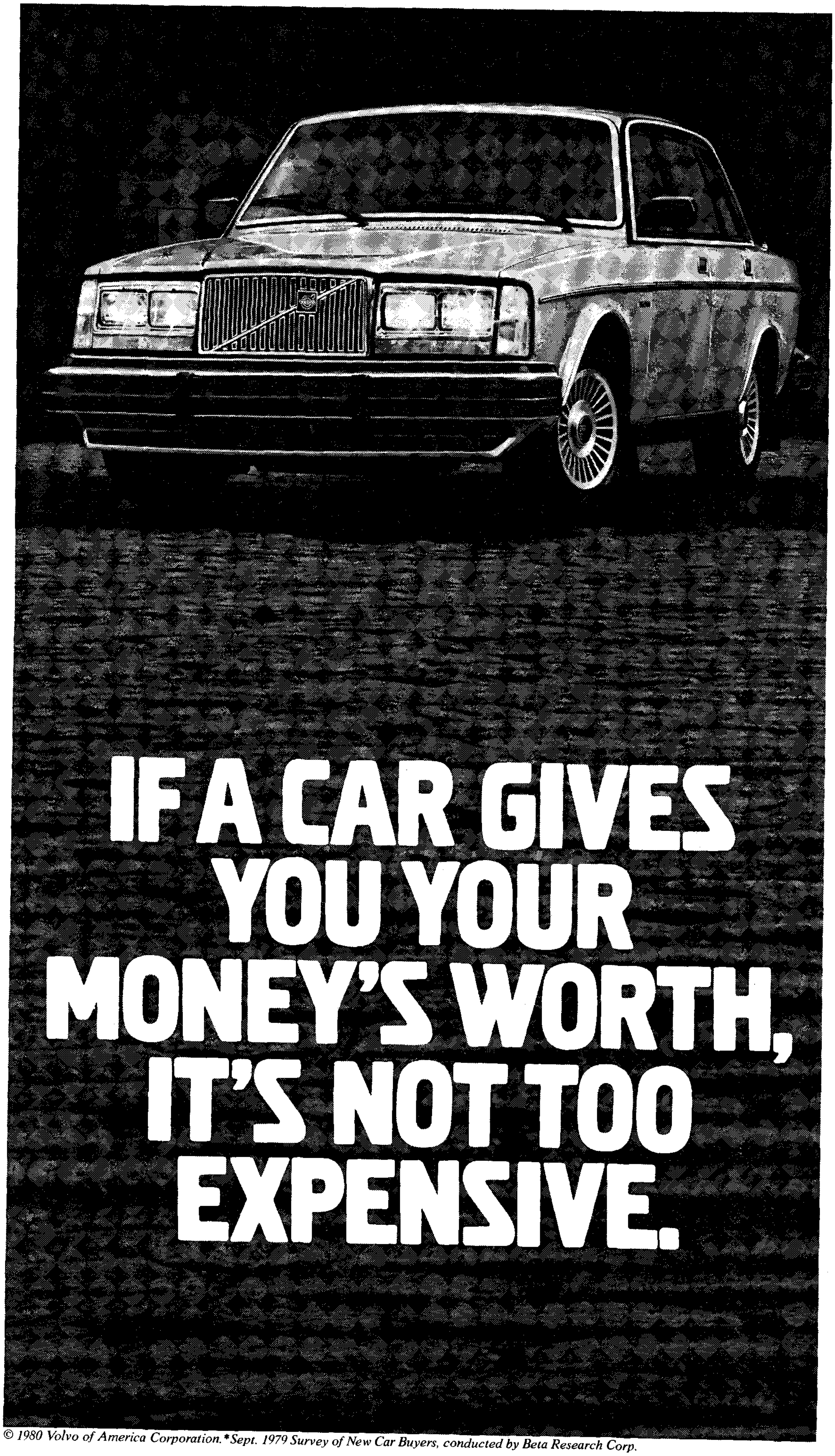
LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT

[*From the Bangor (Maine) Daily News*]

Results of the sex-attractant experiment were disappointing, according to several of the researchers who worked on the project. While the substance released from the plastic flakes (called a pheromone) succeeded in confusing male budworm moths, it apparently had little effect on their ability to find females to mate with.



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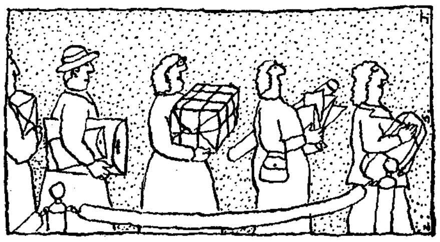
COVENT GARDEN

"A BIT twee, isn't it?" a London architect said when I asked him what he thought of the Market in Covent Garden, a "historic new shopping experience" that opened last summer in the vast Georgian building that had served as London's fruit-and-vegetable market for nearly a hundred and fifty years.

"I don't know—is it?" I asked. My problem was that I have never been absolutely certain what "twee" means. In England, the capacity of literate people for inventing words to torment themselves is nearly limitless, and a foreigner has a hard time keeping up. I'm still trying to absorb "gentrification." I had assumed that some social scientist must have invented the word "gentrification" as he was stripping black paint off the bannister of a reclaimed Islington row house, because he thought that the phenomenon of young professionals such as himself taking over working-class London neighborhoods had been inadequately reduced to a predictable cliché by the paint-stripping journalist across the street who described it as "trendy." I suppose the journalist, with plenty of time to think up new words as he laboriously applied coat after coat of paint remover, must have done the social scientist one better by proclaiming paint-free bannisters "a bit twee." According to the specialists in these matters I normally consult in London, "twee" means precious or self-conscious or "awfully, awfully." As I understand the definition, the Covent Garden market restoration would have been twee in the purest sense of the word if it had produced a precise reproduction of the market as it existed in 1830—with venders who were dressed in period costumes selling, if at all possible, early-nineteenth-century plums. It is true that the Greater London Council, which developed the Market, made such efforts at authenticity as reproducing the building's original light fixtures and such efforts at tastefulness as banning the sale of denim, but among the perils that the G.L.C. was complimented for having avoided was what Laurence Marks referred to in the *Observer* as "the relentless historicism of the sort of Civic Trust approved colour schemes that turn English market towns into stage sets"—and what I now refer to as something that's a bit twee.

I was able to conclude right away that the Market was not properly described as "trendy"—a word I heard applied to it a few times—even though my research on the accurate gauging of trendiness was hampered by the fact that my leading adviser on up-to-date London vocabulary despises the word so much that he refused to discuss it. He had been outraged when someone expressed in print the hope that a new theatre in Greenwich would not be taken over by "Blackheath trendies." My friend, who happens to live in Blackheath, broke his own rule long enough to inform me that if any place in London is chock full of trendies it's Greenwich. It is not, at any rate, the Market at Covent Garden.

In recent years, there has been a certain amount of trendiness in the area surrounding the market. When Londoners began arguing about what should be done with the neighborhood after the fruit-and-vegetable dealers moved to Battersea—an argument that began with the presentation of the G.L.C.'s first Covent Garden Plan in 1968 and was still going strong when the produce dealers actually left in 1974 and sputters on today—the uncertainty about the neighborhood's future made available some relatively inexpensive short-lease space within a few blocks of the West End theatre district and the City and the Strand. It was space that proved attractive to, say, graphics designers doing piecework for the advertising industry, some adventurous shops, and a few rather sophisticated bars and restaurants. Covent Garden always had a sort of raffish quality to it—swells coming out of the opera house mixing with market workers and flower sellers and the clientele of doss houses—and the commercial pioneers of the seventies found that to their liking. The slick restaurants and expensive specialty shops that gradually accumulated were, of course, betting partly on the ability of the G.L.C. to anchor the neighborhood with a successful shopping center in the market building—but the anchor, not surprisingly, turned out to be less dashing than what went before it. It does include shops with the sort of names that conjure up London trendiness—a shoe store called Kickers, dress stores with names like Monsoon or Whistles—but they are shops that were already established in some other parts of London, the G.L.C. having decided not to risk renting to any first-timers. The crowd in the market building—like the crowd in Faneuil Hall, in Boston, the shopping center it is most often compared to—seems weighted toward tourists and small groups of ladies who have come in from the suburbs to have a look. Despite the talk in London of costly sweaters and nearly as costly lunches being sold where Cockneys once peddled tomatoes, it seems to me that the opening of the Market made the neighborhood of Covent Garden less rather than more trendy. With the anchor in place, it was safe for the graphics designers to be followed by entire advertising agencies.

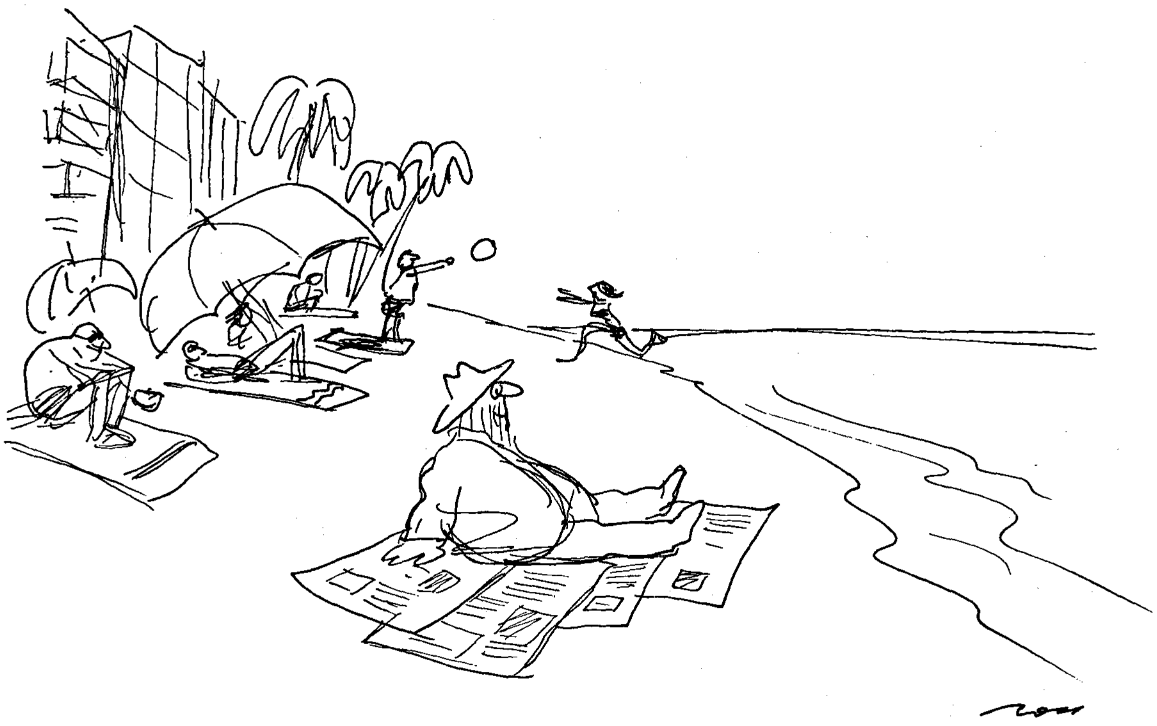


"Is it smart, then?" I asked one of my philological advisers. I knew that a few of the shops in the Market were branches of stores on South Molton Street, which is a West End shopping lane I had occasionally heard described as "too smart by half"—an English phrase that an American who visits South Molton Street these days is likely to translate freely as "ruinously expensive." Geoffrey Holland, who has been the G.L.C.'s chief planner for Covent Garden from the start, seemed to be defining "smart" in another way when he told me that the restoration was being "criticized for not being cheap and nasty."

"Not smart," my adviser said. "Bond Street is smart."

What, then? The tone of the Market is usually described in terms of what it is not—not Carnaby Street souvenir junk, not "tastefulness run riot," not "King's Road kitsch." As I walked through the Market one day, it occurred to me that the G.L.C., in avoiding one peril or another, might have produced a shopping center with no particular tone at all—a collection of tastefully designed shops and restaurants arranged in a way that is familiar to anyone who has ever strolled through an old building that has been turned into a shopping center in Boston or San Francisco or Chicago. Then, about the time I passed a place called the New York Deli, I realized that expertise in up-to-date

London language is not necessary for describing the Market at Covent Garden. It is, in a word, American.



HAVING lived in London for a dark winter in the late fifties, I have some difficulty adjusting to an era in which a Londoner can describe something as American without meaning any insult. At a time when "tourist" meant a ludicrously rich American tourist and the United States was widely resented as the arriviste upstart having its way with worthier cultures, there was a strong resistance to things American. Whenever I hear people list the reasons for British industry's beginning to sag in those years, I am tempted to add the possibility that plant modernization would have been rejected as American—the late fifties being an era in which the phrases "American efficiency" and "American know-how" were used without irony. Over the years, of course, some American institutions crept into England—bluejeans and hamburger joints and supermarkets of a sort—but most of them were deplored as examples of the crude American hucksterism that threatened to corrupt the decent British workingman. These days, things American are fashionable among sophisticates. They wear American designer clothes—Calvin Klein has just opened on South Molton Street—and compare notes on their vacations in Colorado. One of the popular new restaurants in the Covent Garden area is Joe Allen—a replica of the Manhattan bar rendered with the faithfulness that Americans used to devote to reproductions of English castles. Around the corner, English businessmen lunch at L. S. Grunts' Chicago Pizza Company—gazing at Cubs pennants and framed front pages of the Chicago *Daily News* and election posters urging another term for Richard Daley. Anthony Mackintosh, a friend of mine who is co-proprietor of a chic club in Covent Garden called Zanzibar, informed me that when he can arrange delivery he offers his clientele Budweiser. They love it.

I suppose that credit for this turn of events must go partly to those policymakers who managed to soften the dollar and lose a war in Vietnam. Weakness makes the heart grow fonder. Now that America has taken a few lumps, Londoners can safely affect American cowboy hats the way they might affect Greek sailor caps. The reputation of Americans has also been enhanced, in a left-handed sort of way, by the emergence of a new crop or two of bad guys. The picture that pops into an English schoolboy's mind when he hears about "rich tourists with cameras hanging around their necks" may be of Japanese. When I was in England three years ago, a Sunday paper carried a column full of stories about Arabs throwing vast sums of money around the West End—the sort of story in which an Arab customer responds to a department-store clerk's informing him of a no-delivery policy by stepping out in the road and buying the first truck that passes by. I recognized a couple of the stories, all of which had supposedly been witnessed and confirmed, as stories that used to be told about rich American tourists—updated, with a costume change from a flowered sports shirt to a burnous.

I thought about approaching some of the American tourists who were browsing in the Market and telling them that there were positive aspects to their inability to buy anything with their wretched little dollars. They could take comfort in the obvious inappropriateness of anybody at the New York Deli or Joe Allen or a Chicago pizza parlor shouting at them, "Yankee, go home!" They could dwell on the picture of some worldly, jaded British film director waxing eloquent about a bottle of Bud. After a while, I realized that the American tourists had managed to find some pleasure in the prices without my help. For an American, the prices in what the British call an "upmarket" shop are so high that they are almost a tourist attraction in themselves. Having already spent part of their day trading stories about the two-dollar-a-shirt laundry and the hundred-dollar Chinese dinner, Americans walking through one of the shops in the Market can react to a particularly outrageous price the way a beach stroller might react to coming across a particularly unusual shell. It used to be that Americans in English shops were likely to remark on how old things were, or how well kept. These days, an American in the Market who says to a companion, "Come over here—I want to show you something," might then hold up a Teddy bear and say, "Can you imagine! A nothing little stuffed animal—twenty-five dollars!"

ALTHOUGH the question of what should become of the Covent Garden neighborhood provoked one of the most far-reaching planning controversies in London's recent history, nobody ever argued much about the future of the neighborhood's central building—the fruit-and-vegetable market that, along with the opera house and the flower market and a few warehouses, was pretty much what most people had in mind when they thought of Covent Garden. (The hundred acres in the G.L.C.'s planning area include West End theatres, and conventional Central London office buildings just off the Strand, and Moss Bros., and the Freemasons' Hall; with the exception of the area around the market square, it is, in Geoffrey Holland's words, "the back of everything.") In the G.L.C.'s 1968 plan—an ambitious urban-renewal scheme dominated in the public mind by throughways and high rises and large-scale demolition—the fruit-and-vegetable market was to become more or less the sort of shopping center it is today. The 1968 plan, described in the London *Times* recently as being "in tune with the times and consequently dreadful," was eventually rejected under pressure from people who believed it to be destructive of the neighborhood's character and its architecture and its residents—several thousand working-class people whose work had been mostly in a printing industry that departed shortly after the fruit-and-vegetable market did. An elaborate network of citizen participation was established and the G.L.C. developed an entirely different plan, which emphasized the preservation of existing buildings and a mixture of uses—and the fruit-and-vegetable market was still to become more or less the sort of shopping center it is today.

At the Market's opening ceremonies, the Covent Garden Community Association, the G.L.C.'s chief adversary in the neighborhood for a decade, held up a banner that said "Victory for Commercialism—Betrayal of the Community," alluding to the contention that the G.L.C. has concentrated on the Market while falling behind on its housing and rehabilitation commitments in less flashy parts of the neighborhood. The people who most actively resisted the 1968 plan—people who now tend to believe that they may have "saved the neighborhood for the wine bars"—are still critical of the G.L.C.'s performance in carrying out the policies that were finally agreed on, but their response to what has happened to the market building does not go much beyond a token sneer. As far as I can see, the bitterest dispute concerning the central building of Covent Garden was an architectural

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one between devotees of Georgian architecture, who believed that the glass roof that was added in the late nineteenth century should be removed in the restoration, and defenders of Victorian architecture, who were appalled at the suggestion. The Victorians had their way.

There are any number of theories about why the symbolic building of Covent Garden was almost untouched by the controversy that swirled around the neighborhood, but nobody seems to have thought of the possibility that the fate of the market building was accepted as inevitable because of some irrefutable natural law of shopping-center conversion. I used to think that various cities in the world would eventually be given upmarket, tastefully designed urban shopping centers by a band of travelling Americans—retailers adjusting the mix of the vegetable sellers in Addis Ababa, designers exerting some subtle design control over the New Saturday Market in Oaxaca. It now occurs to me that every country might produce its own American-style shopping center without changing its customary way of going about such projects. The British method of developing the Market at Covent Garden—having municipal bureaucrats decide which dress shops the city should rent to—could hardly be further from American free-enterprise development, and yet it has turned out to have pretty much the same result: a specialty shopping center that could be described as Faneuil Hall without anything decent to eat. The French, after their own sort of argument, have replaced Les Halles, the central market of Paris, with a specialty shopping center. Will Latin-American countries begin to stage military coups with the goal of putting together a well-designed mix of dress shops, restaurants, and craft sellers? Will walls in China bloom with signs carrying the demands of workers' committees that the most élitist brands of perfume be banned when Peking's largest reëducation center is converted into a shopping mall? Will the Arabs have holy wars that end with a cleansing of denim from the new, upmarket Souk Plaza? Is it possible that American corrupters are now not only poor but superfluous? —CALVIN TRILLIN

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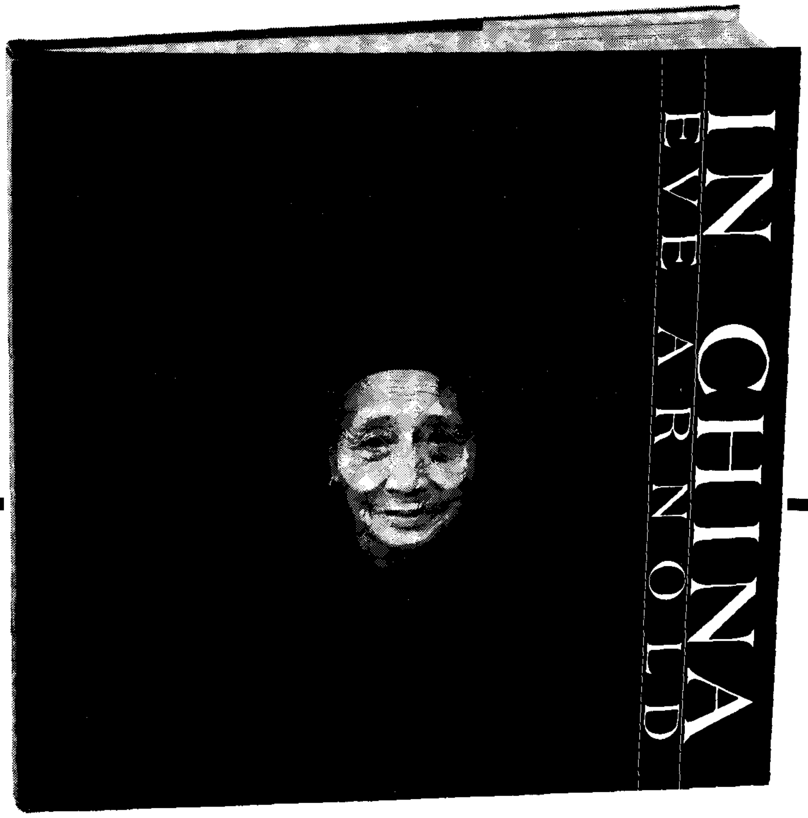
COMMITTEE HEARS
ACOUSTICS EXPERT
—*Iowa City Daily Iowan.*

It figures.



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Landmarks

THE big "landmarks" of contemporary music—the headline-hitting long compositions for large forces—are usually slow to reach New York. Those met with in recent years can be counted on the fingers of one hand: Philip Glass's "Einstein on the Beach," done in 1976; Pierre Boulez's "Pli Selon Pli," in 1978, sixteen years after its completion; Peter Maxwell Davies' Symphony, in 1978, and an exception in that the Philharmonic played it within eight months of its première; and, most recently, Luciano Berio's "Coro," brought to Carnegie Hall this season by the Cleveland Orchestra. Meanwhile, "Coro" has also turned up on record, from Deutsche Grammophon—one of a clutch of contemporary-music releases which also includes Karlheinz Stockhausen's "Sternklang." (That open-air "park" music for five separate groups is something that might well have been mounted in Central Park before now.) "Coro," commissioned by West-German Radio, had its first performance in Donaueschingen, in 1976. It was then sung and played at the Venice Biennale and at the Holland Festival, and in 1977 a revised version had its first performance in London, at the Proms, in the Albert Hall. Since then, it has been heard in Paris, Rome, Jerusalem, and Tel Aviv. In all these performances the Cologne Radio Chorus took part, and it came to America to join the Cleveland Orchestra in introducing "Coro" to Cleveland, Boston, New York, and Washington.

"Coro" continues the line of Berio's "archetypal" compositions: the symphony called "Sinfonia," the opera called "Opera," the recital called "Recital," and the concerto (for two pianos and orchestra) called "Concerto." No more than them is it in forces or form a conventional specimen of its titular genre. The "chorus" consists of forty soloists, each with her or his separate line. Each singer sits or stands beside an instrument of roughly equivalent range, to constitute a symbiotic duo. The instruments, plus two percussion batteries, an electronic organ, and a piano, make up the orchestra. Seating plans prescribed in the score cover three dimensions: platform risers are "essential . . . because all singers and players must be seen by the audience." (On the Carnegie platform, this requirement was not completely met.) "Coro," like the other Berio works mentioned, is among other things a composer's musical answer to such questions as "What has symphony/opera/recital/concerto/chorus meant to people through the ages?" and "What can it mean to listeners today?" In a talk that Berio gave before the London performance, he declared that whereas a composer of the past could confidently set forth his vision of a Utopia where "all men become brothers," a composer of today can honestly do no more than "recapture certain simple aspects of that vision." The full choral cries that punctuate "Coro" are based on two stark lines from poems by Pablo Neruda. One, from his nihilistic years, is "The pale day dawns." The other, written after his conversion to Communism, is "Come and see the blood in the streets." In the last section of "Coro," it is cried as answer to a question:

> You will ask me why this poem
> doesn't speak of dreams, of leaves,
> of the great volcanoes of my native land?
> Come and see the blood in the streets.

But in "Coro" the dreams and the leaves also play a part.

The massed voices and instruments give out in stern, powerful chords these bleak words of the individual poet. They break through a tapestry of songs—solos, duets, trios, and part-songs—that are settings, usually with chamber-music accompaniment, of lines from folk and traditional love songs and work songs taken from all the world: from North and South America, Polynesia, Africa, Persia, Yugoslavia, Italy, and ancient Palestine (the Song of Songs). The languages used are English, German, French, Italian, and Hebrew. Love and work, Berio said in that London talk, have been the foundations of his life. The melodies, with one exception, are of his own invention; the techniques by which they are treated are sometimes his own adaptation of folk techniques (a hocketing procedure used by the wooden-trumpet bands of the Central African Republic, for example). After the lyrical Sioux love song and the lilting Peruvian choral dance that make up the opening section comes the first harsh, forceful summons, "Venid a ver." What are we to come to see? No answer is vouchsafed yet. An alto breaks into a Polynesian love song. "Venid a ver" sounds again, brief, peremptory. Male voices take up the Polynesian song—same words but a different tune. Then the Neruda line is extended: "Venid a ver la sangre." And it continues to sound as a tragic refrain through an expanding vision of men and women loving and working, in simple communities and in cities, throughout the world. In a note on the record cover, Berio suggests different ways of approaching "Coro." On the simplest level, it is "an anthology of diverse ways of 'setting to music.' " Then, it is

> like the plan for an imaginary city realized on different levels, which produces, assembles, and unifies different things and persons, presenting their collective and their individual characters, their distances one from another, their relationships and their conflicts within borders at once real and ideal.

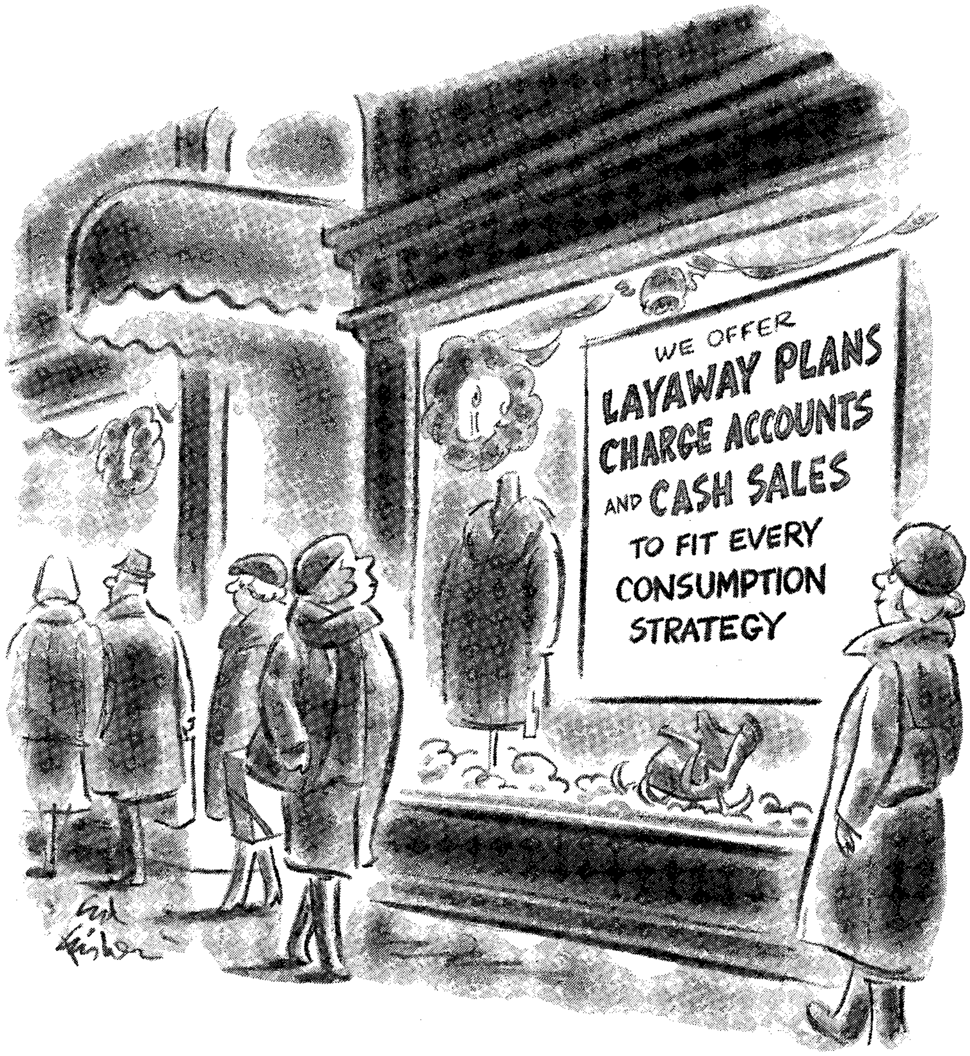
The work has a solidly harmonic foundation. The ever-changing—sometimes related, sometimes independent—episodes of its linked songs Berio likens both to events taking place in the large landscape and to "musical images inscribed like graffiti on the harmonic wall of the city."

To perceive the composer's intention is not difficult. To hear and feel and respond to it in more than a generalized way—that of noting obvious contrasts of attractive lyricism or dance rhythms with loud, massy statement—I found hard, both in London three years ago and in Carnegie. It was only after repeated playings of the record that things started to fall into place. "Coro," which lasts nearly an hour, is a vastly ambitious score, simple in its ground plan, simple in its textual juxtapositions, but far from simple in its musical procedures. In ages hence, it may perhaps come to be regarded as a twentieth-century masterpiece—by a visionary, a creator, and a poetic, all-embracing yet intensely personal musician with a wonderful ear.

I'm not competent to assess the Carnegie performance, which was conducted by Lorin Maazel, for I was still finding my way into the music, but it seemed to me that he had mastered the score and that his orchestra of forty-four soloists played confidently. The virtuoso Cologne chorus is expert at pitching and expert at rhythm. Some of the voices are beautiful, and some of them are no more than serviceable. I'd like to hear an English-speaking choir tackle "Coro" someday, for English is the language most used in Berio's libretto, and the Germans' singing of the language was unidiomatic. It was a matter not just of pronunciation ("Today iss mine . . . Vake up voman") but of inflecting the composer's melodies with more than their notated or "instrumental" values, of making vivid the words as well as the musical shapes; on the record, it is striking that a new eloquence and freedom inform the singing when the text goes into German. From where I sat, the Carnegie platform tended to compress the sound, to close the distances between what should be far-flung details, to draw the walls of the imaginary city to a smaller circumference than they had compassed in the Albert Hall. On the other hand, the sheer physical impact of the terrifying refrains was greater in New York.

Berio, Stockhausen, Luigi Nono, and Michael Tippett could be deemed "visionary" composers of our day in the sense of being creators who look at the world and its history, and in their public, social works address that world as poets, prophets, and judges. Tippett is engaged on a large public work commissioned for the Boston Symphony's centenary—an evening-long oratorio, "The Mask of Time," the first part of which, it is reported, will be "a kind of creation myth for our own time," and the second "a consideration of man and time more within history." Tippett's latest completed score is a stretch of pure music, a Triple Concerto, lasting just over half an hour, for violin, viola, and cello soloists and an orchestra of moderate size and unusual constitution (single flute/piccolo/alto flute, oboe, and English horn/bass oboe, but four clarinets). It had its première at the London Proms in August, and its North American première in Toronto the following month. The concerto is a work of abundant lyricism and invention, and very beautiful. The soloists are regarded as three distinct individuals, not a string trio. At the start, each in turn establishes a separate character in an exuberant, rapturous, cadenza-like outpouring. Then the three join in a stretch of tranquil music derived from the coda of Tippett's Fourth String Quartet (a score that has not been heard in New York; it was played in Toronto a week after the concerto). Although the three lines are quite independent, they conspire to create a single mood, serene and radiant. Unconventional counterpoint of this kind—a simultaneous flow of apparently improvised, unrelated, yet marvellously complementary melodies—marks much of the new score. There is a synthesis of Tippett's early exuberant polyphony and the leaner, motivic style of his middle period. There are links with both earlier and recent pieces: in the first movement, bold juxtapositions, rather than developments, and virtuoso brass writing continue the vein of the Fourth Symphony.

The concerto has three movements linked by interludes. The first movement is a vigorous presentation of idea upon idea; a "second subject" marked by repeated falling ninths, glissando (anticipated in the cello's opening cadenza), is particularly striking. Then the first interlude, a magical passage, catches an echo from the woodland-dawn music of Tippett's first opera, "The Midsummer Marriage": melodies steal out from alto flute and from bass oboe, and horns call softly, through a shimmer of nine solo violins and an enchanted sparkle of gentle tuned percussion. The slow movement is the heart of the concerto. It is based on a long, lovely, consolatory tune with decorative arabesques, spun from the notes A, B-flat, C, D, and E-flat—F major with a flattened seventh, and sung out over an F pedal, yet somehow Eastern in effect. (The sounds and structures of Balinese music played upon Tippett shortly before he began composing the concerto, and he has owned their influence. His battery includes five tuned gongs.) The three soloists play the tune in octaves, but the viola has the lowest line; the cello is two octaves above it, the violin an octave above that. The timbre is extraordinary, and so is the change of timbre when viola and cello switch positions for the cadential phrases. The movement continues with long duets for solo cello with bass oboe, and violin with alto flute. Between them, there are strange passages where progress is arrested but movement is not stilled: aspen music, one might call it. Then the main tune sings out once more. The movement ends with a quiet, elegiac glissando sigh reminis-



cent of the "breath of the forest" motif in Britten's "Midsummer Night's Dream." It appears several times; and toward the end of the work there seems to be another, possibly unconscious tribute to Britten: an ostinato from the three soloists which recalls the fugue subject of his "Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra." With an effect that continues to shock me each time I hear the concerto, the second interlude breaks out in sophisticated big-city sounds—untuned percussion, suggesting a jazz kit, streaked with brief brass-ensemble riffs. The first part of the finale, built of statements and varied restatements of an energetic sequential theme, is perhaps the only passage in the rich work where Tippett's invention falls below his most inspired. The heights are regained when the opening cadenzas and the serene "trio" are recapitulated with a new, wonderful intensity. And suddenly the piece is over.

The Toronto soloists were Steven Staryk, Rivka Golani-Erdesz, and Daniel Domb; the orchestra was the Toronto Symphony, conducted by Andrew Davis. In London, the soloists were György Pauk, Nobuko Imai, and Ralph Kirshbaum; the orchestra was the London Symphony, which had commissioned the piece, and the conductor was Colin Davis. The concerto is not easy to play, to balance, or to shape. The Toronto players did well by it, but although I heard two performances, I still wondered whether I was hearing an imperfectly realized account of a more beautiful and more cogently constructed work than appeared or whether my London colleagues had been immoderately ecstatic in their reviews. Now a tape of the Prom performance has reached me, and all is explained. That first performance was far more coherent; both the soloists and the orchestra were braver, more precise in placing and balancing detail against detail, more impassioned in tone and spirit. Colin Davis's almost instinctive understanding of Tippett's music is well known, and to instinct he and his players have added long experience—as their recordings of the first three symphonies and the Concerto for Orchestra bear witness. More than one Tippett score that seemed at first overelaborated in its textures or awkward in its construction remained "unrevealed" until Davis took it up. Then what had been found labored became luminous, what had been considered clumsy was clarified, and the composer was acclaimed as a master whose unconventional technical procedures were not merely novel but precise and eloquent.

—Andrew Porter

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[*From the Congressional Record*]

PARLIAMENTARY INQUIRY

Mr. Fuqua. Mr. Chairman, I have a parliamentary inquiry.

The Chairman pro tempore. The Chair will advise the Members that there is a reasonably complex situation before the Committee. To attempt to elucidate it, we must have order. The Chair will advise the gentleman from Florida the order in which the questions will be put.

The gentleman from Florida (Mr. Fuqua) will state his parliamentary inquiry.

Mr. Fuqua. Mr. Chairman, prior to the recent vote there was an amendment offered by the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Kostmayer) to the amendment offered by the gentleman from Washington (Mr. McCormack) as a substitute for the amendment offered by the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Kostmayer), as modified. Somewhere along the line I had an amendment to the Kostmayer amendment. Could the Chair state the parliamentary situation and the sequence in which the votes will occur?

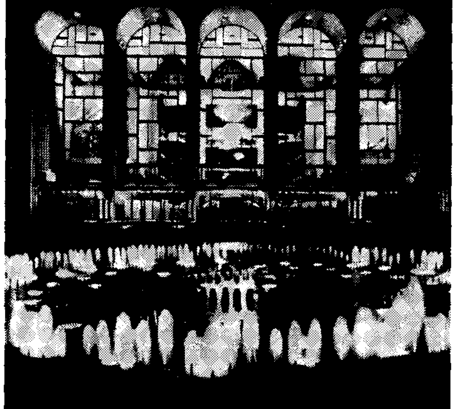
The Chairman pro tempore. The Chair will attempt to do so. The Chair will inform the Committee that all time has expired. The order in which the votes will be put is as follows: The first vote will occur on the amendment offered by the gentleman from Florida (Mr. Fuqua) to the amendment offered by the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Kostmayer), as modified. The second vote will occur on the amendment offered by the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Kostmayer) to the amendment offered by the gentleman from Washington (Mr. McCormack) as a substitute for the amendment offered by the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Kostmayer), as modified. The third vote will occur on the amendment offered by the gentleman from Washington (Mr. McCormack) as a substitute for the amendment offered by the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Kostmayer), as modified, and the final vote will be on the original Kostmayer amendment as amended. The Chair will now put the question.

The question is on the amendment offered by the gentleman from Florida (Mr. Fuqua) to the amendment offered by the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Kostmayer), as modified.

The amendment to the amendment, as modified, was agreed to.

The Chairman pro tempore. The question is on the amendment offered by the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Kostmayer), as modified, to the amendment offered by the gentleman from Washington (Mr. McCormack) as a substitute for the amendment offered by the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Kostmayer), as modified, as amended.

The question was taken; and the Chairman announced that the noes appeared to have it.



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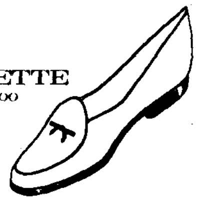

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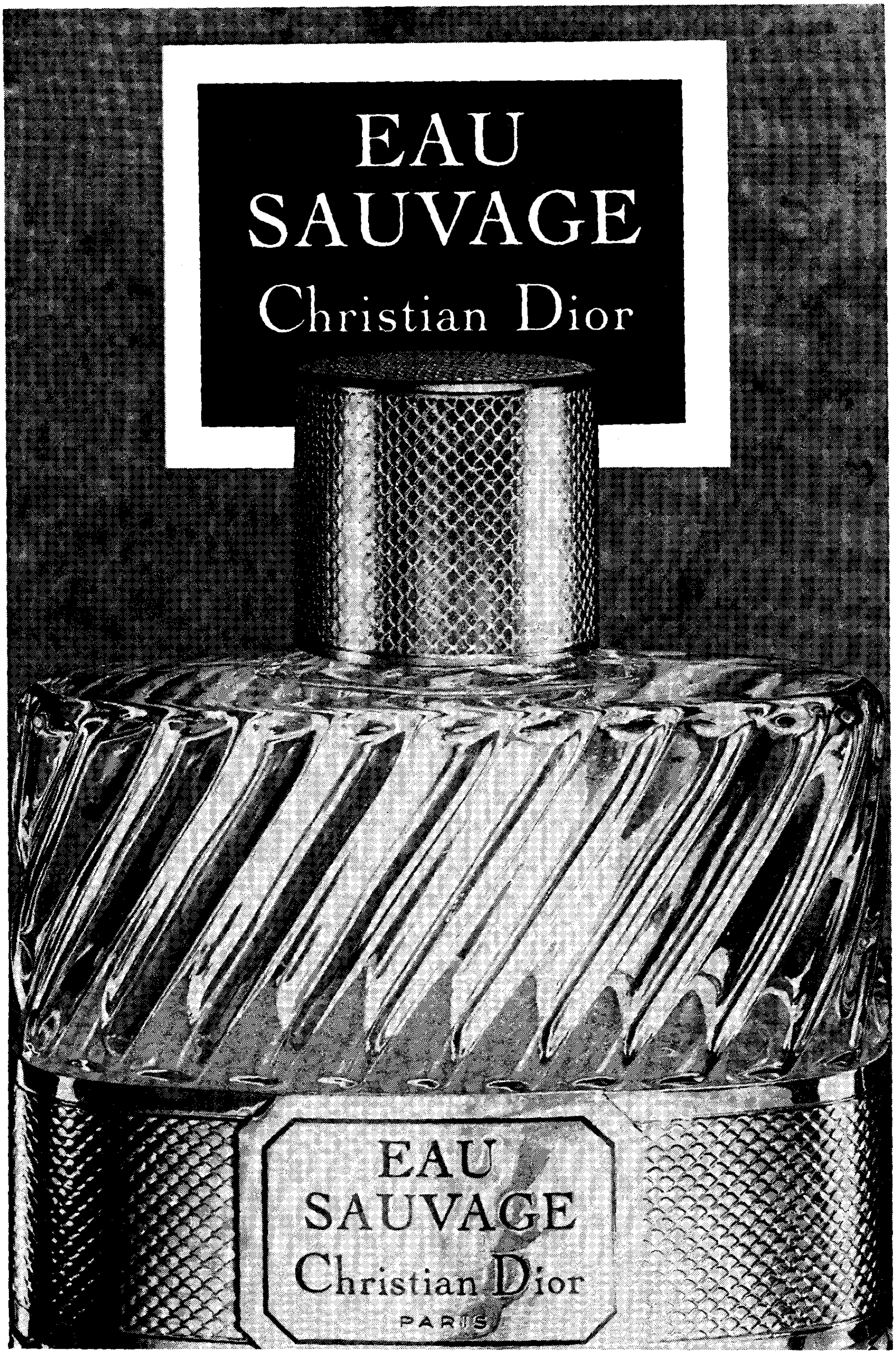
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GETTING AHEAD OF THE CURVE

WHEN Stalin ordained that Poland's frontiers be moved westward at the end of the Second World War, giving Russia territory in the east while extending Poland into formerly German territories in the west, up to the Oder and Neisse Rivers, he believed that he was solving the basic problem of Soviet national security. He remarked cynically to General Charles de Gaulle in 1944 that he had made Polish-German reconciliation permanently impossible. "Poland has always served as a corridor for the Germans to attack Russia," he said. "This corridor must be closed off, and closed off by Poland itself." The objective was valid. The means chosen by Stalin have shown themselves a failure. A bitter reconciliation between Poland and West Germany has already taken place. Stalin could not imagine Willy Brandt in tears at the Warsaw Ghetto. He made a moral error in thinking that hatred could be fixed forever between Poles and Germans by a clever piece of boundary-shifting. After the murder by Germans of six million Poles, including virtually all of Poland's Jews, and the Nazi attempt to exterminate the culture of Poland, what could a mere border change add to the total of hatred? The reasons for Poles to hate the Nazis were so immense that Poles had nothing they could do except try to forgive the Germans.

The second error Stalin made was political. By imposing his own governments upon the East European nations that had been overrun by the Soviet Army at the end of the war, he meant to create a permanent security zone protecting the Soviet Union against attack from the West. Germany was partitioned, and the eastern half of it was stripped. Its industries were dismantled and shipped to Russia. The Soviet diplomatic and intelligence services were put to work to neutralize the rest of Germany, which was then occupied by British, American, and French troops. The states under Soviet military domination between Germany and the Soviet border—Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Poland—were turned into political and military satellites of the Soviet Union. But this has not made the Soviet Union secure. It has done the opposite. It has created a condition of permanent insecurity for the Soviet state. The act of subordinating these states increased the international tension that Soviet policy meant to counter. Poland's fate provided the first big dispute between the Western allies and Stalin, the fatal crack in the wartime alliance. The Allies expected a free government in Poland. Stalin wanted, and got, rule by the Lublin Committee, a creature of his own that was formed in 1944 and dispatched to Poland in the baggage of the Red Army. Throughout the war, the Polish government-in-exile in London had commanded the underground home army and the exile army, including General Wladyslaw Anders' 2nd Polish Corps, which had fought from the invasion of Italy to the River Po, leaving a thousand dead at Cassino alone. But in 1945 the government-in-exile was abandoned. Franklin Roosevelt said, "The Russians had the power in Eastern Europe. . . . The only practicable course was to use what influence we had to ameliorate the situation." Churchill and de Gaulle were more severe, but nothing was done to impede the Russians.

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There was, in any case, a certain complaisance. It was Poland's misfortune to be in the wrong place, between two large and aggressive nations, and the Poles themselves had in the past played their hand to unhappy effect. Brave they undoubtedly were, but they were also uncompromising, romantic, and in American eyes (of the nineteen-forties) reactionary. Their record was illiberal. They had played jackal to Hitler in 1938, snapping up a part of Czechoslovakia when the Nazis moved into that country. As the Cold War developed, between 1945 and 1948, there were American tears for Czechoslovakia, a liberal, constitutional state created by a sometime American resident, Tomáš Masaryk, under the patronage of Woodrow Wilson, but there were few for Poland. After the Czechoslovak coup d'état in 1948, Soviet policy was newly interpreted as meant to conquer Western Europe. The events in Prague reiterated for Washington the lesson of Munich—that dictators were never content with what they had, and that only a firm stand could prevent an eventual world war. It was a lesson that determined American policy until the withdrawal from Vietnam, more than twenty years later.

What Stalin did failed to provide Russia with security, then or later. It deepened the actual insecurity of the Soviet state by inspiring the hostility of the United States, which alone was capable of seriously threatening the Soviet Union. It created in Eastern

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Europe a system of repression, which was thoroughly hostile to the nationalisms of the region—nationalisms that not many years earlier had contributed to the destruction of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. It placed Soviet Russia in the historical role of a latter-day Austria, as counterrevolutionary policeman of Central and Eastern Europe. And the Central and East European nations under Soviet control lacked even that representation in their governance which the Austro-Hungarian Parliament had conceded its member nations.

Today, the cost of this policy to the Soviet Union is still growing. Politically, the Soviet Union is less secure on its western approaches than it was in 1945. Certainly it is less secure than it was in 1947, when Stalin had consolidated the bloc, or in 1952, after the Rajk and Slánský trials—the last great purges. That was the eve of Stalin's own death, and of what came to be known as the thaw. Since then, there have been threats of rebellion and revolution—the East Berlin uprising in 1953, the Hungarian revolt in 1956 (accompanied by the first of the Polish insurrections against Soviet domination), Czechoslovakia's Prague Spring in 1968, the renewed Polish populist movement of recent months, all involving some risk of an international war. But the danger is also political. The lies necessary to justify Soviet domination of the East European states convince no one in the region, and tend, in eventual effect, to undermine Soviet doctrine itself, threatening the legitimacy of the Soviet government.

IN contrast with Eastern Europe, there is one frontier upon which the Soviet Union is secure. This is the frontier with Finland. Yet for the first thirty years of Revolutionary Russia's existence Finland was a place from which political and military dangers came. Historically, Finland had been a part of Sweden until 1809, then became a grand duchy under Russian suzerainty. When the Bolshevik Revolution took place, the Finns declared their independence—initially with Bolshevik approval. They subsequently had to fight, however, as the new Russian government supported Finland's Communists in an attempt to take control of the country. With German help, Finland's Whites succeeded in establishing an independent state, electing a German prince as king of Finland. He renounced the crown when Germany lost the First World War. A second Soviet-Finnish struggle, over Finland's eastern boundary, was finally settled by negotiations in 1920 and 1922. In 1939, Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union made a nonaggression pact with a secret provision giving Russia a free hand in the north. Moscow made new demands upon Finland for territorial concessions, which the Finns refused. The Soviets attacked, with a puppet government waiting on the border to be conveyed to Helsinki by the Soviet Army. But Finland held, counterattacked, and threw the Soviet forces back into Russia during the Winter War of 1939-40. The Finns then gave concessions, and the Soviet Union dropped its effort to replace Finland's government. When Germany invaded Russia, in June, 1941, the Finns attacked to recover what had been lost the year before. After the German forces began their retreat on the central front, the Soviets counterattacked against Finland, but again the four million Finns resisted. Moscow agreed to negotiate. Finland had to cede territory to Russia, resettling ten per cent of its population from the lost land, but Finland remained a parliamentary democracy. Max Jakobson, Finland's former Representative to the United Nations, wrote recently, "Besides Great Britain and the U.S.S.R., Finland was the only one of all the European countries involved in World War II which was not occupied; the only one to maintain the continuity of her Constitution and political institutions; the only one to make the transition from war to peace without an internal rupture—without a single execution." Finland's postwar policy was directed to allaying Soviet anxiety about security on this sensitive frontier, less than a hundred miles from Leningrad. The Soviet government had to be convinced that its essential strategic interests could be reconciled with the existence of an independent and democratic Finland. This was accomplished.

After the war, Norway and Denmark joined NATO, but Sweden, concerned with maintaining a "northern balance," agreed to stay out of the Atlantic alliance as part of a tacit arrangement for moderating Soviet pressure on Finland. Russia was thus given additional reassurance on the northern front. It had gained what Stalin had wanted from Poland: a potential corridor of attack effectively closed. But in this instance it was done by the free actions of the two peoples involved. And the Soviet government later reduced what it had asked of Finland. The important Porkkala military base was handed back in 1955. That was the same year the Soviet Union, with Stalin dead and Khrushchev and Bulganin in power, signed the Austrian State Treaty, restoring Austrian sovereignty, and pulled Soviet troops out of eastern Austria. The Soviet leaders went to Yugoslavia that year and accepted responsibility for the 1948 break between Russia and Yugoslavia. They conceded that more than one road to Socialism could exist. The momentous Twentieth Soviet Party Congress, where Khrushchev delivered his secret speech on Stalin's crimes, took place in February, 1956. Many political prisoners were freed.

It was a time of unseized opportunities. Proposals were being made in the East as well as the West for basic change—and liberalization—in the Central European situation. Polish Foreign Minister Adam Rapacki proposed a nuclear-free zone in Central Europe. The American diplomat and scholar George Kennan put forward a plan for military disengagement in Central Europe. In Britain, Churchill, Anthony Eden, Denis Healey, and Field Marshal Montgomery all supported one or another version of disengagement and neutralization in the region. But Washington was against it, and the Soviet position was never seriously tested, so nothing was done.

THE manner in which Finland preserved its security and that of Russia at the same time has recently been the subject of American polemics over foreign policy, and over the West European relationship to the Soviet Union. It is said that the Western countries are undergoing "Finland-

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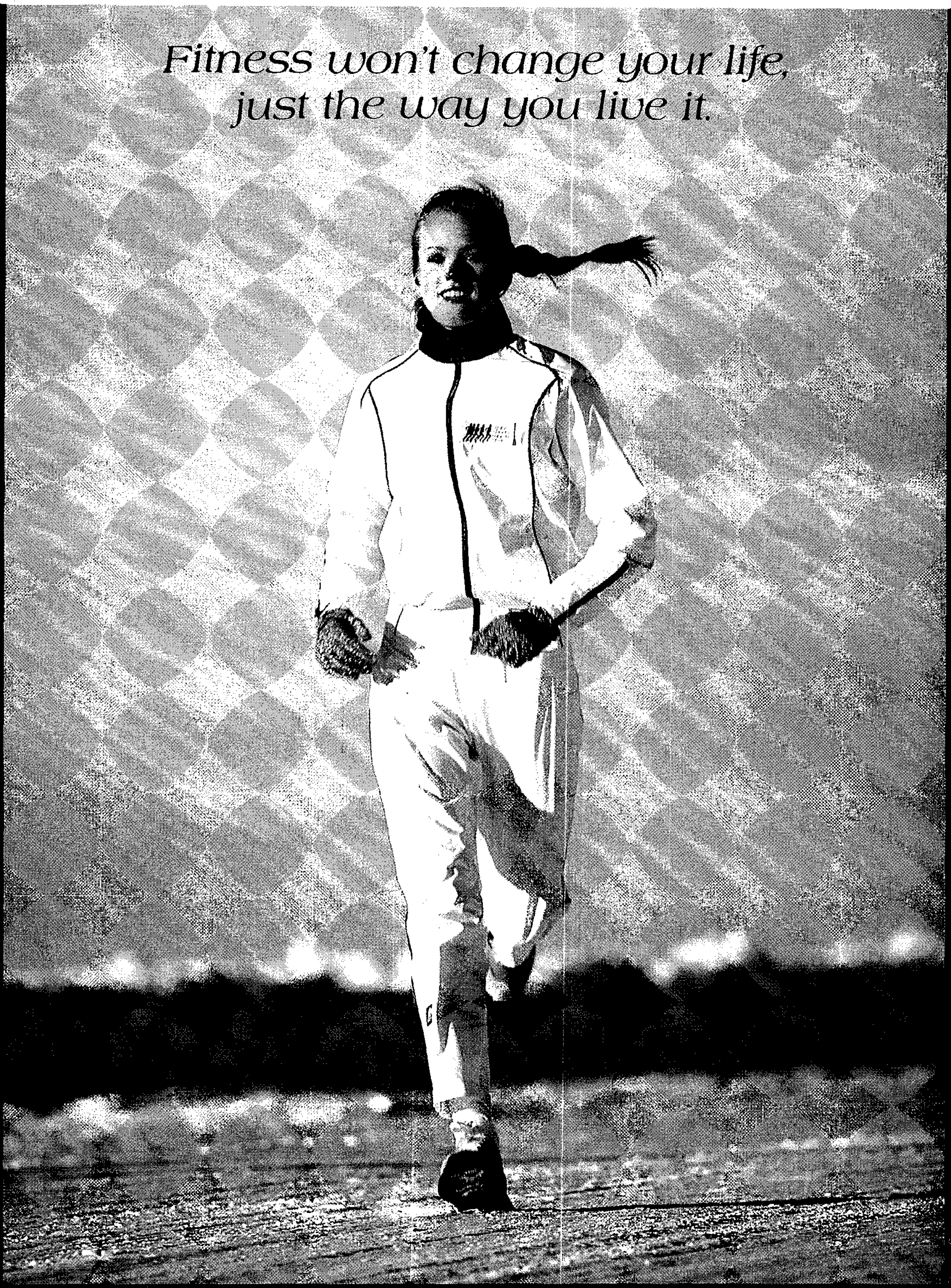
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ization," which is defined as a process by which an independent country surrenders its freedom. This, of course, is just the opposite of what actually happened to Finland, where a policy of prudence was the means by which the country saved its freedom when, by reason of war, its geographical position, its own past actions, and its lack of foreign support, that freedom was in extreme jeopardy. Finlandization was actually a check to Soviet aggression and expansion. Today, the Soviet Union has less influence over Finland's affairs than it had at the end of the war. It might have dominated Finland, but the Finns made the price too high. The polemics ignore not only the truth about what happened to Finland but also the real significance of the Finnish example, which is not for the West but for Eastern Europe.

As far back as 1948, it was clear that there was a crucial difference between Finland's role in the Soviet Union's security and the role of the East European countries. In Finland, Soviet security was guaranteed by the Finnish people themselves, while Finland's closest neighbor, Sweden, backed Finland in that role and gave a second assurance to Moscow that no military threat to Russia would develop through Scandinavia. In Eastern Europe, Soviet security rested, as it rests today, upon governments without popular consent, maintained in power by the presence of Soviet military forces. Their neighbors, the West European powers, are allied with the United States against the Soviet Union. If war came, the Soviet Union could have no confidence that its own reluctant allies might not be turned, so that the Russians again, as in the nineteen-forties, would face Rumanians and Hungarians, as well as embittered Poland. The essential interest of these nations today is not to defend Russia or to defend a zone of neutrality. It is to recover their independence.

The risks in this situation are dangerous to the Soviet Union itself. For the Soviet Union's sake, as for that of the West, and of the East European states between, a security system that rests upon compulsion needs to be exchanged for one that is voluntary. The system of military constraints and confrontation needs to be supplanted by political arrangements expressing the fact that no one involved has anything to gain from a war. Whatever American and Soviet conflict may imply in the Middle East or in Africa, the strategic status quo has been accepted and ratified in Europe, and there is not the slightest evidence that either side wants it changed. The general lines of what might be done are visible today. The framework is a mutual Soviet and American military withdrawal from Europe, together with joint treaty guarantees of existing frontiers and of the political integrity of the Central European states. Washington's argument against military disengagement in the nineteen-fifties was that Soviet forces would fall back a few hundred miles on good railroads and highways, while the American Army would go back across an ocean. In a day of long-range deployment and pre-positioned equipment, this is no longer a decisive objection. The argument is also made that American troops are necessary as hostages to European nuclear security. If this is true, the hostages still do not have to be numerous. A color guard in Berlin might serve. The conventional defense of Western Europe is entirely within the capacity of Western Europe—a group of states more populous than Russia, industrially much more powerful, and more sophisticated in their technology.

The principal obstacle in the past to a settlement followed from the belief on both sides that Germany would have to be reunited and "neutralized"—a prospect that seemed unrealistic even then. Germany is too important and dynamic, in too important a place, to be made a neuter. Today, it is clear that the only settlement seriously imaginable must ratify the division of Germany. This division suits everyone except some—by no means all—of the Germans themselves. Historically, the "normal" condition of Germany has been division. Unity was a matter of less than a century, and was filled with disasters. A unified Germany produced two world wars and the moral abomination of Nazism. It deeply unsettled Europe, because it was too big. The basic problem of Europe from 1871 forward was how to deal with the threat of a unified Germany. The answer finally was found in 1945, at great cost. It was to redivide Germany. This, almost certainly, will prove an irreversible verdict, as far as the future can be foreseen.

The several German states that existed before Bismarck, and the three that exist today—the Federal Republic, the German Democratic Republic, and Austria—could and can live at peace with one another and with their neighbors. They fit in. The problem

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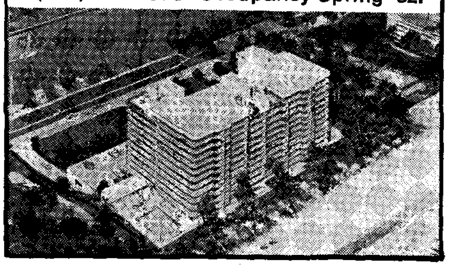

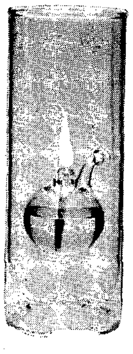

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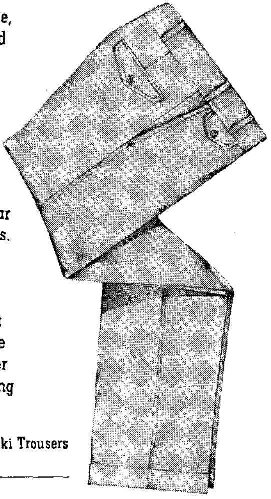
of disproportion is solved. West Germany today, strongest of the three by far, is not notably more powerful than France. And West Germany is demographically static, while France has a positive birth rate. French economic growth (like Italy's) has since the nineteen-fifties been higher, on the average, than Germany's, so that France and Germany should approach parity of gross national product by the end of the century. France, with its strategic nuclear force, blue-water navy, and African interests, is a world power in a way that Germany is not. Western Europe, for the first time in a century, enjoys an equilibrium of forces, and it is in the interest of everyone that this continue. Indeed, the truth, usually unspoken, is that every country in Western and Eastern Europe (Germany excluded), as well as the Soviet Union and the United States, has a fundamental interest in the continued division of Germany. To acknowledge this in a European political settlement would do no more than acknowledge, finally, the true geopolitical meaning and consequence of the Second World War.

BUT within such an international framework, substituting political measures of security in Central Europe for the military means that have been relied upon since 1945, the hardest problem is what will happen within the East European states, and how changes there can be made to enhance rather than jeopardize Soviet security. Unless such changes are made, a settlement is impossible. Presumably, these nations must remain Socialist, with the Communist Parties continuing to play leading roles, but they could no longer be guaranteed a monopoly over political activity. The East European economies would continue to function within the coöperative Eastern organization, the Council for Mutual Economic Assistance (COMECON), but more important links to the European Economic Community and the Western economies should become possible, easing some of the East's present difficulties in obtaining technology, investment, and credits and in exporting to the West.

The purpose of internal change would be to obtain popular consent. Popular consent, after what has happened in the last half century, would necessarily be given somewhat guardedly, to prudent governments, or to expedient ones. But there is a vital difference between a freely chosen prudence, on the Finnish model, and the imposed version. Political maturity is necessary; the Poles, Hungarians, and Czechs have already had occasion to demonstate that they possess it. If future East European governments can tolerate, as the Polish government proposes to do, an autonomous labor movement, then the essential pluralization of political action and function will have been conceded. Poland's government has for years tacitly acknowledged the national role of an autonomous Catholic Church. It has recently tolerated an organized, non-Party intellectual community, a flying university, a non-Party press. The quality of Polish political life has already been altered, even though the structures, until now, have remained largely untouched. The East European constitutions nominally guarantee basic liberties. Poland's new leader, Stanislaw Kania, told the Communist Party's Central Committee at the beginning of October that what had happened was "a mass workers' protest not against Socialism but against violations of its principles; not against the power of the people but against bad methods of government; not against the Party but against errors in its policy . . . not a protest of paid employees but a protest of a class which feels it is the ruler of the republic." If the implications of that statement were accepted, many problems would solve themselves.

What is needed is for the East European governments to become secure themselves, behind their own frontiers and by their own efforts. The Soviet Union can be truly secure when Polish and Czechoslovak governments are secure because they have obtained popular consent. A Poland that willingly acknowledges an obligation to defend Soviet security, and has the formal support of the Western powers in assuming and fulfilling that obligation, solves Stalin's problem. A turbulent, sullen Poland, with a rebellious population, worsens that problem. All this, of course, runs against the Soviet Union's political and ideological investment in things-as-they-are. And yet Moscow has in the past shown itself capable of sudden acts of realism. It has proved itself far less bound by sentiment, and even, on great occasions, by ideology, than the government of the United States. It can cut losses and seize opportunities. It did so in 1955, leaving Austria. Today, intelligent men in the Soviet diplomatic and political services must see that the



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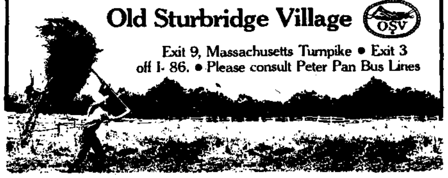

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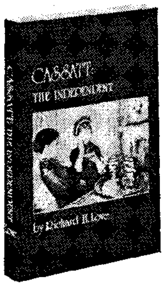

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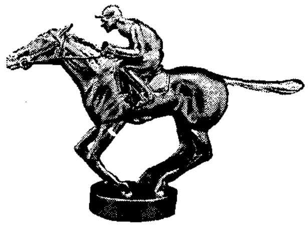

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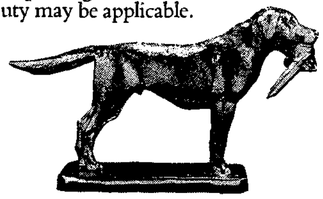

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present course of events in Europe, not to speak of Afghanistan, undermines not only the security of their country but its domestic tranquillity. The Soviet leadership faces a problem like that of the Austro-Hungarian system before 1914. To suppress the aroused national feeling of such great historical states as Poland, Bohemia, and Hungary is, in the end, an unsustainable policy. Russia does not possess the cultural force capable of converting these people into its willing followers. Historically, they are Western nations, not Byzantine or Orthodox; they have always looked to Vienna, Berlin, and Paris. Only Bulgaria looked east. Even Orthodox Rumania speaks a Romance language.

What happened before in Eastern and Central Europe could happen again, and the consequences now would be devastating, as they were not in the nineteenth century, and even as they were not in 1914, when the national feeling of Serbia made itself unforgettably felt. But Soviet Russia is not a country that looks into history to learn things, least of all into the history of a Hapsburg empire that failed. For both the Soviet Union and the United States, history started with us.

BUREAUCRATS and policy planners talk of "getting ahead of the curve." It is the current expression for anticipating the inevitable and making creative use of it—what used to be known as statesmanship. Certain developments are inevitable. It is inevitable that American troops will one day be withdrawn from Western Europe. It would, one must think, be useful to gain something valuable in exchange for their withdrawal. It is inevitable that West European and American security perceptions and policies will diverge even more than they already have done. To reformulate the European-American relationship as a means to constructive reform in Central and Eastern Europe would be to get ahead of the curve. It is inevitable that the existing Soviet relationship with the East European peoples will continue to produce unrest and crises, and this could provoke revolution and even war. To alter that relationship in a way that actually strengthened Soviet security might eventually be recognized as an act of statesmanship.

Gdańsk, where the Polish workers' movement was centered this summer, was, of course, formerly known as Danzig. Danzig in 1939 was the contested city for which nobody in the West wanted to die. Eventually, millions died for Danzig, among them approximately twenty million Russians. By a nice coincidence, another city that more recently has lent its name to an event of some international significance is Helsinki, where a treaty signed in 1975 attempted to settle certain issues of the Second World War that were still outstanding. This treaty committed its signatories to respect for national sovereignties, nonrecourse to the threat or use of force, nonintervention in the affairs of other nations, respect for the equality of nations, and the right of self-determination. The solution to the problem of the Soviet Union's security, which is at the same time the solution to the problem of Western security, lies exactly here.

Old Russia's fear, in its consciousness of weakness and backwardness, was of encirclement. Its enemies seemed to press in from India, to threaten Russia through Central and Eastern Europe, to dispatch their agents through Finland, across the Caspian, into Mongolia. Stalin's policy followed from that learned fear, reinforced by his own experience of Western interventions in the Russian civil war. It was not a complicated policy. It was to control as far as you can reach, strike ruthlessly when you must strike, and not think too much about the future. It accounts for the Soviet Union's murder of Polish officers in the Katyn Forest, in 1940, and the Soviet Army's halt on the Vistula, in 1944, to allow the Nazis time to suppress the Warsaw uprising and destroy the independent Polish resistance. Stalin did not expect to pay a price for those things in his lifetime. His manipulation of the Polish border in 1945 expressed his confidence in revenge as a political force. Yet better possibilities exist. Statesmanship has been known to bring a happy ending out of painful problems. This is something for Moscow's present leaders to consider, and also the new men arriving in Washington. It must be admitted, however, that in the recent history of Central Europe happy endings are exceptional.

—WILLIAM PFAFF

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[*Peter G. Davis in the Times*]

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Poses

WHILE watching the three-hour-and-thirty-nine-minute "Heaven's Gate," I thought it was easy to see what to cut. But when I tried afterward to think of what to *keep*, my mind went blank. The writer-director Michael Cimino uses a garbled version of the Johnson County war as his subject. In Johnson County, Wyoming, in 1892, the Stock Growers Association tried to drive new settlers out of the state. The cattlemen claimed that settlers were stealing their cattle, and when they couldn't get the alleged rustlers convicted in the courts they hired mercenaries to hang them or shoot them. Only two people are known to have been killed as a result of the conflict, but the movie turns the events into a shoot-'em-up holocaust, in which the helpless poor are destroyed. And, by implication, will always be destroyed. Cimino might have taken his perspective on American history from one of Gore Vidal's smiling TV chats with David Susskind, who is always profoundly impressed when Vidal explains that since the banks and big business secretly run everything, the American political system is a farce. The conception is a complete downer; there's practically no one left alive at the end—only the marshal, Kris Kristofferson, who seems groggy from the effort to act, anyway. (When he speaks, his eyes are far away; he seems to be trying to read a teleprompter across the river.) Vilmos Zsigmond's soft, golden cinematography is extraordinary, but, with all the dust and smoke and mist and fog, after a while the pictorial effects turn into a beautiful blur. The movie is so unreal—so distant and vaporous—that its message of hopelessness leaves no impression. It just drifts by.

I've seen a lot of worse movies—though perhaps none with such a woozy, morose mixture of visual virtuosity, overarching ambition, and slovenly writing. I think that Cimino did have a vision, but you don't have to be a clear thinker to be a visionary. (It may help if you're not.) The vistas and the crowd scenes are huge, as in a David Lean epic, but not so static or literal-minded. Cimino's is a different sort of madness—he goes for mood, atmosphere, movement. There's so much background action (horses galloping, peasants trudging) that you can't hear the dialogue up front that might help you understand what's going on; Cimino is big on hubbub. The settlers are bizarrely homogeneous: a whole community from some Bulgarian village seems to have moved to Johnson County, and another whole community from the Ukraine. The immigrants' languages and customs are intact, along with their choral groups; the women, in white babushkas, are bent low pulling a plow. Isabelle Huppert appears, strips, and rushes outdoors; she's a little woodland nymph gambolling about. She's also the madam of the local whorehouse and a fearless fighter for the rights of the poor. It's a Sigmund Romberg operetta that turns into a Dovzhenko movie, with a little help from Bertolt Brecht. Yet even when everybody is riding around hysterically and shells are bursting, the movie seems to be in a fugue state. The bloody actions don't build to any narrative purpose; it's like a movie made by a cataleptic, who can't remember that Huppert doesn't have to tell Kristofferson that the leader of the mercenaries, Christopher Walken, wants her to be his wife, because she already told him, a few scenes back. As a plutocrat who knows how immoral the Association's policies are but is too weak not to go along with them, John Hurt wanders through, tossing his russet locks, addressing cultivated ironic thoughts to the clouds, and giving a performance that is so masochistically rotten that Charles Laughton in his Heaven/Hell must be weeping in envy. In just about every sequence in which Hurt appears, he flaunts his drunken misery by taking swigs from a dainty silver flask that wouldn't hold

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enough to make a sparrow tipsy. There are bits from all over in “Heaven’s Gate.” It’s a movie addict’s vision of the class struggle—a composite. The spirit is late-sixties, as if Cimino had just become alienated. His romanticism is as movie-ish as his alienation. There’s even a revival of the scene of the stalwart man (Kristofferson) bravely trying to down the terrible pie that the loving woman (Huppert) has baked for him.

Some great movies have been made by hustlers who were also dreamers; what has tripped up Cimino this time is that he is innocent in a way that is indistinguishable from ignorance. In a position of power after his “The Deer Hunter” won the Academy Award, he inflated a Western script he’d written years before, turning it into an elegy for the downtrodden—and exposed a fan’s sensibility. It’s very like the dislocated, floating sensibility that Zeffirelli revealed in the 1979 “The Champ.” Doing his remake of the 1931 American film that had touched him deeply when he saw it as a child in Italy, Zeffirelli directed as if he had never met a human being. His modern American prizefight milieu was full of hearty peasants clustering in courtyards and forming patterns for the camera. And, playing the ex-wife of a dese-dem-dose prizefighter—a woman who had walked out on her husband and infant son and become a fashion consultant—Faye Dunaway was dressed like a dowager empress; when she m.c.’d a fashion show and recited the descriptions of the gowns, the buyers yelled “Bravo!,” as if she were Pavarotti, and when she spoke to her child she felt him up with her voice and nuzzled his neck amorously. This sort of insanity has always been endemic in movies. Cimino’s hearty peasants have their simple, earthy pleasures—a cockfight, spitting on each other, brawling. When it comes down to it, they’re just funny foreigners. They don’t even discuss organizing to protect themselves against the mercenaries; it takes a Harvard man (Kristofferson) to show them how to fight. Yet Cimino might have got by with all the snobbishness and the bathos (Zeffirelli did) if he had just used a little street wisdom and told a story. “Heaven’s Gate” is no worse a movie than “Star Trek” or “The Black Hole” or “Raise the Titanic.” I’d say the performances in these four films are about on the same level (though maybe more convulsing in “Raise the Titanic”). What makes Cimino’s picture truly intolerable is that he got caught up in the visual possibilities and lost sight of basics. You can’t make out what’s going on or who is in love with whom or where people who are old friends could possibly have met or what this little French mouse Huppert is doing scampering through the picture.

The day after the first disastrous press screenings, United Artists made the announcement that at Cimino’s request “Heaven’s Gate” in its present form was being withdrawn. It could be said that the press had been waiting to ambush Cimino. His public remarks over the past couple of years since “The Deer Hunter” had invited it, and so had the cost of “Heaven’s Gate,” which swelled to somewhere between thirty-six million and fifty million dollars, depending on whether the interest and other expenses are included. And it’s easier to jump on a picture like this one than on, say, “Star Trek,” which is so impersonal that there’s no one in particular to blame. But “Heaven’s Gate” *is* a numbing shambles. It’s a movie you want to deface; you want to draw mustaches on it, because there’s no observation in it, no hint of anything resembling direct knowledge—or even intuition—of what people are about. It’s the work of a poseur who got caught out. This poseur does have an eye, though; he may not be able to think straight but he’s a movie director.

“The Idolmaker” is of no special importance, but it’s likable. A first feature by the director Taylor Hackford, it has verve and snap, despite a rickety script. The central character—a young songwriter from the Bronx, Vincent Vacarri (Ray Sharkey)—is searching for a singer with “the right look” for the bobby-soxers. It’s 1959, and Vinnie, who knows that the look is more important than the voice, has the instinct, the brashness, and the energy to take a dissolute, baby-faced saxophone player from a juke joint and turn him into a rock idol, and then he saturates the country with publicity and pre-sells another idol before the public even hears his voice. As this ingenious, fast-talking hype artist, Sharkey shows his talent for manics. He takes a quick hard look around him and sizes up a situation; he’s light on his feet and sharp-faced, with a lower lip that sticks out like a teaspoon when he smiles. Training his protégés to be heartthrobs, Vinnie moves like a flyweight symphony conductor, and when they’re onstage performing in front of squealing audiences he’s still going through the gestures backstage. He’s a combination of conductor, ventriloquist, and double. Vinnie is so aroused by the crowd that he can’t control himself: he thinks he’s the one being applauded. These doubling scenes are peculiarly resonant slapstick—especially a concert in Rochester, with the baby-face, Tommy Dee, gesticulating in white, and Vinnie in dark clothes making the same gestures behind the curtain and preening with pleasure as the kids express their adoration of Tommy’s swivelling hips. Vinnie flying high all alone is a paradoxical image—it has a little of Buster Keaton’s detachment. But the script veers between muckraking parody and sloshy melodrama, and poor Sharkey is caught in the middle.

Vinnie hasn’t been named Vacarri for nothing: the script, by Edward Di Lorenzo, which was suggested by the life of the rock impresario Bob Marcucci, keeps telling us that Vinnie’s vicarious successes can never be fulfilling. So Vinnie must be despondent and take it out on his protégés in dictatorial behavior. He must quarrel with his girl (a dreary, smirky performance by Tovah Feldshuh). He must be beaten and then come back humbled and wiser. And how do we know he has come to terms with his own talent? Earlier, he tried to turn others into what he thought he couldn’t be; now he himself performs—he sings a ballad in the maudlin, naked-sincerity style of Barry Manilow. And when Vinnie sings, the film curdles: if you’re hip enough to enjoy the satire of such late-fifties pop phenomena as Marcucci’s celebrated creations Frankie Avalon and Fabian, you’re too hip for this.

Before this sour, self-righteous finish, there’s a lot of comedy in “The Idolmaker.” The director takes genuine satirical pleasure in the lewd puckishness of Paul Land as the scummy

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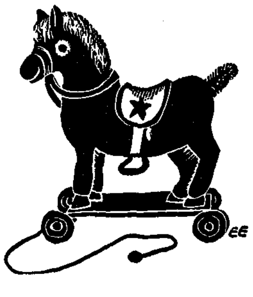
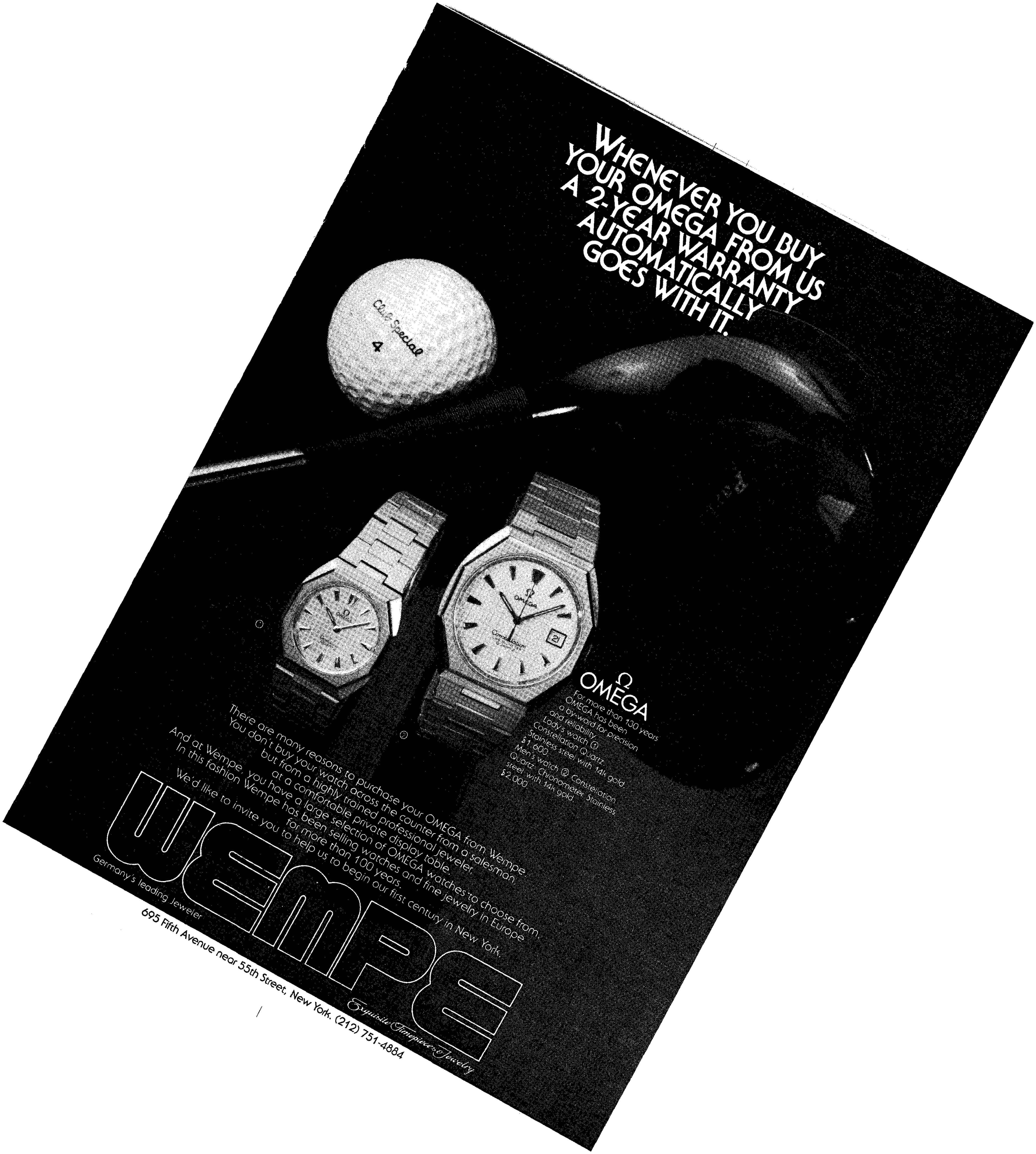
lowlife Tommy Dee (whose singing suggests Frankie Avalon). Land (who had never acted before) plays the gangling Tommy Dee as a man whose hand is never far from his crotch. A boozing pillhead, Tommy Dee has a great dumb-sickie look when he's in front of an audience; he's morally deficient—a natural degenerate. Land has a furtive comic spark that makes this mind-blown lecher a *believable* caricature. And the director takes another kind of satirical pleasure in the fruity innocence of Peter Gallagher as Caesare (the Fabian take-off). This second idol is born when Vinnie is sitting in an Italian restaurant and the busboy at his table drops a tray; Vinnie yells, and then, looking up, sees a frightened swarthy boy whose eyes and mouth are impossibly—foolishly—large. The kid, who looks like a Sicilian shepherd, is only sixteen. Sliding into Italian and speaking solemnly, with a princely, Old World manner, Vinnie persuades the boy's tough old bird of a grandmother to turn the kid over to him for training. The obedient youth works doggedly at his lessons, and Vinnie remakes him. Soon Caesare's skin is lusciously smooth, he dimples deliciously, his eyes look as sweet and safe as Robby Benson's, his thick hair is brushed up in a pomaded pompadour that scoops down in a curly hunk in the middle of his forehead, and he has the nelly, virginal look of a Donny Osmond.



In the movie's big scene, this terrified dreamboat faces his first audience; it's as if he were being fed to the mob. We still don't know if he can sing, and before he gets a chance to show what he can do the screaming bobby-soxers break through the guards and mob him, tear his clothes half off, and chase him as he runs offstage. He goes back on, with a reinforced phalanx of guards to protect him, and he sings, leaping and doing splits and whipping his arms high in the air like Engelbert Humperdinck; we see him being turned on by the excitement of turning on the audience, and, with a teasing gleam in his eyes, he goes beyond what Vinnie has taught him and shakes his shoulders to work up the girls. At this point, the people in the movie house were cheering and applauding the galvanic silliness of his triumph. It's after this, when Caesare is eager to perform more and Vinnie, the crazy despot, won't let him, that the movie loses its hold. There's also something more subtle that works against the structure of the film: Paul Land's Tommy Dee and Peter Gallagher's Caesare have more vivid personalities than their supposed creator. Ray Sharkey seems perfect for a character who's always on the jump, and he has the externals down pat, but his live-wire Vinnie doesn't seem to exist inside—there's no fibre supporting the performance. Vinnie has less on the ball than the others.

Onstage, both Tommy Dee and Caesare get the glazed, neutered look of teen-age pinups. (It gives the film a creepy authenticity.) Taylor Hackford doesn't try to score points off their spoiled look or off the pop styles. The rock songs (by Jeff Barry) are of the basic tacky variety, with lyrics such as "I been up, I been down . . . I been in, I been out" and "Come on, Baby, ooh-wee, Baby, ooh-wee." When these songs are acted out with flamboyant gestures, they suggest nursery rhymes for berserk adolescents. Hackford doesn't work up an indignant head of steam about unscrupulous promoters who exploit teenagers' sexual fantasies—he sees the comedy in it. The staging of the numbers is impudent in a relaxed, not-too-large-scale way; more imagination than money has gone into such scenes as Caesare's concert in Memphis, where he has the Reverend James Cleveland Choir behind him and he's lighted up like a première at Grauman's Chinese. The songs give the film a beat and it moves along. (The only time it's too pokey is when Vinnie goes to see his estranged father; Sharkey has too much moisture in the eyes, too many tortured twists of the mouth.) Hackford gets us past the awful scenes of Vinnie victimizing Caesare and past Vinnie's stupid blackmail threat against a fan magazine, and other fuddy plot devices. And he lets us enjoy the good bits without lingering on them. Near the start, when Vinnie assesses girls' reactions to dark men singers versus blond, and concludes that it's the dark ones who get to them, a blank-eyed, jiggling blond twerp (the actor is named Jimmy Carter) sums up all the bobbing, finger-snapping fellows with aging little-boy faces and names no one can remember. Later, when Vinnie takes Tommy Dee to Rochester, the disc jockey (Kenneth O'Brien), who wants his payola before putting Tommy's record on the air, looks as if he were putrefying before our eyes. Tommy's backup singers have the syrupy sound and the happy, frazzled look that backup singers in a comedy should have, and, all the way through, the costumes (by Rita Riggs) are evocative and funny without ever being grotesque. (In the first flush of success, Vinnie wears a straw hat reminiscent of Murray the K.) A few regrets: When Tommy Dee goes against Vinnie's advice and takes a job in a TV series—a Western—I wish we could have seen him on the box. What a cowboy this fey freak would be! And when Vinnie, at the end, begins his sincere song, it's too bad that the picture can't satirize his little voice—the meaningful croak that is wrenched from his gut. But Hackford comes through with something that's unexpectedly charming: the swooning girls are treated affectionately. They're very young, and the pampered boys with hairless chests who sing to them are, to be exact, living dolls.

IN "Resurrection," Ellen Burstyn, a Los Angeles woman, is in a car accident with her blue-collar husband, who is killed. She dies on the operating table—but only for a moment. She has an "out of body" experience and sees her friends and relatives who have died looking happy and beckoning to her. Then she returns. Told that she will never be able to walk again, she's in a truck on the way back to her father's farm in Kansas when she encounters a piercing-eyed old desert rat (Richard Farnsworth, looking like a magical eccentric out of Mark Twain). He operates the Last Chance, a service station that also exhibits curiosities such as a two-headed snake called Gemini; after showing her the snake he reaches into the truck and puts his hand on her head. Soon she is able to cure herself and to heal others through the power of love. The picture is even and smoothly tasteful—a vat of nondenominational caramel custard. The director, Daniel Petrie, does some very polished, fluid work, but you're always aware of the planning and calculation. Mysticism doesn't come easy to him. The cinematography (by Mario Tosi) is maybe too clear and burnished, too awesomely American. Maurice Jarre's strings keep twanging the message "God is love." And the script, by Lewis John Carlino, which attempts to combine holistic healing and femi-



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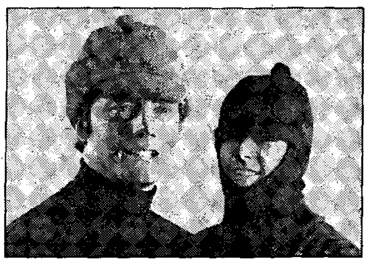

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nism, is an amazing fusion of old corn and modern cant.

Carlino was commissioned to write the script for Burstyn, and he has shaped it to her—or perhaps to how she sees herself. As Edna, the healer, Ellen Burstyn is a practical, uneducated woman who is sensual, radiant, and full of wholesome humor. She bestrides the movie, glowing with love. Shirley MacLaine said she'd have killed for the role, and, watching Burstyn, I think maybe she did kill for it—metaphorically speaking. Your eyes don't go to her because she's doing anything of interest but because she has got you collared. In one scene, when she's trying to get feeling back into her paralyzed legs, she talks to her big toe, and I thought, Of course, she's always talking to her big toe—she's barely aware of the other actors, whom she's giving all this love to. Burstyn's simulation of beatific ordinariness is a little frightening. I don't trust an expression on her face. When she smiles, it doesn't disturb the rest of her features; she still looks as if she had a grudge against someone. At times, I felt I could see an angry hanging judge behind the glow.

On the farm, Edna befriends a dog, Clancy, who has been whipped and had his spirit destroyed by her gnarled, taciturn father (Roberts Blossom), and Clancy becomes her devoted friend. (He's like a witch's familiar.) She and Clancy understand each other, because when she was a young girl her father forced her to have an abortion, which made her barren. There is a great deal of "supportive" sisterly understanding among the farm women—and some of the performers (Lois Smith, particularly) give the homespun, inspirational mood a little texture. What can you do with an uncured ham, though? As Edna's Grandma Pearl, Eva Le Gallienne combines the worst elocutionary phoniness of Ethel Barrymore with the darlingness of Helen Hayes to produce the fakiest old sweetheart in modern movies. She wrinkles her nose and lifts her head so she can look out of her half-blind eyes, and she spouts homilies as if she'd lived her whole life onstage. When she and Burstyn hug, you wonder whose talons will gouge deeper. There's also a sub-Eugene O'Neill love affair between Edna and tall, skinny Cal (Sam Shepard), whom she heals after he has been stabbed in a drunken fight. At first, Cal, the hell-raising son of a fundamentalist minister, seems a smart rebel against his father's fanaticism. (Shepard brings the role his rawboned grace and shiny, coyote's eyes. At times, he's like a dangerous, macho Montgomery Clift, at other times like an Ivy League dropout hippie, and you're aware of Burstyn trying to act young to match up with him—she talks baby talk.) But Cal becomes withdrawn and impotent when he sees Edna healing others. Then he turns into a raving nut, and since she refuses to claim that her powers come from God, he decides that they must come from the Devil, and he arrives at her healing rites with a gun. She and Clancy go off into the desert, where she replaces the old miracle man at the Last Chance. The old man doesn't die—he goes to Machu Picchu. There's a streak of countercultural chic in all this.

"Resurrection" is like an imitation primitive painting. Edna wakes up one day with this awe-inspiring gift, and she's such a down-to-earth woman she isn't fazed by it. Somehow, the movie flattens everything out, so there's no exaltation. You always get the feeling that it's cutting ahead, pushing you forward, yet it never reaches any emotional peaks. The movie is all about uplift, but it never takes off. Maybe that's what happens when a tasteful director thinks he can be intelligently smarmy. The picture is shaped for a star's conception of herself as a larger-than-life Everywoman. It's a newfangled vanity production—a role written to show off Ellen Burstyn's wholesomeness. (I bet she wouldn't have wanted to be wholesome if she'd attained stardom earlier.)

Why doesn't Edna use her gift to help suffering people instead of running off to the desert? There's no point in questioning any of this; there's all that white light to tell you it's beyond reason. In one scene, when Edna's powers are being tested at a scientific institute, she climbs into bed with a twisted crippled woman and embraces her, taking the woman's sickness into herself; the woman's body straightens. The whiteness in the background suggests a halo, although it might be just a squash court. What actress wouldn't kill for this role? Benji would probably have killed to play Clancy. —PAULINE KAEL

•

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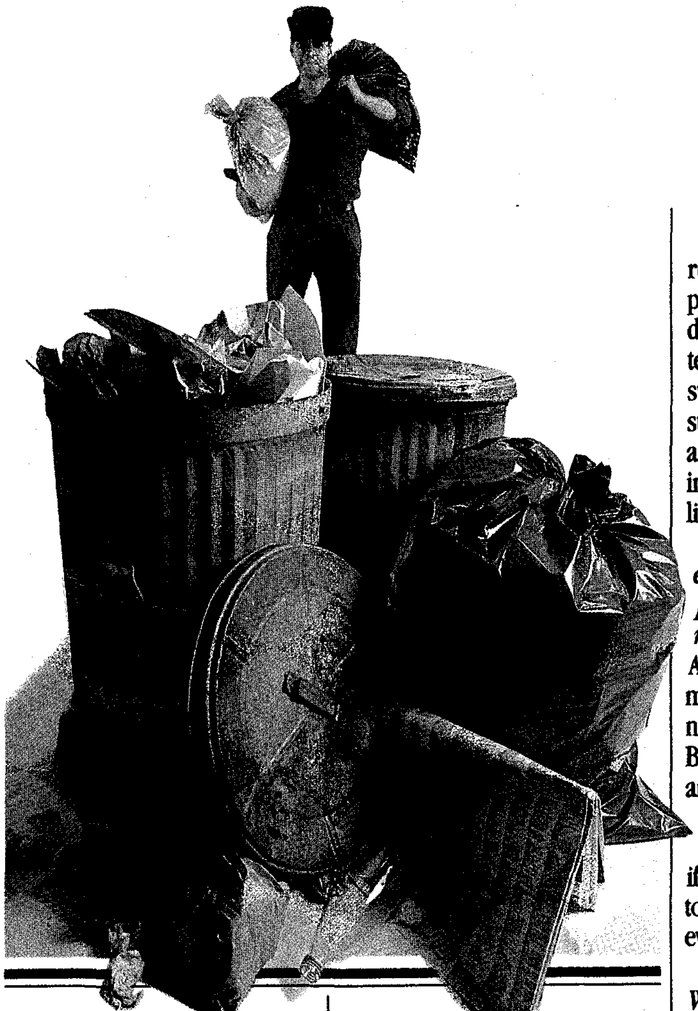

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BOOKS

A Form of Conversation

ABOUT Evelyn Waugh as a novelist: It is certain that he was a master in the hardheaded and militant tradition of English social comedy, of which both wit and the fantasies of malice are the graces, even the cement. He appeared as the immediate successor of the Saki of "The Unbearable Bassington," of Max Beerbohm, of the hilarious fairy tales of Wodehouse and the romantic flightiness of Firbank. Their comfort had been savaged by the 1914 war, and Waugh's line was the comedy of outrage. (Our own sour "black" comedy was yet to come.) But as a man—what was he? Like his father before him, as we can guess from the son's brief autobiography, "A Little Learning," and from a large selection of his letters, edited by Mark Amory—"The Letters of Evelyn Waugh" (Ticknor & Fields; $25)—Waugh was a born actor and impersonator, with a bent for exaggeration and caricature and a delight in the inadmissible. Yet he retained the aesthetic romanticism of a diligent student of the Pre-Raphaelites, and a taste for decorative design. If he was a snob, his snobbery was romantic, and sprang partly from his idealization of aristocratic families and his horror of the destruction of the established ways of rural England at the beginning of the century. His restless life as a kind of pirate in London society and country houses was pursued with a mingling of pedantry and unholy glee at the disorder of manners after the war. He was unpleasantly a snob only in his sneers at "the lower orders" or "the state-educated"—when they pushed or were cowardly and "on the make." Even his dedication to the bottle has the thoroughness of one who has seen a glamour, even a cause, in being as beastly drunk as a lord, though Waugh lived deedily, by the industrious working habit of his professional forebears. It was assumed by some of his mockers that his conversion to the Roman Catholic Church was an adroit following of a postwar fashon. That is not so. The one of the letters becomes fervent when he writes of religion: very early, he was as passionately interested in the significance of ritual and the intricacies of theology as he was in the decorative art of the Pre-Raphaelites. He saw the Church as the one various and stable institution in a "world order" that was collapsing. In a recent televised discussion among Malcolm Muggeridge, Peter Quennell, and Jonathan Raban about the contradictions of Waugh's character, the point was made that he had amused himself by inventing a fantasy character when he was young, and that after the shock of the failure of his brief first marriage the habit of the fantasy persona became endemic. He became its prisoner, as the manic-depressive hallucinations of Gilbert Pinfold suggest. In medical fact, excessive doses of chloral, taken because of chronic insomnia, were the instruments that led him into nightmare. But he had the will to survive. The dedicated, even sedate professional got back to serious work, though his habits did shorten his life.

Waugh's many selves and persistent impersonations are candidly and divertingly projected in his letters. He has the naturalness of the best letter writers. If he tried his friends in his ugly moments—for his malice was often wounding—one is also struck by his immovable affections, especially for four or five worldly women who could stand up to his candor, and, above all, by his deep love for Laura, his much tried second wife, and his concern as a father. In 1936, before their marriage, he writes to Laura from Italy, "I need you all the time":

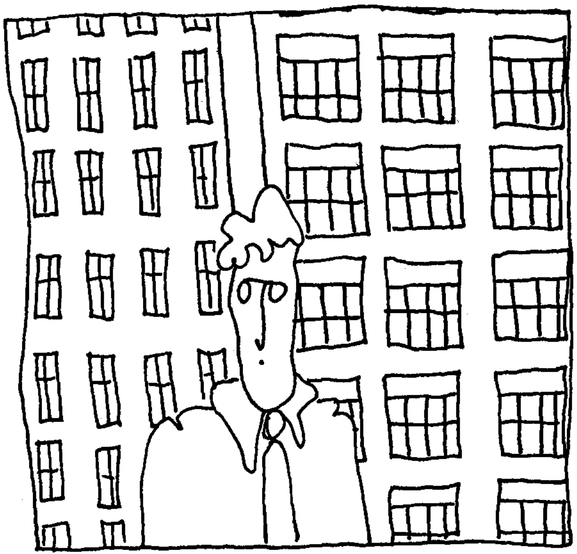
> Sometimes I think it would be lovely to lead the sort of life with you that I have led alone for the last ten years—no possessions, no home, sometimes extravagant & luxurious, sometimes lying low & working hard. At other times I picture a settled patriarchal life with a large household, rather ceremonious & rather frugal . . . But what I do know is that I can't picture any sort of life without you.

This remained true, though he often escaped from the patriarchal life and his "bouncing progeny" in order to work alone: family life "stops the fervent preoccupation which is necessary to composition." His spell as a letter writer lies in his gift for changing his tone to beguile or tease most of his correspondents. He knows that a good letter must have some of the inconsequence of talk. During the Second World War, when he was in Yugoslavia, he instructs his wife in this secret:

> Darling Laura, sweet whiskers, do try to write me better letters. Your last, dated 19 December received today, so eagerly expected, was a bitter disappointment. Do realize that a letter need not be a bald chronicle of events; I know you lead a dull life now, my heart bleeds for it, though I believe you could make it more interesting if you had the will. But that is no reason to make your letters as dull as your life. I simply am not interested in Bridget's children. Do grasp that. A letter should be a form of conversation; write as though you were talking to me.

In the thirties, he was an adept in the "deb" talk of "Vile Bodies" and "A Handful of Dust" (perhaps picked up also from reading Daisy Ashford), which he played with for most of his life when writing to his early great friends the Lygon sisters, daughters of the seventh Earl Beauchamp. From Georgetown, Demerara, there is a comic account of a "far-flung" Empire Christmas, with a great many drinks for "absent friends":

> Now you would like to hear of my new friends. Well there is a lascivious beast called Weld and an Irish-Portuguese called Hernandez and a Belgo-Indian called Williams and a Captain (not G.B.H.) shorter than me called Surridge



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> and goodness how Surridge sweats—worse than Lady Juliet at Venice. Well I went as I tell you to dinner at G. House and it was very hot on account of the sun never setting and so the Governor said it is so hot on account of the sun never setting that I must go away for a little in my yacht and *will* you come too so I said yes so I am going.

For Nancy Mitford, another lifelong friend, there are pernickety letters on how to construct a novel, with plenty of scandal and affectionate abuse about her "horrible socialist friends and their craze for the awful Picasso." "You are all either dupes or traitors. You are a traitor," he says. And he warns her that when she falls into Communist hands she must expect little gratitude for all her services to the Party: "I am so weary about having been consistently right in all my political predictions."

In his talking style, he has Byron's art of slipping into one-line asides. Olivia Plunket-Greene—an early flame of his schoolmastering days—is in 1948 "stark mad. She broke her arm writing a letter." About Heralds: "All Heralds stammer." Randolph Churchill is three times as fat as before. Since the Budget, all the members of White's are yelling that they are ruined, except the really rich, who now sit apart smoking their pipes, because they turned themselves into registered companies in Costa Rica. He himself goes out and buys three tie-pins, a half ton of marble (an Empire clock), a solid-silver 1830 candelabrum as tall as he is, a pearl-gray bowler, and six pounds of church candles: "Perhaps it is not drink but insanity." He has a large collection of butts among the grandees and "low" writers. Cyril Connolly, the editor of *Horizon*, becomes a knockabout victim known as Boots. Waugh is deeply drawn to this euphoric yet melancholy and dilapidated wit, as a fellow-fantasist, a sultan in his greeds and his groans about his weight and his debts:

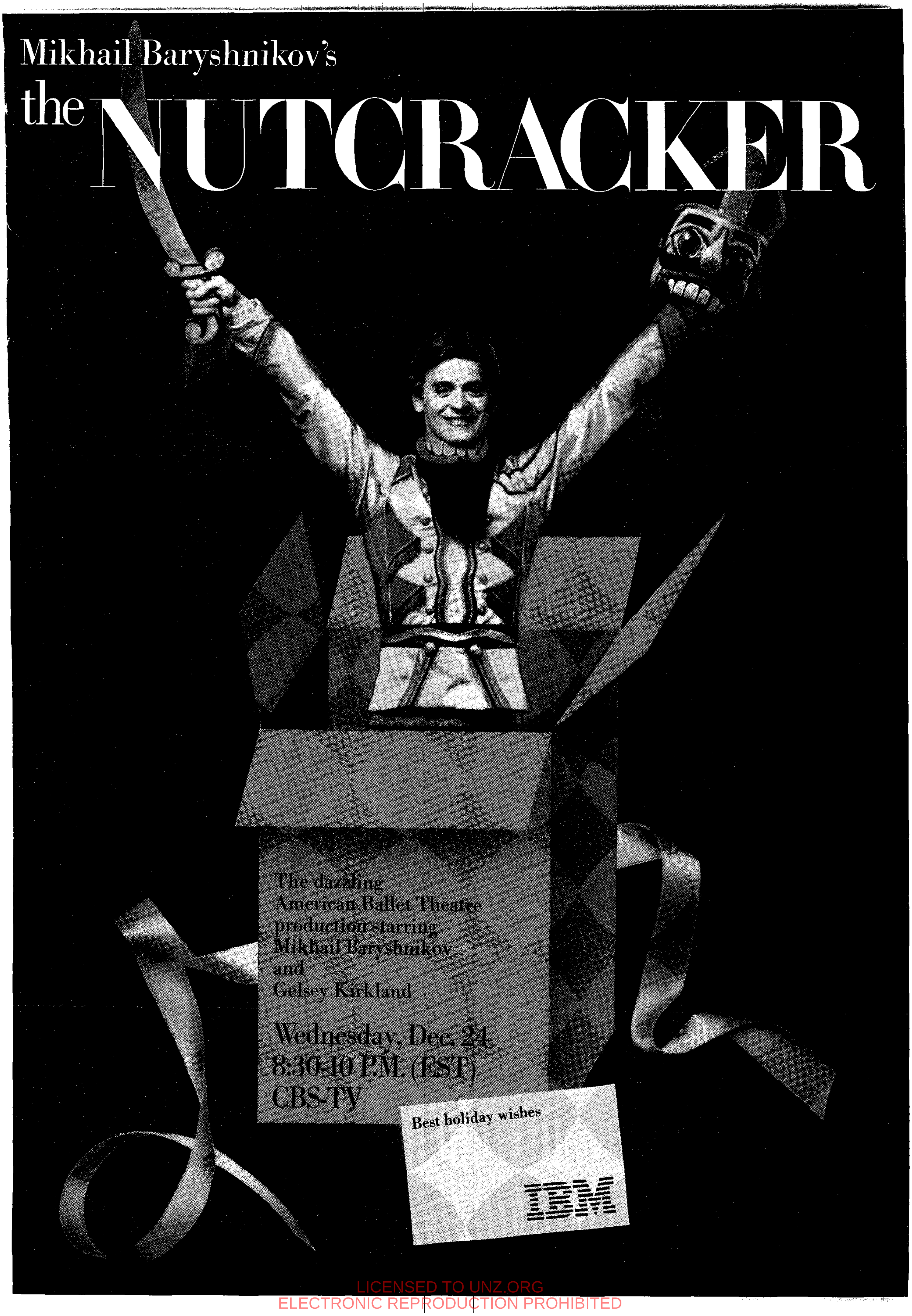
> Boots said: "I am going to become a waiter at a fashionable restaurant so as to humiliate & reproach my friends for their ingratitude." He saw a worried look, I suppose, on my face & said: "Ah, I see now I have touched even your cold heart." So I said: "Well no Cyril it isn't quite that. I was thinking of your finger-nails in the soup."

Connolly had earlier said that the misfortunes of one's friends are not the proper subject of humor. Waugh snapped back, "I do not know how you can bear to go so much into society if you feel this." He added that he found deep comfort in the text "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you." This interchange occurred at the time of the writing of "The Loved One," which was published in *Horizon*, when Waugh expected hostility because of his anti-American obsession. (Americans "are all exiles. . . . The ancestral gods they have abjured get them in the end.") Socialism, democracy, the decay of ancestral traditions had, however, plunged the British into decadence. His contemptuous name for his own country was Welfaria. There are a lot of "low" people in Britain. "Would you say I was a very ill-tempered & self-infatuated man?" he asks Nancy Mitford. "It hurts." The satirist knows that even the self-inflicted wound is a sly means of self-defense engineered by a new turn of the screw in one's prose—an overstatement becomes an understatement: "In London it is not unfair to say I never draw a sober breath."

In serious disputes about painting or religion, Waugh was a genuine conservative. He had sent a letter attacking Picasso to the *Times*, and when a painter friend asked if the letter was a hoax Waugh replied at length, saying it was an attempt "to defend friends such as yourself from the charge of depravity and affectation." He grants that "we all have a secondary and impure aesthetic sense." Tennyson liked smut, Ruskin liked Kate Greenaway, and he himself was keenly excited by nineteenth-century book illumination.

> One must distinguish between uses of "new." There is the Easter sense in which all things are made new in the risen Christ. A tiny gleam of this is reflected in all true art. Every work of art is thus something new. Just as within the moral framework there is space for infinite variations of behaviour, so within the aesthetic framework. Most so-called innovators have in fact thought themselves revivalists, appealing to an earlier and purer virtue against what they consider the corruption of their immediate predecessors.
>
> Picasso and his kind are attempting something new in the sense of something different in kind. Titian might have thought Frith intolerably common but he would have recognized that he was practising the same art as himself. He could not think this of Picasso. Chaucer, Henry James and, very humbly, myself are practising the same art. Miss Stein is not. She is outside the world order in which words have a precise and ascertainable meaning and sentences a logical structure. She is aesthetically in the same position as, theologically, a mortal-sinner who has put himself outside the world order of God's mercy.

Addicts tell him that Picasso's message is "one of Chaos and Despair,'



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but "that is not the message of art." You cannot excuse Picasso by saying that it is the message of the age and at the same time deny that the age is decadent. Remember that Goya was the exact contemporary of Goethe. "Cultures decline and expire. . . . The sin the West is dying of [is] Sloth not Wrath as is popularly assumed. It requires constant effort to keep within the world order and our contemporaries are too lazy to make the effort."

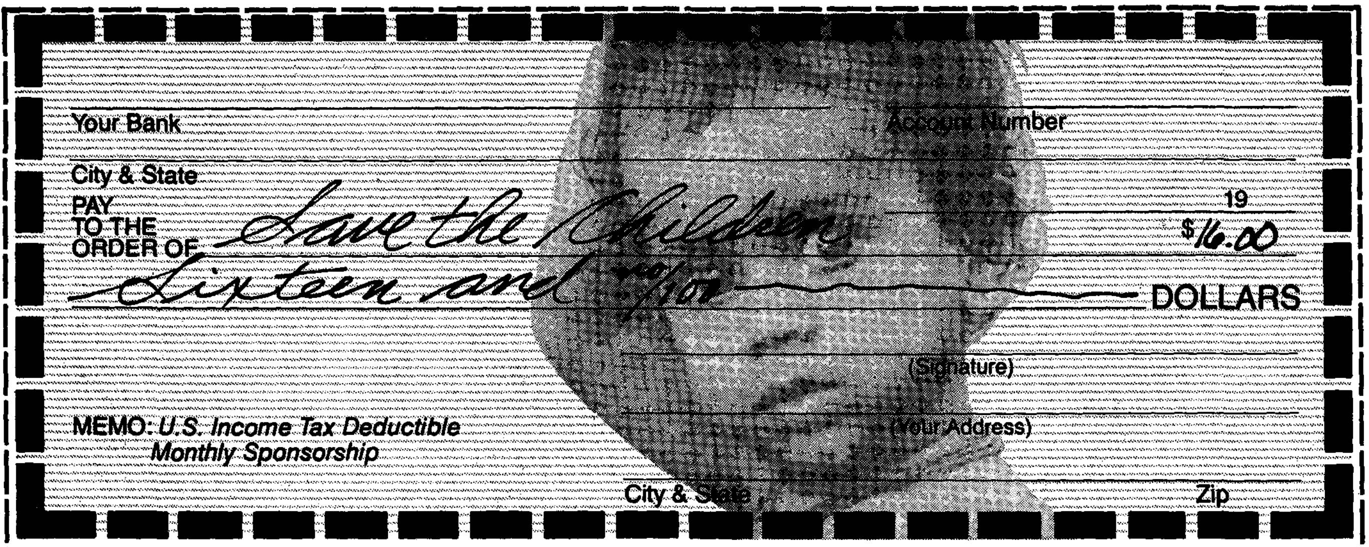
On religion, Waugh is firm. He sorrows over his lapsed Catholic friends and writes sternly to Clarissa Churchill about her lapse from the Faith and her marriage to Anthony Eden. (He was remorseful about his harshness afterward: he admitted he had been caddish.) He fought hard to persuade John Betjeman to conversion, but there Waugh had a very adroit fellow-fantasist to deal with, and a man of passion. There was a fanatic in both of them. More striking than many incidents of this kind in his letters is an early spirited open letter to the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster protesting against an attack on "Black Mischief" by the editor of *The Tablet*, the leading Catholic review. The editor had accused Waugh of obscenity and blasphemy. Waugh points out that his characters are fictitious and are held up to ridicule because they are not humane—that the novel deals with the conflict of civilizations, and all its attendant ills and barbarism. When he gets to the famous incident in which Prudence is eaten at a cannibal feast—a scene that he intended to be "disagreeable"—Waugh's irony breaks out into one of his comic leaps: "*The Tablet* quotes the fact that she was stewed with pepper, as being in some way a particularly lubricious process." Perhaps with W. S. Gilbert's outrageous tale of the Nancy brig in mind, he goes on:

> But this is a peculiar prejudice of the Editor's, attributable perhaps, like much of his criticism, to defective digestion. It cannot matter whether she was roasted, grilled, braised or pickled, cut into sandwiches or devoured hot on toast as a savoury; the fact is that the wretched girl was cooked and eaten, and that is obviously and admittedly a disagreeable end.

Waugh points out that *The Tablet* objected to the seduction scene in the story because Basil (the lover) hadn't shaved and because the pair " 'hardly know' each other, as though a sin were less culpable between old friends." The only comfort one imagines the Cardinal Archbishop may have drawn from the protest (it is not clear whether it ever reached him) was that Waugh said he regarded birth control, as "all Catholics" do—untrue, of course—"as a practice which is a personal sin and an insidious social evil." The letter ends with a remarkable piece of presumption:

> No one can practise the trade of writing, however obscurely, without, on occasion, being the object of stupid abuse. Had the Editor of *The Tablet* found, as I hope he may shortly find, employment more suited to his temper, and had his attack on me appeared in an organ where its tone would have been less inappropriate, I should have known how to treat it and should not now find myself dragged into this distasteful quarrel. Your Eminence's patronage alone renders this base man considerable, and it is with the earnest petition, as much for the good name of the Faith as for the comfort of all intelligent English Catholics, that a scandalous misuse of your patronage may be corrected, that I ascribe myself,
>
> Your Eminence's very humble and obedient servant.

As Mr. Amory says, the Pinfold breakdown, in 1954, was a watershed in Waugh's life. He complained about critics who thought he had "disgraced himself" in "Brideshead Revisited," but he was in top form as he finished the war trilogy, and here the letters give diverting instances of the closeness of some farcical incidents to the real events; elsewhere, as ill health and the many deaths of friends affected him, and he dropped away from active social life, going rarely to London, the letters lose their sparkle. At parties and at White's, he thinks people find him a bore. His occasional trips abroad arouse more complaint than merriment. He is captious without being funny. But the letters on the Pinfold hallucinations—written to his wife—are astonishing in the eerie precision of his ability to observe his own case stage by stage. He notes the struggle between reality and hallucination with the kind of sang-froid that he showed in the war—during plane crashes or while parachute jumping, for which he was far too old and in which he was injured. For a time, he continued to hear the dreaded voices; he supposed that they were "a trick the existentialists invented" and that he was mesmerized. He compares his state to Rossetti's before that attempted suicide. His own salvation seems to have been due chiefly to the tremendous courage



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and will that underlay his willfulness, and to his love for his wife:

> I find it hard to keep sentences connected even in a letter like this. It is 3 nights now since I had the last dose of sleepers & have had little continuous sleep as a result. That is why it is fortunate that I am absolutely alone I mean alone from everyone . . . except you. When I wake up which I do 20 or 30 times a night I always turn to the other bed and am wretched you aren't there & puzzled that you are not—odd since we usually have different rooms.

The last letter in this volume, written ten days before his death, was to Lady Mosley, saying that the portrait of Lucy in "Work Suspended" was not "a cruel portrait" of her but "perhaps to some extent a portrait of me in love with you." As the letter proceeds, he slips in one of those news flashes of gossip which the best letter writers know will make their correspondents laugh: "John Sutro had hallucinations of poverty and was cured by electric shock." He goes on to complain that he now clings to the Faith doggedly, without joy, since Pope John and the Council have destroyed the beauty of the liturgy.

One understands why these letters are so enjoyable: it is because Waugh treats society as a Wonderland in which he plays the part of a rude, libellous, yet domestic Alice. The letters are a kind of unlicensed Debrett of his period. A hundred and fifty potential libels were detected in the manuscript. Mr. Amory has noted untruths. The general annotation is thorough, and the introductory passages are very sound. —V. S. PRITCHETT

•

St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, 4400 Ridgeoak Drive, will sponsor three Sunday evening seminars discussing the thinking of Swiss Psycho-Analyst Carl Gustav Jung on the experience of Christians with God 7 to 9 p.m. starting Sunday at the church. The seminar will also meet Feb. 11 and March 4.

Dr. Jung will be present at the seminar to outline some of his basic thinking about dreams, the Self and dynamics of the unconscious and to offer participants the opportunity of discovering their psychological type by taking the Myers-Briggs Psychological Types Test.—*Austin (Texas) American-Statesman.*

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•

"Another criterion was whether viewers emphasized with portrayed characters," Robinson said. "We might assume that viewers cannot emphasize if distracted by inconsistent or incredible details."—*Eugene (Ore.) Register-Guard.*

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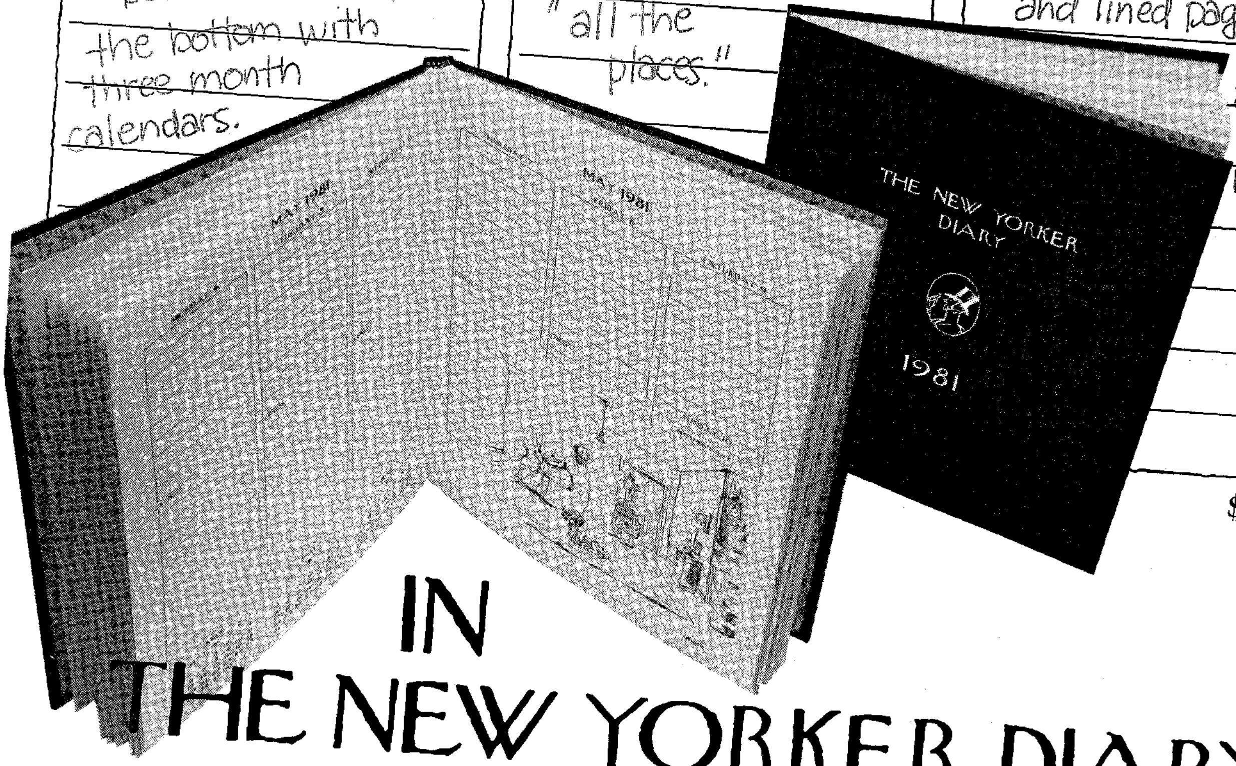

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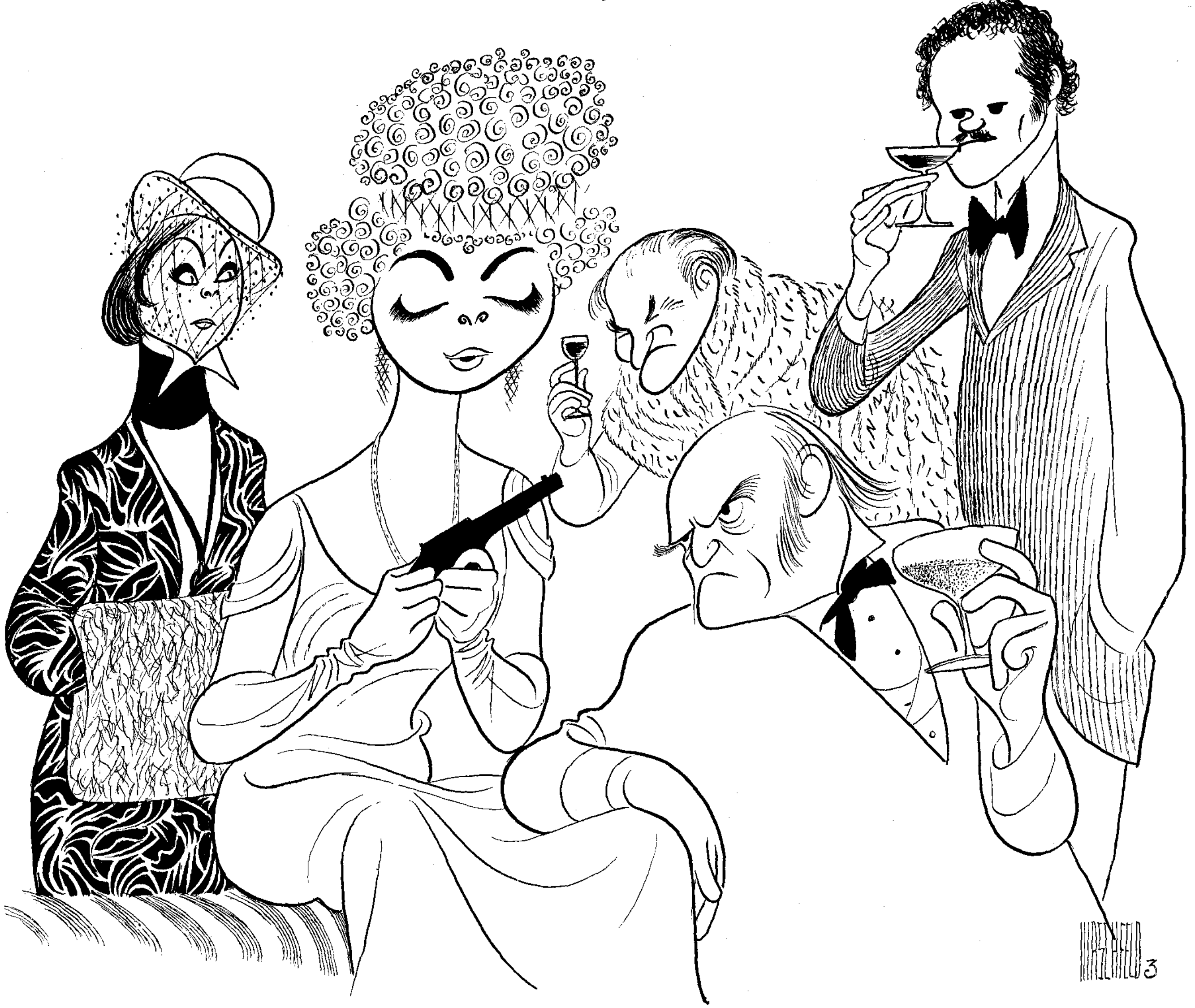

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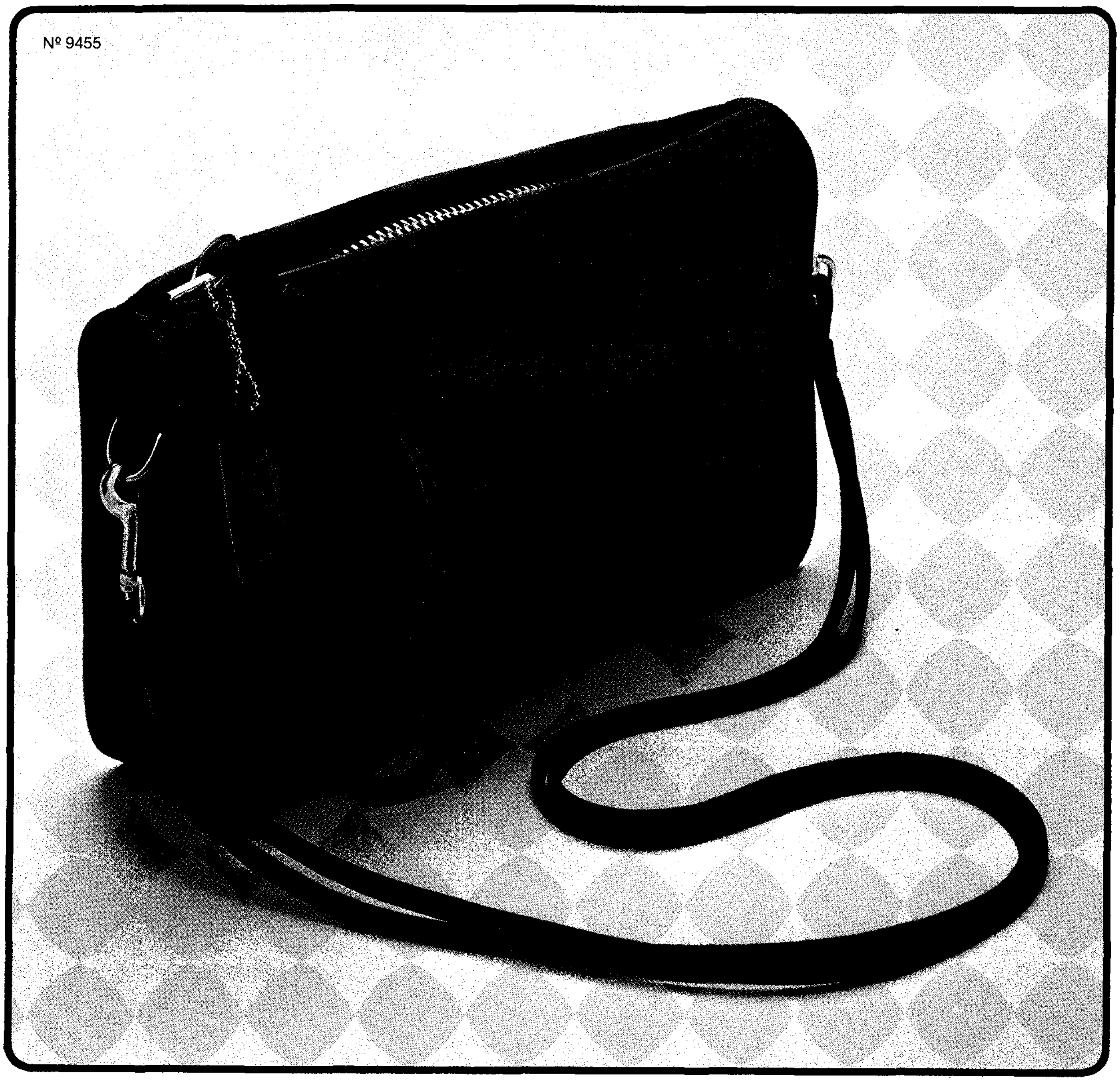

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